

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

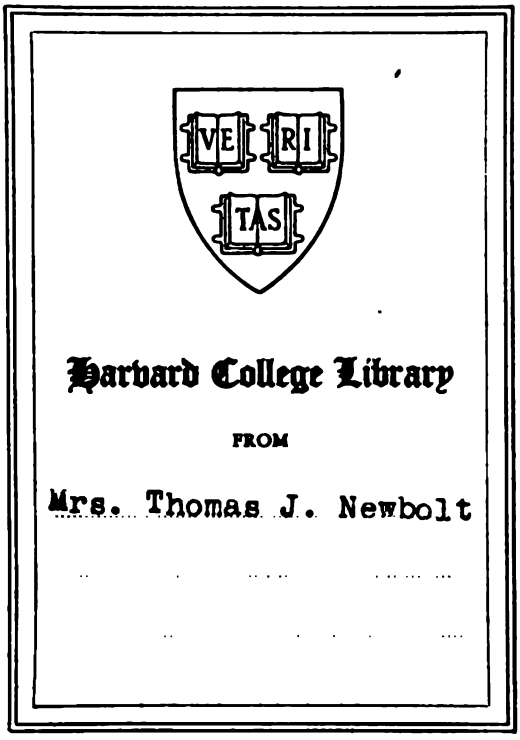
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


VE
RI
TAS
Harvard College Library
FROM
Mrs. Thomas J. Newbolt

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA



The Great Wall of China Photo by Dr. Geil

The famous Lienhwachih Pass in the Great Wall. Near the Eastern Y

The Great Wall of China

By

WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL, F. R. G. S.

Author of "A Yankee on the Yangtze"
etc., etc.

WITH ONE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS

New York
STURGIS & WALTON COMPANY
1909

Ch 200.12
B



Copyright, 1909
By STURGIS & WALTON COMPANY

Set up and electrotyped. Published November, 1909

NOTE

The author has avoided telling the same story twice. The illustrations are inserted not only to substantiate the text but to make material additions to it. For instance, instead of a long, dry, detailed, laborious description of the various styles of wall, there are reproductions from photographs which will furnish the information, without encumbering the letter press. The illustrations should be carefully studied during the reading of the book.

THE PUBLISHERS.

CONTENTS

PAGE

CHAPTER I

MERELY PRELIMINARY..... 3-6

CHAPTER II

THE THRILLING PROSPECT. From the Golden Gate to the Yellow Sea—Chin, Van Tromp, Blake, Togo—Great Battles of Books and Brains—Progeny of the Black Art..... 7-12

CHAPTER III

THE TRAGEDY OF CHINWANGTAO. Ever Open Harbor—The Isle of Chin now joined to the Mainland—The Cap of the West..... 13-16

CHAPTER IV

THE ONLY FIRST. A brief Biography of the First Emperor of China—His Wonderful Works—The Great Wall—Search for Root of Life—Invention of the Chinese Pen—Thirty-Seven years, Reign—Death..... 17-31

CHAPTER V

FROM THE SEA TO THE EASTERN Y. Chin's Design—Narrative of the First Three Hundred Miles of the Journey along the Great Wall—The Lily Pool—White Dandelion—Peace Project..... 32-50

CHAPTER VI

THE ANCIENT ARCHITECTURAL WAVE. The Idea of the Great Wall, European, Babylonian, or Original?—The Seven Wonders of the West—Survey of Chief Characteristics of the Epoch of the Great Wall..... 51-68

CHAPTER VII

FROM THE THIRTEEN TOMBS TO CHINA'S SORROW. The Ming Mausolea—The Western Tombs—Wu Tai Shan—Magic Mortar—Tablets on the Wall—The Picturesque Pass—Wan Li and Lung Ch'ing..... 69-93

CHAPTER VIII

THE DEFENSE OF THE GREAT WALL. Weapons of the Gods, etc.... 94-104

PAGE

CHAPTER IX

THE LOESS OR RIVER LOOP, IN OLDEST CHINA, LAND OF LEGEND AND OF DRY FOG. The Journey from the Yellow River to the Yellow River—Legends—Fauna—Flora—Black Dog's Diary—The Line of the Least Natural Resistance.....105-124

CHAPTER X

THE RISE OF CHIN: SEVEN GREAT CHANCELLORS. Ballad by Dr. W. A. P. Martin.....125-141

CHAPTER XI

LETTERS FROM NINGHIA. Addressed to a Young Lady—No-door life—Medicine Man—The Lone Lady of Ninghia.....142-156

CHAPTER XII

GENGHIS KHAN, THE RED RAIDER WHO PASSED THROUGH THE GREAT WALL AT NINGHIA. Shed 23,000,000 gallons of human blood..157-175

CHAPTER XIII

THE DESERT LOOP: KANSU. Mountain Mule Caravan—Famous Moon Legend—Dead Land—Great Irrigation Scheme—Important Tablet—List of Great Walls.....176-193

CHAPTER XIV

CHIN SHIH HWANGTI: FIRST UNIVERSAL EMPEROR OF CHINA, HISTORICO-ECONOMIC STUDY OF CHINA'S GREATEST RULER.....194-208

CHAPTER XV

THE MOUND OF CHIN.....209-232

CHAPTER XVI

THE WHY OF THE WALL.....233-253

CHAPTER XVII

THE "9 BY 3" CITY: LIANGCHOWFU. Détour of the Great Wall—A Cavern of Gold.....254-262

CHAPTER XVIII

YUNG LO, WHO MOVED THE URNS OF EMPIRE. The Grand Encyclopedia 263-272

CHAPTER XIX

THE SOUTHERN LOOP OF THE GREAT WALL. The White Elephant—The Golden Table.....273-283

CHAPTER XX

CHINA BEFORE THE GREAT WALL. Yao, Shun, Yü—Laotzu, Confucius, Mencius—Intellectual Activity—The "Confucian Religion." 284-293

PAGE

CHAPTER XXI

THE THREE CHINA. Ancestral Home of the Chins—Black Dog..294-305

CHAPTER XXII

MEDIEVAL CHINA: SINCE CHIN'S GREAT WALL TO THE PRESENT DYNASTY 306-316

CHAPTER XXIII

THE TIBETAN LOOP OF THE GREAT WALL, FAST HORSE CARAVAN INTO TIBET. Discovery of 200 miles of Great Wall not on the Map—Sining and the Hero of Sining—Christian Missions....317-331

CHAPTER XXIV

THE CHIN TABLET: "ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE RELICS OF ANTIQUITY." 332-341 341

CHAPTER XXV

IN THE PANHANDLE OF CHINA: KANCHOW. Journey Liangchow to Kanchow—Cashing a Draft in Northwest Kansu.....342-351

CHAPTER XXVI

THE PANHANDLE OF CHINA. THE CITY OF SU. Su, last Large City along the Great Wall—Legends.....352-360

CHAPTER XXVII

THE END OF THE GREAT WALL. Western End of the Great Wall..361-388

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Facing Page

1. The Famous Lienhwachih Pass in the Great Wall. Frontispiece
2. Strongly fortified Pass of the Great Wall at the Rocky Gorge of Taokwankow 5
3. Three Views of the Harbor of Chin Wang Tao..... 12
4. The Village of Ch'ach'ien Kow as seen from a lofty tower on the Great Wall 21
5. The Great Wall climbing the Mountains of Chihli..... 28
6. The Great Wall of China upon a map of the United States, occupying roughly the same latitude as in the Central Kingdom 33
7. The First Gate in the Great Wall, which is also the South Gate of Shanhaikwan 35
8. "The Last Gate" in the Great Wall, which is also the West Gate of Kiayukwan, 1250 miles from the "First Gate"..... 35
9. Outside the Mule-Horse Pass. The Wall is seen ascending to the utmost summit of the mountain!..... 37
10. The Junction of the Great Wall with the City Wall of Shanhaikwan. The Pavilion was erected to the God of Literature.. 39
11. Curious Circular Tower outside the Malan Pass in the Province of Chihli. It is so situated that the nearby Gate in the Great Wall is effectually guarded 39
12. Buddhist Temple of Almsgiving, near the City of Flowering Obedience 40
13. Over 4,000 feet above the sea, and overlooking the Pass of the Lily Pool 42
14. View of the Great Wall north of Peking, where the tourists go to see the most wonderful wonder in the world. Notice width, excellent workmanship, and different style of brick work arising from the terreplain..... 44
15. Notice the construction of the Wall. This fashion is seen in lofty mountain regions near the Eastern Y..... 46
16. Near the Eastern Y in the Great Wall..... 48
17. Temple dedicated to the God of War at the Mule-Horse Pass in the Great Wall..... 53
18. Top of Section of Mountain Wall sealed with mortar and stone. Mule-Horse Pass 55
19. Guardian Gods at the Mule-Horse Pass..... 56
20. Side view of the "Tourists Great Wall" north of Peking..... 58

FACING PAGE

21. Overlooking Lienhwachih. Within one hundred miles of Peking.. 60
22. The Great Wall west of the Eastern Y. Altitude over 3,500 feet above the Pacific Ocean..... 62
23. A superb view of the Wall, ascending a mountain over 4,000 feet high. The view was taken from a lofty cliff near to, but west of the Eastern Y..... 65
24. The Veneering of cut stone has fallen away exposing the rubble construction inside. This is peculiar to mountain regions. Northeast of the Thirteen Tombs..... 67
25. The celebrated "Language Arch," or Hexagonal Gateway at the Nankow Pass. The North Face is here shown (the South Face is the same design). The Arch, the crown and haunches of which form the sides of a hexagon, is 20 feet across at the base, 30 feet through, and has 5 Buddhas on each side of the flat haunches. In the perpendicular wall on either side are large tablets of granite with inscriptions in divers languages 69
26. Dr. W. A. P. Martin in the Western Hills near Peking..... 71
27. Coal Hill, inside the Imperial Palace Grounds, Peking, where the Last of the Mings hanged himself..... 71
28. Three thousand feet above the sea. The Great Wall ascending a mountain north of the Thirteen Tombs..... 74
29. Tower No. 41 Ch's Tzu at Tushancheng..... 76
30. How the Wall climbs the ridge of Ssweikow north of the Wutai Shan 78
31. A Picturesque View 80
32. At the Taotuan K'ou..... 85
33. Near Lienhwachih not far from Eastern Y..... 85
34. Mark the line of the Tower Wall at the left. Near Lienhwachih 87
35. Granary School in Liaochao 90
36. A view in the Imperial Ming Reservation, situated north of Peking in the Metropolitan Province of Chihli..... 90
37. North of Peking is scenery which in the future will attract the tourists and travelers of the world. The ensemble of the Great Wall here rivals anything in ancient Greece..... 92
38. The historic "Cliff Tower" Sanholow. Notice the three distinct fashions of construction. Four thousand feet above the sea and about 300 miles from the Gulf of Chihli..... 94
39. Gate in the Great Wall at Kalgan..... 97
40. The Arsenal Tower to Paishih Kou. White Stone Pass, sixty li from Futuyeh, containing two interesting tablets..... 99
41. Futuyeh Pass, showing exceptionally fine workmanship. Note decorations over the doorways..... 99
42. The "right-angle" fortifications at the Yiyuankow of the Great Wall 101
43. A detached tower at Haiyeh in Chihli. Granite foundation rest-

FACING PAGE

ing on the living rock, and brick work rising to the top of the battlements. Superb workmanship. Great Wall in the distance 103

44. Two views of ruins of the Great Wall at Shiching. Twenty li from Gingpien, in the Ordos Country. The lower picture shows a house built into the Wall..... 106

45. In the Ordos Country. Portions of the Great Wall have been completely covered and preserved by the sand..... 108

46. Loess Cone of a Great Wall Tower. The brick veneering has wholly disappeared 110

47. The Ruins of the Last Tower in the Great Wall..... 110

48. Desert Hamster 112

49. "Kangaroo Rat." Jerboa 112

50. A Chinese "Pygmy" or Dwarf and a Giant near the Great Wall East of Yenkingchow 115

51. Moone, the Great Detective..... 117

52. Black Dog and the girl-faced Quin..... 117

53. The Bird of the Great Wall: The Indian Blue Magpie..... 120

54. John Gwadey, Esq. The small picture in the upper left hand corner shows how he appeared when our expedition reached Kiayukwan 124

55. The eight famous Churtons Kumbum, on the border of Tibet; also the Temple of the Golden Roof..... 126

56. The Beautiful Bridge at Chinchow, the ancestral house of the Chins 126

57. In Oldest China: Natives of the Ordos Country near Hwchi..... 131

58. A near view of the sealed Pass of Huangholu..... 133

59. The Great Wall north of Tsunhwafu..... 135

60. A section of the Northern Loop of the Great Wall..... 138

61. In the region of the Picturesque Pass. Superb view of the Great Wall erected by the Emperor Wan Li at Chachienkow. The Wall follows the natural contour of the mountain..... 140

62. Photograph taken from a lofty elevation, showing the Terraced Wall in the foreground, and the main line of the Great Wall on the sky line. Overlooking the Picturesque Pass, Chachienkow. Altitude 4,000 feet..... 142

63. The South Pagoda of Ninghia City of the Quiet Summer. Native skill and artistic design united to produce this strictly oriental structure. Its size and decorations command the admiration of the beholder. Like all pagodas it has an odd number of stories 147

64. Spurs run off from the main line of the Great Wall to protect a hill overlooking the east and west structure. The above is one of many between the Yellow Sea and the Yellow River.... 149

65 One of the two large Pagodas of Liangchow, Kansu. This beau-

FACING PAGE

tiful bit of scenery is immediately in front of the Buddhist Convent of Nuns 156
66. At the famous Loma Pass in the Great Wall. Fortified Camp in the Pass itself. Near Tsunhwachow 158
67. Arsenal Tower at the Chiankuling Pass 163
68. Section of a Tower 163
69. One of the beautiful Towers at Copper Green Pass 167
70. A famous opening in the Great Wall, the Loma Gate. The fracture in the otherwise well preserved masonry is a relic of an earthquake 167
71. The Great Wall as seen at the Narkow Pass, showing the Pa-ta-ling Gate 170
72. Peculiar doubling of the Great Wall east of the Loma Pass. Notice the entrance to the tower is through the inner port cut down 174
73. A very remarkable view of the Great Wall at Natzu Yu 179
74. A Fortified Farmhouse near Tu Nien Tse in the Province of Kantsu 183
75. A Picturesque Pailo at Yungchang Hsieu in Kansu Province 183
76. The Great Wall at the Shweikwan Pass. Notice the extraordinary curve in the masonry and admire the grit and skill of the men who planned and built 186
77. A superb view of the lofty Huangholu Pass and environment ... 190
78. I asked at Liangchow and words replied: "In the year of the Mohammedan Rebellion the faces of the dead could not be recognized, so they collected the whitened bones and erected the White Bones Pagodas to remember them!"—*Black Dog's Diary* 195
79. The towers here have three sets of ports to each. There are battlements on both sides as if to defend from friend or foe. East of the Yellow River 197
80. A superb view of the Great Wall ascending from the lofty Huangho Lu Pass 204
81. Two views of the same tower at Shichingtsi, Province of Kansu. The pictures show how the Wall was joined on to the Towers 206
82. A Picturesque View 213
83. The Club House and Stock Exchange in Sianfu, where the exchange price of Silver is fixed every day 220
84. Two Memorial Arches near Sianfu, erected by Governor Lu, one in honor of his mother, and the other in memory of his wife. Ten miles from the Mound of China 227
85. In the Loess Country, showing a new bridge constructed after an ancient design of tied-loess 231
86. Feng-huan-tai in Hsienyang, one of the oldest buildings in the city. It was erected in honor of a Lady of the State of

FACING PAGE

Chin, B.C. 897, who could blow the musical instrument called Siao. She was not to be given in marriage to any man who could not play the same instrument. Finally a poor man came who played the Siao. He was set to play three days and three nights, when the King of the Wind came and took them both away, no one knows where to this day. The father of the lady erected this Feng-heung-tai to her honor.. 234

87. Historical Bridge near Hsienyang, 10 li from the Ancient Capital of Chin. The pillars are made of round stones similar to those used on threshing floors..... 238

88. A binary granite base resting on igneous rocks partially supports a Wall making an almost perpendicular ascent..... 245

89. The Good Luck Pailo which stands two li east of Kiayukwan, which city is seen in the distance..... 252

90. The Last Gate of the doomed city of Ku Chang Tsi, situated 65 li west of Shan Tan, Kansu..... 252

91. A Picturesque Flour Mill at Shueimokwan, Kansu. Many of these horisontal wheel constructions are seen in Northwest China 264

92. View of Chin An from Temple Hill..... 277

93. Ancient "Tower of Babel" Fort on the Great Wall near Yulinfu, five days west of the Yellow River. The usual tower appears considerably out of repair, at the left of the picture. Sand has drifted over the Wall..... 284

94. Irrigating wheels in the Yellow River. Hoisting the water slightly higher than the fields, it is led to the desired points by shallow trenches 307

95. An Evangelist of the China Inland Mission who labors near the Great Wall 307

96. Two views of the ruins of the Tibetan or Sining Loop of the Great Wall. This stretch does not appear on the present maps 318

97. The author's fast mule caravan crossing a desert stretch near the Western End of the Great Wall..... 323

98. A Tibetan encampment of black tents as seen by the expedition when on Taobo Shan, Northeastern Tibet..... 325

99. Henry French Ridley, hero of Singing in Tibetan Costume..... 332

100. This photograph of the modest but beautiful China Inland Mission home at Chinchow was taken from the roof of the Church.. 334

101. Rubbings of two sides of the famous I Shan Tablet in the Forest of Monuments, Sianfu, Shensi, China..... 339

102. Dr. Gell and one of his guides on the Ta Obo Shan in the Koko Nor Country of Tibet..... 343

103. Northeast of the Thirteen Tombs. Showing double parapets for reversible defense..... 346

FACING PAGE

104. Two Prominent Gentlemen of Northwest China 350
105. A Tibetan Prince 350
106. Kiayukwan and the Great Wall, as seen from the Southwest desert 355
107. East Gate of the Suburb Kiayukwan, Western End of the Great Wall 357
108. Inside the East Gate of Kiayukwan 359
109. Goitre is the "Disease of the Great Wall." Supposed to be caused by impure water. Many persons are seen with it, among those living along the Wall 362
110. This tablet stands alone on the desert outside the west gate of Kiayukwan, final fortification of China. "The Martial Barrier of all under Heaven" 364
111. The Big White North River. The western end of the Great Wall is seen on the left abutting the verge of a perpendicular cliff some 900 feet high 366
112. The western end of the Great Wall overlooking the big White North River 371
113. Newton Hayes, M.A. 375
114. Shweikou in November 378
115. The Magic Meteor, which deflected the Wall from its natural course 378
116. "The Last Brick." Dr. Geil at the end of the Great Wall 382

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA

CHAPTER I

Merely Preliminary

THERE IS A GREAT WALL OF CHINA. So much the geographies tell everybody; but they do not make it clear whether it is built of china, or why it is, or how long it is, or how long it has been. There is developing a Panama Canal, and the journals are in ecstasy because a few billion cubic yards of earth are being moved. There was no steam machinery to build the Wall, yet General Grant estimated that it took as much work as would have built all our railroads, all our canals, and nearly all our cities. We have an ignorance about China almost as colossal as that land.

Our education consists, in part, of learning various languages, Thribbaty and Slapyak and other antique dialects which only introduce to literatures whose very dregs have long since been examined to the last ounce. Why not try Chinese for a change? then we might find out what we have long borrowed from the Central Kingdom, and what else it has to pass on to us. They are widening their curriculum, why should not we widen ours?

Chin took a liberal view of education, and was anti-classic. He destroyed the old books, and so encouraged one of his generals to invent a new style of writing, which brought books within the reach of all, both to compose and to read. This was the Chin who built the

Wall. He defended his country, he unified it, he reformed its education. He stands preëminent in the same class with Peter the Great, Alfred the Great, Bismark. Only these men of heroic mould too often stunt originality in others, so that no successor arises to carry on their work. Chin was great enough to know himself great. He was equal to at least two men, so began his allocutions "We." Nowadays every petty journalist counts himself one, and his press another, so that they talk as We.

The Wall is the product of Chin. He built roads over his new domains, he put the scholars low and the farmers high. The land that produced one Chin may produce another. One built a Wall to keep the foreigner out; another may stride over that Wall to put the foreigner in his proper place. Iran had a long turn at leading the world, Egypt another; Europe has had several centuries as peace-maker and now begins to feel tired. Will America or China jostle to the front next? The nation is astir and gaining momentum. Will it find a chauffeur able to grasp the wheel?

THE GREAT WALL SEPARATES TWO EPOCHS, TWO LANDS, TWO RACES.

It separates the age of myth from the age of fact. While it is not true that everything in China before the Great Wall is prehistoric yet its builder deliberately did his best to destroy the records of earlier ages, and so far succeeded that the piecing together of the relics is often a true Chinese puzzle.

But the blow dealt at literature brought a reaction,



to us their outstanding mark is that they are yellow. To the north may now be found the outward-flowing white race. The destinies of the world are committed to these two. The business of the globe will be transacted in the tongue of one or the other. But the religion of the world, the gift of neither, may yet be the heritage of both. Born in Asia, adopted in Europe, developed in America, Christianity is found by one who travels along the Great Wall a potent force in these regions. Here the aboriginal code is effete, the Indian Buddhism is degenerate, but faith in Christ can nerve the frail to endurance and victory.

The Wall is the sign of separation; the Cross, of union. The one is the greatest monument of human industry, the other of divine love. The one, though obsolete, has a noble history; the other has its noblest triumphs yet to come, though already it commemorates the greatest sacrifice of all ages.

WM. EDGAR GEIL.

Doylestown, Pennsylvania, United States of America,
Seventh Day of the 9th Moon of
the Best Year of the Christian Cycle. . .
1909. . . .

CHAPTER II

The Thrilling Prospect

A journey all along the Great Wall! We had longed to make it, and now almost feverishly eager, we had arrived at the City of the Golden Gate to find the great black ocean greyhound with her strong sinews relaxed, taking a good rest in one of the kennels off the San Francisco pier. The monstrous ship was coaling up for the long run and there was only the suggestion of a quiver in the mighty muscles. But we knew that the powerful heart, now merely quivering, was purposely inactive for the nonce; soon it would begin to beat and pump life, energy and activity into every part of her mighty organism, and drive her huge bulk through the crested billows, nilly-willy—in sunshine and storm toward the one object of our intense desire—the Great Wall of China—and that we would be on board!

And then when a few days after, the stately steamer drew grandly out from the wharf and that ceaseless heart throb of the engines began, our thoughts ran ahead and outpaced even her wondrous speed; their drift was just parallel to the thoughts of a man mightier than most men, an emperor of indomitable will and resistless push, who lived hundreds of years before this trans-Pacific muscle of navigation was invented—before Christ was born. We were actually going to see the monumental evidence of his masterly activity! Not

only to see it but to walk on it, explore it, over hill, down dale, along the tortuous alignment, from start to finish. Our unshaken determination was to do the work thoroughly, not as the superficial traveler who ate lunch on the structure and then took ship and wrote an account of the Great Wall on board for the delectation and enlightenment of an ignorant public, but so complete that the future historian of the Wall would find little to write about unless he pirated our notes. By dint of perseverance and some hardship perhaps, we expected to make certain discoveries that would benefit not only our own people but indirectly the unconquerable yellow race, now fully awake and advancing by leaps and bounds toward rank materialism or toward Christianity, as our readers shall choose.

Many objects in China, of decent antiquity, carrying traditions of uncanny happenings, are said by the Chinese people to *chen ching,* or be haunted. The statement has never been made so far as we know but it must be so *a fortiori,* that the very ancient Wall of China is also haunted in various places. The thought occurred to us that we might set in motion among the Chinese a new tradition—everything must have a start, even a tradition—about a wild western man of prodigious height and bulksome weight who traversed the brick pile of Chin. Then we pictured to our mind the myth, ripe with age, as the chiliads advanced—a huge specter one hundred feet high striding half a mile at a step along the northern frontier, to the consternation of the populace!

Obversely, as a matter of fact, the Wall haunted us.

Whether the ship cut the brine in midocean or rested in the peaceful bosom of fair Hawaii, whether she plunged madly to be free from anchor in a less placid harbor or shook herself from moorings for a last long run through a stormy main to Yokohama, it made no difference; there was the 1,200 miles of Wall, instinct with life, always present in our brain. We could not rid ourself of it. Thoughts of self, the presidential election, the Balkan volcano muttering and smoking, or even the peaceful meadow brooks of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, were sternly debarred. We ate with the Wall, slept with the Wall, thought Wall. Its bricky length would twist itself into indescribable shapes—into pecular contortions. We fancied an immense arch from sea to desert and under it the great events that have shaped and re-shaped this planet earth, changes that have transmuted the world like the changes in a panorama or that have delineated the earth with ineradicable marks. The Roman Empire at the acme of its pomp and power under the indomitable Julius just tottering to ebb and ruin, the beginnings of Britain and all the now powerful states of Europe, the great battles that are written in history and hundreds more unwritten conflicts on the field when blood flowed like water in agonizing contests for supremacy; battles of books and brains, smash-ups of empires, discoveries of continents, of true science to be substituted for sorcery, astrology, alchemy, with the whole progeny of Black Art. And under the arch, too, stood out prominently in bold relief the cross of Christ.

Then suddenly, as if by magic, appeared the Wall in

belted form, inclosing in a crowded area the graves of the mighty in all lands, crumbled to dust long ago, while the bricks of Chin Shih Huang still cohere; silent witnesses to a splendid logical fact that these dead, inanimate things cannot outlive the minds and souls of the men who contrived them. Bricks and bones must crumble away like everything else sublunary, but the mental machine that brought such things as the Great Wall to pass can never moulder and rot.

Thus the Wall danced before us in ever-varying shapes, now rolling itself together like a scroll, now stretching itself out to its full length, again resolving itself into all sorts of geometrical figures,—triangles, parallelograms, circles,—until we could almost fancy the Wall to be some agile imp playing hide and seek in our imagination, instead of the great structure that some lunar inhabitant might see like a black welt across the face of the earth.

Things that exist in idea must exist *in re*. As those shadowy ghosts leaped before us we realized that phantoms would develop into facts, and that an actual Wall would soon materialize. Then the ship reached Yokohama. We disembarked mechanically, but no sooner had we set foot on *terra firma* than the whole enterprise became real. Two tablets appeared to our mind, one at Shanhaikwan at the eastern end of the wall, the other at Kiayükwan, twelve hundred miles farther on toward sunset. On the one was inscribed, "Heaven (God) made the Sea and the Mountains," on the other, "The Martial Barrier of All under Heaven."

As the traveler steps ashore on trans-Mississippi

ground at New Orleans he sees at the station of the Southern Pacific Railway a large arch bearing this legend, "Sunset Route." After days of travel through desert and wood on the splendid overland mail train he alights at Oakland, California, he beholds a similar arch with the same letters in semicircular form. These two arches terminate the parallel bars of steel which engirdle, in part, the lands on which the peaceful inhabitants of our beloved America dwell. Here on the littoral of the Far East, which was to be our *terminus a quo*, was a tablet instead of an arch, terminating a mighty embankment instead of steel rails, conceived before the Christian era by one who acknowledged High Heaven as the creator of the unnavigated seas, and the builder of the massive rock piles that frown on little frail man, on the frontiers of China!

After we had reëmbarked, and as we passed through the seas where the Japanese Admiral Togo annihilated the Russian Baltic fleet, our thoughts dwelt for the time on the doughty sailors of the Sunrise, who preferred death to defeat, and who actually did to the Russians what Van Tromp threatened once to do to the British—sweep the fleet from the sea with a besom of destruction.

These were all men of like passions with Chin Shih Huang—Blake, Van Tromp, Togo, Chin!—the Englishman, Dutchman, Japanese, Chinese! What quartet of men could shape history as they did? And although Blake's dead ashes were afterwards cast scornfully into the water by certain contemptible objects of

history, and Chin has come down through perverted tradition merely as a book burner and a *student undertaker,* the fact stripped of the gewgaws of prejudice and hate still remains: Blake and Chin molded nations as a potter molds clay.

"E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

But with the ideas of Chin how much of superstition and ignorance were mixed! He was groping in the dark. The flashlight of a full revelation had never been flung prodigally upon him, and it may have been his thought to put into material shape the spiritual idea of a dragon monster whose gigantic length would serve as a mascot and guardian to a reconstructed empire! Or did he plan to build a barrier hundreds of feet high, as the men of Babel did, to shut off the southern life-giving influences from the fierce Tartars of the north?

"We shall have the opportunity of prying into every available nook and crevice of this Wall for evidence along this line," thought we. Thus, equipped with eager desire and ample facility, we leaped joyfully ashore as the ship touched the Far Eastern coast near Shanhai-Kwan!



Headless Terror—color of fire—six feet, four wings—confused mass without eyes, or face, like a yellow bag. Not having eyes it can only see itself.

CHAPTER III

The Tragedy of Chinwangtao[1]

No sooner were our feet on the rocks of Chinwangtao than our eyes were on the rugged cliff whence a princess of Ch'in plunged into the Yellow Sea. She had lost her lover, and subtle sadness, knowing no consolation, flung the beautiful young princess from the bare rock precipice to the dragon of the deep.

Since then nature has joined the island to the mainland and now the Crescent breakwaters extend ever open arms to the mariners of all nations, even when the neighbor harbors of Taku, Tientsin and Newchwang are closed by the hand of frost.

On this historic promontory, so intimately and so tragically associated with the Great Wall, which lay along the lofty mountain in full view, we felt grateful to "The Cap of the West"[2] for his choice rendering of the ancient legend which has evidently descended from the days of the Great Emperor, who changed the geography of the east of Asia, introduced the editorial "we," burned quantities of useless literature, buried alive numbers of useless scholars, discovered and colonized Japan, and erected a massive monument to his energetic administration.

[1] Locally the name is spelled Chin Wang Tao.

[2] Certain Chinese literati speak of Dr. Martin as "The Cap of the West," signifying his preeminence in scholarship.

As a builder of bulwarks Chin stands alone in all history. He certainly did not resemble a former ruler of whom it was said, "Le roi Yen de Siu, avait des tendons, mais il n'avait pas d'os." Chin had what Virgil calls "a double backbone"! Our interest in him has reached an altitude that offers and warrants a bird's-eye view of "The Only First."

THE TYRANT OF CH'IN

'Twixt the mountains here and yon Eastern Sea
Is the pivot of China's fate.
Whatever your haste; stop, tether your steed,
And listen to what I relate.

'Neath this frowning Wall lies a buried past,
As bright as the splendors of Greece;
Six warring states their arms lay down,
And submit to the yoke of peace.

In this isle is the last of his victims laid;
And this isle bears the tyrant's name;
And as long as the ages continue to roll,
His glory 's confronted with shame.

A century later than Philip's son,
Who united the Asian West,
Had the Tyrant of Ch'in, in the Farther East,
All his rival powers suppressed.

From the Adrian shore to the Persian Gulf,
Not wider the Grecian sway;
A structure that broke in the builder's hand—
But China endures to this day.

Too many bricklayers make a lopsided house.

"For the staves of a cask use an iron hoop,
For rebellious states a chain;
While this Wall stands firm, a compact mass,
Must my empire aye remain.

"Not merely to shield us from foemen without,
But to punish domestic foes;
This Wall shall secure to millions of men,
Long ages of calm repose."

Thus silently mused the Tyrant of Ch'in,
Nor was his proud boasting all vain,
For the foes that he slew in building his Wall,
Were more than in battle he'd slain.

A princely descendant of each fallen state,
Was summoned to lead a corvée;
And the sun stood still their toil to prolong,
So the ancient minstrels say.

As diggers of earth and hewers of stone,
Here were stationed ten thousand men,
Whose fathers in battle the Tyrant withstood,
And their leader, a Prince of Yen.

To hardship and grief the young leader succumbed,
His bones were entombed in the Wall;
No casket allowed him his ashes to shrine,
No funeral pomp in his hall.

The princess in vain for his body had sought,
And when the sad story she knew,
She refused to return to her desolate home;
Was ever devotion more true?

"Not long we'll be parted," the princess exclaimed,
"My resting place near thee shall be!"
This said—from the top of yon beetling cliff
She threw herself into the sea.

'Twas the first Huangti that made China a state,
This wall has his monument been;
But those who the tomb of his victim behold,
All curse the grim Tyrant of Ch'in.



Body of a horse, wings of bird, tiger stripes, lives in north wilderness. Full of wrongs for man.

CHAPTER IV

The Only First

High pointed nose, slit eyes, pigeon breast wolf voice, tiger heart, stingy, cringing, graceless, is the Chinese historian's description of the mighty man who conceived the idea of the Great Wall of China. In fact, however, he was one of the greatest "hustlers" the world has ever known, despite the very uncomplimentary remarks of the harsh historian Ssu-ma Ch'ien[1] translated above literally from the imperial history of China.

It has been sagely remarked that this long structure called by the Chinese scholars the Wanlich'ang Ch'êng, or Wall of Ten Thousand Miles,[2] could be clearly defined by the mysterious Man-in-the-Moon, if such an individual exist and if he is endowed with the same faculties which we possess. This alone should make it a most distinguished object. Viewing the character and performances of Chin[3] at an interval of twenty-one

[1] Ssu-ma Ch'ien, called the Father of History, was born 145 B.C.

[2] The Chinese mile or "li" is roughly the third of an English mile. If taken literally this would work out at 3,000 miles or thereabouts, whereas the Great Wall is somewhat less. "10,000" is often used in a general sense for a large number.

[3] Ch'in v. Ts'in. . . . The romanization of Chinese sounds is of course largely conventional, and no single system can claim absolute accuracy. According to the Wade orthography, representing the Pekingese or Northern Mandarin, the character is written "Ch'in"; in Southern Mandarin it should appear as "Ts'in." The inverted comma merely indicates an aspirate, and is inserted to distinguish the word from others which, being unaspirated, are written "Chin." But as most persons pronounce

hundred years, we observe impressions, depressions and expressions more marked on the country and people of China by this emperor than could possibly be made by the Great Wall on the lunar citizen at a distance one hundred times as great in miles as the number of years



Chin Shik Huang Ti—Present day representation of the man who built the Great Wall. Sent to the author by Dr. S. I. Woodbridge.

we look back over in the contemplation of Chin Shih Huang. It was a fine attempt of his to obliterate all previous records and start the world fresh. Chin had no gatling guns, men-of-war, powder or steam,

the English word "Chin" with an unconscious aspirate, no apology is needed for styling the First Emperor "Chin" instead of "Ch'in."

Throughout this work the Wade system has been uniformly adopted except for place names, which are transliterated according to the system in use in the Imperial Chinese Postoffice and also followed in the China Inland Missions' excellent "Atlas of the Chinese Empire." Hence such seeming inconsistencies as Ch'in Shih Huang and Chinwang tao or Ts'in-wangtao, where the first syllable in each stands for the same character.

but for soaring ambition, never was there a head or heart on this planet, before or since, that was possessed of a greater amount than this same emperor, who lived two hundred years before Christ, when Hamilcar and Hannibal went into Spain and the Punic Wars broke out upon Europe. He has been called the Napoleon of China, but Bonaparte is not in the same class with this wicked, wonderful man. One of his first decrees, as recorded in history, ordained the abolition of the use of imperial posthumous titles, declaring it his pleasure that "he should be known simply as Shih Huang Ti, the First Emperor; and thus all successive generations should be distinguished numerically as the second generation, the third generation, and thus onward to the ten thousandth."

After having done a great many things, among which may be mentioned the subjugation of a score or so of smaller states, the unification of the empire and the reported burial alive of his fond grandparents because they had treated him badly, he began to cast about for the means to accomplish the ends of his itching, restless, mounting ambition. When the performances mentioned above, in addition to a great many others, were finished, Chin had been on the throne about five and twenty years.[1] He was now sole proprietor of a territory which the Chinese historian says extended from near the equator to Korea on the south and north, and from the Eastern Sea to Shensi and Szechwan. De-

[1] As king of Ch'in, but not as ruler of a United China. He only assumed the imperial title in 221 B.C., after which he reigned twelve years.

ducting a tract to allow for the statements of ancient history, it may still be said, with more or less degree of accuracy, that Chin owned land as wide in extent as England, France, and Germany with others thrown in and put together.

The obstructive mulishness of recent Chinese officialdom presents a strong contrast to the progressive policy of our hero, from which it may be seen that China in the past two thousand years has gone back in the path of progress, or in other words, has backed the future and fronted the past. Chin, who possessed immense originality, perhaps went too far in his forward movement, but at any rate there is, and has been for the past two millenniums, an inborn antipathy, a natural resilience on the part of the Chinese from the liberalism of the masterful man from whom[1] China is named by Europeans, but not by themselves.

He changed the face of the whole country. His taste for public achievements impelled him to do prodigious works which can be most favorably compared with the grand works of Egypt. "Many objects which were in bronze, and others in gold, were of such weight, that some of his successors deemed it a considerable task to remove them from one city to another." These statues and other monuments were destined to adorn the superb palace that had been built at his capital.

But the Chinese of his day objected to such magnificence, when the books of antiquity recommended simplicity in all departments. They quoted multitudinous

[1] "That is from the *state* of Ch'in," an eminent scholar subjoins. We, nevertheless, retain the statement as it is made in the text.

above the bodies. "History," thought The Only First, "shall begin with Me." His country was divided into thirty-six prefectures and the people were called "black heads" because they wore dark caps.[1]

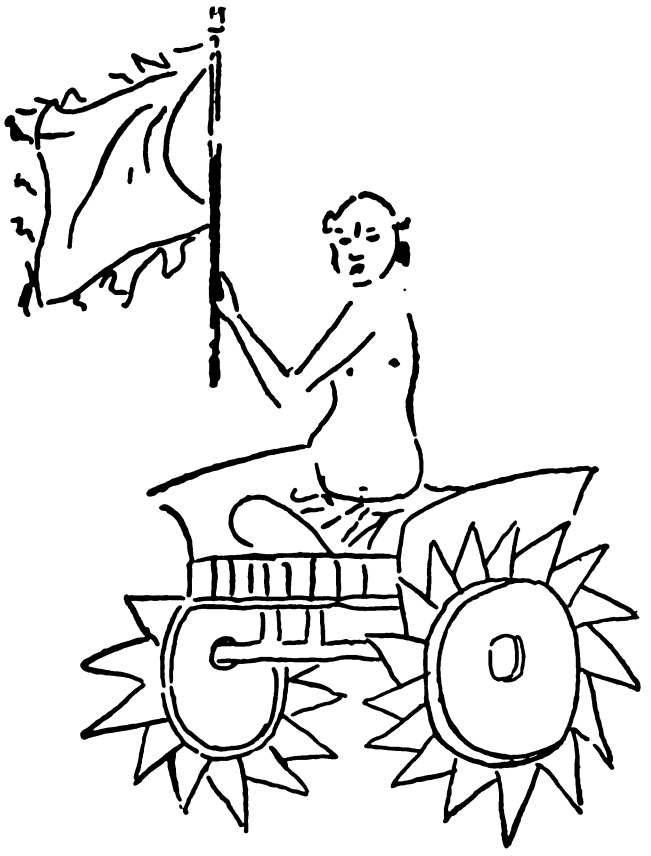
But people in those good old days were superstitious and it is no small wonder that the emperor himself began to observe portents. Chin saw, or imagined he saw, a foreigner sixty feet high with feet two yards long! So it occurred to the sovereign to gather all his weapons of war that had been used to conquer his enemies and cast them into twelve mighty images which would rival this giant of his active imagination in bigness. Probably they did, if we can believe the history which states that each image weighed sixty tons! They were put in his pet palace and afterwards destroyed in the wars that followed the death of their maker.

Chin needed no expositions to set business agog. At his order twelve hundred wealthy families moved into Hienyang, his capital. The demand for luxuries and necessaries having been created, it followed, as the night the day, that supply would be forthcoming. To these superstitious and commercial notions, Chin added the lust of luxury. His life was not shrouded in dim magnificence. He built a wonderful palace which has been variously described. The following facts are taken fresh from the imperial history. This palace was magnificent, and certain gorgeous annexes were attached at intervals, the whole now extending two hundred miles. In these he corralled all the handsome women that could

[1] Some authorities suggest that the Chinese have long been accustomed to style themselves "the black-headed race" from the *color of their hair.*

If you want to see every one like yourself, you must look in your glass.

be found in his domains, and the annexes were so numerous that it required thirty-six years for him to be "at home" in them all at the rate of one annex per diem.



Flying Carts of Chin's Day. One shoulder, three eyes, make carts and fly long distances in the air. Very dangerous people.

Stated mathematically, the number would be 13,140—far in advance of Solomon, third king of Israel, whose heart was turned by his numerous wives. In consequence of his luxury, the emperor grew more superstí-

tious and suspicious. Being told there was an island of the sea in which certain genii made their abode, he fitted out an expedition to discover, if possible, this enchanted ground. Several hundred men and women were dispatched on the voyage of discovery and were never heard from again. The annals of Japan tell how they arrived safely and settled down in their new home.

But his superstitions and suspicions were probably the occasion for beginning the work of the Great Wall, for having been informed of a prophecy which foretold his destruction by the Huns, Chin mobilized an army of 300,000 men to work (and fight, if necessary) on this great structure. It was at this time that the Chinese pen, or brush, which afterwards proved so powerful, was invented by a soldier. In this period of antiquity the principles of capillary attraction were not understood. But a knowledge of practical physics was necessary. The astute Chinese discovered that if the hair of the goat which formed the brush of the pen was soaked in lime water the ink would "run" and the pen would be rendered serviceable. Presage of the fountain pen! Once put an ovum of idea into the hatchery of the human brain and something will come of it in the end, even if it be only a fountain pen and even if it takes two thousand years!

Then Chin conceived another idea. And to carry it out employed 700,000 workmen. This idea was to erect a large hall that would seat 10,000 people, a very extensive building for that age—forerunner of the modern auditorium! But suspicion, that bane of the usurper, stirred him up again. He was warned against spending

two successive nights in one place, so he lay low as to where he slept o' nights. Capital punishment was meted out to the informer who divulged this mighty secret. Under such abnormal conditions of life the monarch became vindictive—no one was spared; for remonstrating against his action in state affairs, his eldest son was banished and died in exile. History states that an aerolite fell about this time, on which this legend was inscribed, "On the death of Chin the country will be divided." The emperor suspected a trick, tried hard to find out the author of the legend, and failing this he decapitated every individual in the district in which the fateful stone had fallen, and reduced the aerolite itself to ashes. Chin The Only First then canonized the T'ai Shan or Sacred Mountain of China as it is now known; to-day his image is found in one of the temples of this famous Mecca, and a plain shaft of granite fifteen feet high, three feet wide and two feet thick, called the "Letterless Mountain," is said to have been erected by this same prince who buried the scholars and burned the books.

But far more important than the superstitious dedication of a mountain was the introduction of the seal,—shadow of the Great Seal of England and all other seals since! The original was a curious representation of birds and fish. Combined and translated into the Chinese of to-day these symbols are *shou ming yü T'ien chi shou yung ch'ang*. They mean in English "I have received the decree from heaven and have already enjoyed the age of everlasting prosperity."



The Seal of Chin shih Huang Ti, which was the first seal of China. The ancient characters mean: "I have received the Decree from Heaven and have already enjoyed the age of everlasting prosperity.

The number and variety of his wars, reforms, diversions and luxuries, however, wore the emperor out. One can imagine that he became considerably *blasé* before the thirty-seven years of his reign were finished. In the words of Sir Walter Scott, "the stage darkened before the curtain fell." During one of his excursions abroad throughout his dominion, whilst in the present province of Shantung the emperor sickened and died. His min-

The workman who would do good work must first sharpen his tools.

isters and attendants were alarmed, for so powerful was his personality and so potent his influence that the state was literally upheld by the man. News of his death coming before matters could be arranged at the capital some hundred miles away would prove fatal to the monarchy. What was to be done? There were no means at hand for embalming the body even if the knowledge of this art was known; they were many days' journey from the metropolis and the dreadful secret of the emperor's death must be kept. But they set out bravely for home. Ere long the presence of the dead Chin became manifest through the olfactories. Doubts were expressed by the people who witnessed the imperial procession when the prince appeared only *in absentia*. To remove these suspicions the wily ministers bought a large quantity of fish over ripe for consumption in these more finicky days—and while the smell was doubled, all doubts and fears on the part of the anxious public were dissipated and allayed. Thus the insanitary, fishy cortège moved along to the capital, diffusing the mixed unfragrant odor of insanctity but dispelling the dangerous doubts of the people. But even fish cannot keep a secret and the truth came out at last, but not until arrangements were perfected for Chin the Second. The oldest son, who was assisting in the erection of the Great Wall, had committed suicide on receipt of a lying letter purported to have been written by his father and ordering him to dispose of himself (obedient son!) and so it fell out that the next dutiful offspring ascended the throne as Chin the Second, or Chin Erh Shih. This promising

youth began his imperial life by decapitating all his brothers and sisters—there were only twelve brothers and ten sisters; but these twenty-two persons whose only guilt was the fact of being, were ruthlessly butchered along with all their numerous connections, by this blood-thirsty villain. His name would not be mentioned in this book at all were it not for several acts of his short reign which had reference to The Only First. In the first place he completed the palace of the late emperor: then he built a splendid mausoleum for his deceased father, more from fear and superstition, we trow, than from any feeling of respect or veneration. Old Chinese tombs are supposed to consist of hollowed-out hills. The history states that Chin the Second prepared a tomb in a mountain and furnished it with all kinds of precious and valuable things; that he made a lake of quicksilver with two quicksilver rivers flowing into it which would always appear pure and clear,[1] and that in this excavation he immured thousands of the wives and concubines of the dead emperor. He shut the door in the face of these wretched women and they starved to death in the tomb. On the principle that dead men tell no tales, he secretly devised an instrument—some infernal machine—that struck down and killed every workman engaged in constructing this veritable charnel house. Those were the brave days of old! The dynasty of Chin The Only First, set up in so much blood, and maintained with such cruelty, did not long survive the death of its

[1] The word translated "quicksilver" is rather obscure, and other scholars suggest that the true meaning was "water limpid as silver." Be that as it may, the modern legends have adopted the more uncanny version.

far wrong in the division of the country for convenient administration.

For many, many years China has been pining for another Chin. The want has not been openly expressed and probably not even recognized; but the fact remains, China has been and is still sick for more Shih Huang Ti. First the libraries and brains of the literati are stuffed full of useless, literary rubbish—old, mouldy, unusable lumber and fit only to make a bonfire of. The stuff is so dry that it would burn like tinder. Chin would be just the man to light this heap. We would not approve of his burying the scholars alive, head and all, but simply up to their necks, when they could be unearthed on the solemn promise to learn something real modern and to teach that in the mad race for the beautiful and elegant, China has not swept the field. On the whole we believe that, eliminating his cruelty and bloodthirstiness, another Chin might be the man and brain to start China fresh once more. The contemptuous condescension of the Chinese towards Lord Macartney in 1792, the direct insult to Lord Amherst and the failure of his embassy would have been forestalled if Chin had occupied the throne at the time. He would have tackled the opium question and settled the whole matter before the benevolent but giddy Commissioner Lin destroyed $10,000,000 worth of somebody else's opium for which the Chinese afterwards had to pay. Sir Harry Parkes, whose statue now adorns the Bund in Shanghai and whose personality has left a mark on British Far Eastern diplomacy, would have discovered in this sovereign a broad-minded if bloodthirsty man

He who has no diamond should not undertake to cut glass.

who would have been eager and willing to seize the opportunity for making his country strong and wise by negotiating treaties that would have stopped the mouth of cannon; and that would have prevented the disastrous wars that flung China to the ground and humbled her in the dust.

Chin back in the centuries was groping after light, but like most reformers he was ahead of his time and no daring Chinese has followed his lead. His canals are undredged and have been undredged for decades. Flood and famine came down on the millions of the people like a horrible night in consequence of this culpable neglect. His roads are almost obliterated and the Chinese peasant toils wearily through the muck of the unworked paths on his way to the markets. China now is about as far away from Chin Shih Huang as it is possible to be. Astronomically speaking the country is in aphelion. Meanwhile the West has moved into the East and set up housekeeping. New forces that this ancient emperor saw afar off but which were dead blanks to the past generations, are now operative in the empire and within the next few years we shall witness changes in China which the famous emperor The Only First, with the "high pointed nose, slit eyes, pigeon breast, wolf voice, tiger heart," would have rejoiced to see in his own day.

CHAPTER V

From the Sea to the Eastern Y

Chin's original design evidently was to inclose h massive empire in a rampart which should assume tl shape of a horseshoe with the heel calks at the oce shore. He did not plan to parallel the coast with a wa doubtless considering the seaside an ample protectic to a country vast and densely populated. And tl water actually did the protecting work of a wall un steam and covetousness brought powerful fleets out the sunrise to threaten the wealthy coastal cities.

The Great Wall of the present, following for a tho sand miles the ancient line, stretches its serpentine ar civilizing length from the tempestuous main of tl Yellow Sea to the thirsty sands of the distant dese and on still farther to the very verge of the mountai of Tibet where the sun starts the Yellow River on i uncertain and devious journey toward the easte ocean.

It begins, where we began our journey, on the 40 parallel of north latitude, which is the line of the hig est possible civilization (Doylestown, Pennsylvania, near that line), and does not reach its western limit un more than one twentieth of the circumference of tl earth has been occupied. An enterprise so vast ce tainly deserves the attention of an experienced travel and of an intelligent public. Our aim is not only

useful and truthful. It is the dividing line between two civilizations, and between two eras. In space it cut off the herdsmen of the north from the tillers of the south, the predatory Abels of the desert from the peaceful Cains of the rivers. This reminds us that we only know the story from the Cain side, where the Chinese pose as innocent and needing defense; it would be interesting to hear what the Abels thought of it—how the Mongols regarded the "White Wall" as they called it, a barrier to cut them off from the water for their flocks, and if they complained, a barrier whence would issue an army to cut them down, and slander them afterward. The wolf first quarrels with the lamb, then eats him, then tells the world that the lamb was attacking him. The Wall divided the wolves from the lambs, but which was on which side is a question.

In time, the Wall divided the China of mist from the China of history. Before it, we see dimly and discern only two or three groups of feudal states; after it we recognize plainly one civilized centralized empire. And yet a hoary old vender of tobacco pipes, ignorant that we could understand his remarks, muttered to his mate: "Why do these people come up here, where trees are many and people are few, when they might go to Peking and see something?"

What now have we seen along the first stretch? Begin on the coast. The town of Shanghaikwan attaches itself to the Great Wall two miles from the sea. It boasts a thousand families on whom the Methodist Episcopal and Roman Catholic missionaries are making an impression. We find here various samples of Chris-

incurred the bitter enmity of the sovereign. One day the prince mysteriously disappeared as many others did in those unhalcyon days. The story goes on to relate that this prince had married a beautiful woman who loved him tenderly and devotedly. Hearing no news of him she undertook the long journey to the Wall in hope of discovering some clue to her lost loved one. After passing through many perils and hardships, she arrived at her destination only to learn that her husband had perished and that his body was entombed somewhere in the half-completed structure. Stricken with grief she stood weeping on the Wall and in her desolation had given up all hope even of discovering her husband's remains and of bringing them back to the family burying ground, where the magic influences would waft prosperity to the family. Just then a beautiful fairy, lithe and slender, lightly descended before her and inquired of the disconsolate widow the cause of her tears. "Oh, help me to find my darling husband," replied the half-frightened but expectant girl. "I am so miserable and unhappy, take pity on me, please." "Do as I bid you," replied the sprite. "Cut your hand for blood that will flow from the heart, follow the crimson drops as you walk along." Eagerly seizing a sharp stone, the delicate girl gashed her pretty hand, and as the blood fell, her footsteps followed until they brought her to the object of her desire, lying in an opening that had been miraculously made in the Wall. Through all the ages since then, the Wall in this spot has never been repaired: and when rude, remorseless commercialism laid unholy hands on the Barrier of Chin to push

[redacted]

followed along on top of the Wall, past the modern searchlight, in a remarkable S curve, to the Pavilion of Literature, which is perched on the terreplaine of the Wall exactly at the corner where the Great Wall joins the city wall. Where one would expect to find cannon, rapid-fire guns, mortars and terrible dynamite throwers, as in the West, here on this most wonderful fortification of human history we find instead a white lighthouse, a searchlight, and a temple to literature. Is it possible that after all the Chinese are right and that these are a better protection for a state than death-dealing machinery of the modern diabolical kind?

There are modern schools within sight of this Pavilion of Literature; *they* are crowded, *this* temple is empty! Modern full, ancient vacant! The son of a rich man goes about urging the people not to oppose the modern schools. This son of an eminent family performs this patriotic work without compensation. The spirit of Chin is abroad again!

From this Temple of Literature we could see towering above the city, and in the center of it, the drum and bell tower. This is unique, for most cities have a tower for each. The drum and bell are both used at the beginning of the first watch only. In the oldest ages the Chinese had a copper pot with a small hole in the bottom to measure time; the water came through drop by drop and fell upon sounding metal.

Beside this Tower of Literature we stand and look away. Yonder on the utmost summit of the mountain three thousand feet toward the stars, lay seemingly half asleep and half awake, a huge monster born in

left at rest; the violent rage of the rioters passed ordinary bounds. Hoping to deepen the agony of the living, and to involve even the dead in posthumous misery, they rifled the very graves of all Christian bones, that an endless unrest might beset those who had escaped their malice in this world.

Before sunrise, accompanied by a body of horse, we galloped away from the gloomy old house of idols. The keen frosty air quickened the sluggish native blood, and soon we were on our way north of Tsunhwachow. Here in the quiet landscape, silvered over with the morning frost, stood a Buddhist temple dedicated to the human virtue of almsgiving. And here an eyewitness told of dreadful doings he had been helpless to avert.

A gentle girl had been torn from her humble home, with a lad of some sixteen years. They were haled to the temple of almsgiving, and were subjected to two ordeals. First to abjure the foreign faith, but no escape would be purchased by denying the Lord who suffered for them. Guilty then—of goodness! But what sentence? The Chinese dearly loves a gamble, and now chance is invoked to whet the appetite. Before the hideous idol are placed two bundles of incense, one dry, one soaked in lye. She may choose at random, and on her choice hangs life or—what? Should the chosen bundle burn freely, freedom is the lot, but otherwise a speedy death is to be hoped for. Is there no clatter of hoof, no heroic lover as in the days of yore to brave all odds and cleave a path through the bloody rabble? Is there no heart touched with the patient heroism to

harangue the mob and assuage their madness? Nay, she chooses, and most fittingly, for what Christian maiden would willingly select incense to burn at an idol shrine! It smoulders, it dies! And so must she! But now the cold cruelty of the mob pauses. Shall the death-stroke be given at once, and all the fiendish joy end at a blow? Cannot the agony be long drawn out? The lad divines the hellish torments, and who shall blame if nature shrinks? But the maiden rises to nobler heights and can find words of cheer that nerve him to endure all. Need we describe all? Insult after insult, virgin modesty outraged, buffeted, wounded, till the frail form is swathed in cotton, soaked in oil, lashed to a stake, to exhale the unconquerable soul in a chariot of fire! The days of heroism are to-day; the Church is still ennobled by the blood of her martyrs.

Soon the Great Wall came into marvelous view! Lines of massive masonry interspersed with towers constructed during the haughtiest age of the Chinese realm were still winding along the summits of mountains and ridges. Near the Mule-Horse gate in the Great Wall lies a quiet village, but we failed to inquire its name in our elation over this wonderful view of the only ruin in China.

The rising sun crowned the lofty towers with glory, then burnished the battlements on the precipitous walls with jasper, and finally plunged the whole temple and mud-sided huts in the pass itself into a magic bath of an indescribable copper color! It was a picture to ravish the heart of a painter.

Shanhaikwan and Tsunhwa were easy to find, but the Y of the Wall was a troublesome matter. It was a long and difficult search. The explanation lies in two parts. The ascents were steep and hard to make; the locals even did not know where the Wall actually branched off, to Kalgan on the northwest and to Nankow on the southwest. Several times we were led astray by natives who affirmed they knew the exact spot where the Wall forked. In answer to their confidence, the climb was made, only to enjoy the superb scenery and to be disappointed in the quest for the junction of the two Walls from the west to the one Great Wall toward the east. There was also a chart error in the otherwise excellent map, which helped to lead us astray. The error consisted in the misspelling of a town name, and also in misplacing the Y by some miles, when considered by angles with certain known towns.

Our caravan of mountain mules had rested over night at the pass of "The Lily Pool," Lienhwa Ch'ih. Since there was no inn at the hamlet, we were taken in by the "rich man" of the place, with all the hospitality of a mountaineer. The whole population was permitted to come and look us over. As often as we have been subjected to that annoyance, we have never brought ourselves seriously to object to such a practice. Our arrival was to that hamlet what a circus, years ago, was to Doylestown, Pennsylvania. The size of my boots amazed the populace. At that we were not much surprised, for the size of them had often attracted my own attention!

The day was very young when we began the ascent of



The Great Wall of China — Photo by Dr. Geil

Over 4,000 feet above the sea, and overlooking the Pass of the Lily Pool

passed through a chain of canyons of marvelous beauty often blending into the sublime. Eighty miles north of the over-estimated city of Peking, capital of the vastest empire of mortals, are location, altitude, and grandeur fit for the Olympian gods! From the tide to a height of nearly a mile this stupendous structure of sublimity keeps steadily on its westward course. After beholding China's wonder of the world, we would hesitate to cross the street to see Egypt's pyramids, for wonder purposes!

But the Great Barrier passes through regions pleasing to the scientist. The botanist can stock his herbarium as he travels from the sea to the Y through seven belts of flowers, in addition to shrubs, plants and trees. The ornithologist is in almost equal clover with six belts of birds, while the student of rocks and stones has awaiting him binary granites, sandstones and conglomerates of variety and design to exhilarate a Hugh Miller. The anthropologist will find abundant material among the "imperial tombs" where the empress dowager will be buried. The imperial reserve for burial purposes of the reigning family known as the Eastern Tombs is located against the Great Wall. Indeed, the Great Wall furnishes the inclosure with its protection on one side. A charming spot the geomancers marked out as "lucky" for the interment[1] of the rulers of the present dynasty. In the inclosure grow funereal pines, and death by strangulation is the penalty to any mortal who dares to cut or mar the trees. Here her late

[1] A spot which is considered lucky for the burial of a king would have also been lucky for his birth.



The Great Wall of China — Photo by: Harrison Sackett Elliot

View of the Great Wall north of Peking, where the tourists go to see the most wonderful wonder in the world. Notice width, excellent workmanship, and different style of brick work arising from the terreplain

were hauled up by ropes, and many of the ascents were accomplished by holding on to the mule's tail. Yet it averages twenty feet in height and is wide enough for three or six mules to haul up three or six weary travelers abreast.

As a sample of the mountain villages stowed away in the fastnesses of these heights along the Great Barrier may be mentioned "Thistle Ravine." Far from the "Barbarian Sea," as Euripides terms the "deep blue," there are two colors, the green of the mountains and the blue of the sky. These are, however, in almost infinite shades, for this bulge of a lofty valley is entirely surrounded by mountain peaks of strange and picturesque form. We asked a birth native how many families dwelt here, and he said: "Five or six." When we urged on him the ridiculousness of his not knowing the exact number in so small a place, and it the village of his birth from which he had never wandered, he replied: "Six"; laconic and correct.

As there are not ten acres of flat land, every inch is under cultivation, and work extends well up the steep slopes where the tiller of the soil must brace himself when planting, to prevent sliding down. Along the Wall at regular intervals are the remains of garrison towns, but Thistle Ravine, three thousand five hundred feet above the ocean currents, was not one of these.

At twilight we arrived, after a hard climb, at the only open end of the only street. There being no inn to shelter us, the kindly mountaineers placed a new house at the disposal of the expedition. This was called "The House of the Lucky Star." A red cloth with a bit of



The Great Wall of China — Photo by Dr. Geil

Notice the construction of the Wall. This fashion is seen in lofty mountain regions near the Eastern Y

foully. There is one bird here, found nesting in the pear trees, which the mountaineers do not kill. One was pointed out by an old man. He said that years ago an emperor, whose early morning slumbers had been disturbed by the noise of this bird at his palace window, issued a decree, forbidding all feathered creatures of this description to screech within forty *li* of Peking. It is generally reported that these birds heard of the decree and obeyed the "Ruler of all under Heaven" until this day! The Great Wall passes through a region which is now sparsely settled, but which was probably densely populated in ancient days. Indeed the Great Wall suggests that centuries ago in this part of the country, China supported a larger population than at the present.

Here at Thistle Ravine is one of the most entrancing views to be had in any land, the wonderful festooning of the Wall exactly on the sky line from mountain peak to mountain peak, following an almost inaccessible ridge, seemingly hung there by the Maker of the mountains. How it was constructed is a mystery. But there it is, towers and wall, and it has been there for centuries and never idle for a moment, defying the frost and the rain, the snow and the wind, or protecting the mountaineers from a strong enemy, who might overwhelm their slender force of warriors, and overrun their meager farms; in more ancient time, helping the imperial legions to prevent the capital of the empire from falling into robber hands. Last night we saw this marvelous sight by moonlight. It has no equal except a moonlight night on the Isle of Patmos.

This ponderous mass of masonry upon which we are

now looking lies like some mythical monster, prone upon the shadowy mountain and the dreary plain, as if prostrated by the blow of a proportionate foe. It does not suggest impious pride or sinewy force, but enormous might. It was evidently inspired less by rage than by the desire to prevent rage in an age of rage. The fierce Mongols between this heavy line and the frozen north, elate with unerring bow would gladly



Mongols hunting in the desert north of the Great Wall.

precipitate themselves on the plodding peasants of the southland. It seems to us that the Wall was designed to preserve peace, and as such, still stands the most pronounced effort of ancient or modern times. Which will be the more potent promoter of peace, the temple at the Hague, or the Wall of Chin? The builder even two thousand years ago was ahead of the senseless militarism of Europe. Warful nations have disappeared but the peaceful Chinese continue through millenniums. The warlike spirit boomerangs and destroys its author —peace pays!

It was then and is now madness to trust individuals or nations or the chance of blind impious luck! To avoid by peaceful means a dreadful fate to friend or foe, to make harmless the noisy and heedless passions of wild and wicked men, to impede rage, prevent horror, perfume wrath with hesitation, is fit achievement for gods and women! These chaste and admirable virtues are here found writ in stone, mostly in granite stone!

A part then of this Great Wall is immortal. It can now boast a lengthy youth and an old age just begun. It has prevented many a "dreadful harvest of the sword," slaughter cumbrous and fresh, it has prevented many a shameful tribute to the unfathomed hatred of barbarian hordes! Great Wall, all hail! It remains true that it is better to lay stones than to throw them. A wall to protect the living is better than a ditch to cover the dead. Let immortal honors cluster and bestow themselves to praise the virtue that conceived and constructed the greatest wall in the world which has for ages stood for peace and which has for ages diffused delay. Great Wall, all hail!

[redacted]

power utterly outshine all their puny efforts? Was this a contemptuous defiance of the Seven Wonders of the Holy Greeks, who by the year 276 had just heard of "Thina," as the writings of Eratosthenes show?

Scarcely one hundred years prior to the erection of the Great Wall the victorious phalanx of Alexander, the Flying Leopard, whom Daniel had foreseen in his vision, advancing eastward, ground under his heavy heel the beautiful "strong city Tyre," scattered the power of Persia and finally advanced into India in search of costlier conquests. He wisely avoided China! His ten years of military activity were not merely brilliant maneuvers and series of bloody victories. The motives of Alexander-the-Great-Butcher must not be sought in martial movements. His conquests were for the better purpose, for the spreading of Hellenism among the nations of the earth.

This Grecianizing leaven aimed at physical and intellectual culture; beauty and liberty—which is why the Greeks planted among the conquered peoples cities—centers of this influence. Alexander himself built no less than seventy cities. Indeed, he stretched a chain of cities from Media to Sparta, to disseminate the principles of the Greeks. And under the quiet, happy rule of the Ptolemies of mummy fame, the Grecian towns near and within Egyptian borders fostered the new ideas and many cities sprang up between the two mother metropolises, Alexandria and Antioch.

Like Palestine, Rome, that world-conquering empire which "made the Mediterranean a Roman lake," came under the influence of Grecian culture. But Grecian

which are the basis of our investigations. Here also was the largest library on earth, containing five hundred thousand volumes. Most of these were originals which had been seized and for which copies had been given in return. The half-million volumes accumulated in this perfectly modern fashion were stored in the Temple of Serapis, the Serapeion.

The city boasted of splendidly equipped observatories, zoölogical and botanical gardens. Philadelphus in 250 B.C. raised a temple here in honor of his father and placed therein statues of gold and ivory to be worshiped like gods. The feast which he gave at his accession to the throne cost over $500,000, the most splendid festival ever seen, one in which the proud city of Alexandria enjoyed the most pompous pageants and the greatest games, "for the spoils of whole provinces were sacrificed to the curiosity of a single day to raise the frivolous admiration of a stupid populace." Among the men of the world, few have possessed the wealth ascribed to King Philadelphus, estimated at $750,000,000.

During his reign he caused to be constructed among other projects the tomb to his sister Arsenoë. In this Dionachores, his architect, proposed to build a room of loadstone and place an iron statue of her, to be suspended without support in the air between roof and floor.[1] This plan, however, was not executed. The ancients kindly left this for moderns.

"I would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world."

[1] Did not the Moslem tradition of Mohammed's coffin originate here?

whole amazing garden was encircled by a wall seventy-two feet thick.

Ponderous stones sixteen by four feet were laid over these strong and graceful arches, and upon them was spread a thick layer of reeds and bitumen; this again was covered with two rows of bricks cemented together by mortar made with slime from the Dead Sea. Lastly a thick covering of lead prevented the percolation of moisture from the mold that had been spread upon it. These unequaled gardens were adorned with gorgeous flowers, fragrant shrubs, and trees large and diverse. A pump placed in the upper terrace formed the water works.

Wonder No. 2.[1] Proud Kufu built the Great Pyramid at Gizeh as his tomb. Shifting every three months, a hundred thousand men were constantly employed for ten years in its construction, and *a million dollars' worth of onions* and other vegetables were consumed by these same workmen.

Its original height was over four hundred and eighty feet, the length of its base seven hundred and sixty-four feet. Pliny considered these pyramids as "Regum pecuniæ otiosa ac stulta ostentatio," a foolish and idle display of the wealth of kings. This is the only "wonder" remaining to this day.

Wonder No. 3. Third among the wonders of the ancient world was the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, dated originally 772 B.C. Built in the name and at the expense of Asia Minor, its construction, according to

[1] In chronological order the Great Pyramid of Kufu came long before the glory of "The Gate of God."

Pliny, took over two centuries. "Of this temple great speech was made throughout the world."

It is of gigantic size, four hundred and twenty-five feet in length, two hundred and twenty-five feet in width; more than six score costly columns sixty feet high, each dedicated by a king, supported the roof of this marvelous building. Master artists vied with each other to excel in adorning the edifice. On the night Alexander was born, one Herostratus set it on fire for no other purpose than to make himself known to posterity. It was therefore a rebuilt temple that attracted sightseers in the days of Chin.

Wonder No. 4. Next in time is the statue of Jupiter Olympus; the work of Phidias, who carved it at Elis in 435 B.C. It is novel in this that it is the work of revenge. Forced to withdraw from Athens to escape the intrigues of his rivals, he began making a statue of Jupiter which should eclipse the statue of Minerva which he had carved for the Athenians. This he achieved. It was carved in gold and ivory, sixty feet high and wrought so well that it was believed nothing could ever surpass it. At the base were graved these words, a seal of approbation from the god, "Phidias the Athenian made me."

Wonder No. 5. The fifth wonder of the world was the work of a woman, the beautiful tomb of Mausolus, known as the Mausoleum. His widowed wife caused it to be erected in 354 at Halicarnassus in Caria. The four most famous sculptors of the time adorned the beautiful structure, each embellishing a side. It was

oblong in shape, surrounded by six and thirty Ionic columns, crowned by a pyramid diminishing by twenty-four steps to the summit. A colossal marble quadriga crowned the top. The total height was one hundred and thirty feet. The marble lions, the magnificent frieze, its gorgeous color effect caused the admiration of all beholders. And this was all. For Mrs. Mausolus placed her husband's sacred ashes in costly wine and drank the hideous mixture, desiring that her husband's body should be buried in her own body.

Wonder No. 6. The watch-tower lighthouse at Pharos, completed in 283 B.C. in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus. It stood on the island of Pharos, named after a pilot buried there. Its marble tower rose to a height of four hundred and fifty feet, and on its top a fire was kept burning which was visible at a distance of one hundred miles. This "wonder" endured for fifteen hundred years. Sostratus, commissioned to build it for the price of $800,000, carved his own name into the great pillar, neglecting to do honor to the king whose munificence was responsible for the erection of the lighthouse. Ordered to correct this neglect, he filled the hollow with mortar and carved therein: "King Ptolemy to the gods, the saviors, for the benefit of sailors." The mortar finally crumbled away and revealed the original inscription, showing the modern spirit of the architect who had carved:

"Sostratus the Cnidian, son of Dexiphanes, to the gods, the saviors, for the benefit of sailors."

Wonder No. 7. Closer to the time of the Great Wall came the Colossus at Rhodes, finished 280 B.C. after

Better give a mouthful to the hungry than a bushelful to the well-fed.

twelve years of building. Chares of Lindus wrought this stupendous brass statue,—so tall that ships in full sail might have passed between its legs, but they didn't. It was one hundred and five feet high and occupied a place in the harbor. The thumb could hardly be clasped with both arms. A winding staircase led to the top of this Tor de Speechi whence by aid of glasses hung around the neck of the statue a view could be had off the shores of Syria. It cost $400,000.

While the Great Wall was building an earthquake shook Greece and destroyed this gigantic figure. It was never built up again. The Seven Wonders, to quote a medieval, were big "prosperous edifices, of exaggerated hugeness, dazzling and ruinous luxury."

Four Great Roads. While Grecian architecture erected monuments of grace and beauty, Rome worked persistently along more useful lines; she began to build highways. The queen of roads, the *Via Appia,* most important and celebrated as a highway, was built in 312 B.C. under Appius Claudius Carcus and paid for with money collected as fines from rich estate holders. It put Rome into connection with such important towns as Capua and Brindisium, paved with blocks of lava for a distance of three hundred miles. A network of roads sprang into existence branching off from this great highway, and enlacing Italy.

Then came the *Via Latina,* also running south. By it Rome had direct communication with Beneventum, one hundred and forty miles distant. Another ancient road, if not the oldest, was the *Via Salaria,* running

from the Colline Gate to Ancona on the coast of the Adriatic. Branch roads from this later crossed the Apennines to Picenum.

In 220 B.C., while Chin was considering the project of building the Great Wall, Consul Flaminius fortified Italy by adding the *Via Flaminia* to the many military roads. The terminal points of it are Rome and Ariminum to the northeast, about one hundred and fifty miles distant.

Rome after the first Punic War saw her wealth increasing and with that her power. With the luxurious life also came the desire for larger architectural development. Durney suggests that Rome's art until then had been sacerdotal, i.e., it served merely for ornamenting the temples. But now moneys were appropriated to works of public utility; an aqueduct was constructed by Carius, and after 275 a new mint was erected to coin gold instead of silver as before; new temples were reared more from a feeling of vanity in perpetuating the glory of a family than from a sense of piety and devotion.

For a time this revival of art received a check through the coming of young Hannibal into Italy and his march toward Rome. Having sworn eternal hatred to Rome this Carthaginian leader of great genius crossed the Alps at precisely the time when a Chinese emperor, a greater genius, Chin Chihhuang Ti, is occupied with his building projects. Contrast these two historic characters, one bent on massacre, the other on masonry. The terrible losses Hannibal sustained in crossing the Alps were not serious enough to prevent him engaging the

A lost inch of gold may be found, a lost inch of time never.

Roman army at Lake Trasimene in 216. Victorious in this massacre the one-eyed general administered so crushing a defeat to the Romans at the bloody battle of Cannæ in 216, when seventy-two thousand Roman soldiers, together with eighty senators and the flower of the army, fell, that it remained a black day in Roman history. In those days so many knights were killed that young Hannibal stripped from the fingers three bushels of red-stained rings and sent them to Carthage.

The chief characteristics of the epoch of the Great Wall seem to have been butchering and building. The Great Wall stands at the close of the greatest building age of antiquity. Athens, under Pericles, had risen to unwonted splendor. What a stately array of edifices were on the hill-crest of the Acropolis! Then was built the Parthenon, the edifice which critics of all schools have pronounced the most faultless in design and execution of all buildings erected by man. It cost $700,000!

It is interesting and astonishing to learn of the spirit of enterprise which filled one of the ancient architects, Dinocrates, the later architect of Alexandria. He presented plans and designs to Alexander so stupendous that they are hardly credible. Dinocrates actually proposed cutting Mount Athos into the form of *a man who should hold a great city in his left hand* and in his right a cup to receive all the rivers which ran from that mountain and to pour them into the sea. Alexander, alive to every great opportunity and fond of the stupendous, did not seem to have favored this undertaking.

In Egypt the Ptolemies were active. The engineering projects of Philadelphus would do credit to modern engineering art. He planned a great canal one hundred and seventy feet wide and fifty feet deep which should connect Pelusium on the eastern branch of the Nile with the Red Sea, so that the vessels from the sea might be brought into the interior.

Not only on land but on sea the stupendous prevailed. The types of naval architecture of that period both in point of luxury and comfort, would do credit to a modern nation. The Egyptians had *one war vessel four hundred and twenty feet long,* with fifty-seven feet beam, carrying forty banks of oars, weighted with lead at the handles to more easily move them. Four thousand rowers were required to propel this behemoth and four hundred sailors stood ready to shift its sails. On its deck enough room was left to draw up in rank two thousand soldiers and at its prow were seven beaks with which to strike the ships of the enemy.

About the same time Hiero of Syracuse constructed under the direction of Archimedes, the inventor-philosopher, a vessel each side of which was divided into thirty apartments, besides quarters for the officers and the crew. All floors in these apartments were of mosaic representing scenes from the Iliad of Homer; the ceilings and other parts were also sumptuously finished. Between the upper decks was a gymnasium and promenades among arbors and gardens with plants and shrubs of all kinds beautifully arranged, both a hanging and a floating garden. One room had a floor inlaid with agate and precious stones, ceiling of cypress wood,

Who thinks much of wealth and little of father and mother is not a son.

and windows adorned with ivory and statuary. Nor was this all; there was a library and an observatory equipped with astronomical instruments. Finally it contained a bathroom of the most elaborate kind.

But the vessel was not merely for pleasure, it was a man-of-war as well. For defensive purposes eight towers had been erected, from each of which men hurled missiles against the enemy from machines throwing stones three hundred pounds in weight.

"These prodigies of art, and wondrous cost."[1]

In the realm of the intellectual a galaxy of names have made the achievements of the past seem inimitable. Homer, Pindar and Sappho had left their legacy of poetry, Herodotus had begun to set down in writing the history of the glorious deeds of the Greeks. Law-givers like Solon and Draco, and philosophers, no lesser ones than Socrates, Plato and Aristotle had reasoned among their generation. The seven wise men of Greece had been gathered to their fathers, and the standards of Sophocles and Aristophanes and Aeschylus set by them for the drama had inspired those who after them aspired to honor. Greece had had her most powerful persuasive orator Demosthenes, while the four schools of philosophy[2] had been established, and the old Hebrew Testament, the most remarkable and valuable of all ancient literature, was being translated into Greek! The epoch of the Great Wall was a period of great thinking and colossal achievement!

[1] Odyssey, Book IV.

[2] Peripatetics, Stoics, Epicureans and Academics.

Eratosthenes, about this time, makes an attempt to ascertain the length of a degree, and in 240 B.C. calculates the magnitude of the earth, while Archimedes makes his calculations and inventions in Syracuse.

Plutarch begins writing biography; medicine and surgery command new interest and attention. Botany and pure mathematics, also mechanics, advance with rapidity, while Tenodatus and Aristophus of Byzantium make their first philological discoveries.

Pergamus, the rich capital of Mysia, vies with Alexandria in learning and sculpture. Her wealth is untold, for she harbors part of the plunder of Asia that Alexander had amassed. Her school of sculpture leaves the world the beautiful statue of "The Dying Gladiator." A century later Mark Antony is to give his precious parchment library of two hundred thousand volumes to Miss—or Mistress—Cleopatra of Egypt for a kiss.

About 250 B.C. there sprang up a new independent kingdom in the East, to become a most powerful and formidable power, Parthia. Arsaces founded it after expelling the Macedonians. The new domain corresponded to the modern Khorasam.

The eminent French scholar Choisy holds that a wave of architectural ideas, starting from Chaldea and Egypt, swept eastward. The combined influence of Egyptian and Assyrian architecture is meant, for both countries influenced each other at an early period. In Persia are tombs built after the style of those in Egypt.

The revival of architecture and building in India almost coincides with the building of the Great Wall in

[redacted]



The Great Wall of China — Photo by Dr. Geil

A Superb view of the Wall, ascending a Mountain over 4000 feet high. The view was taken from a lofty cliff near to, but west of the Eastern Y

It is too late to rein in your horse when on the precipice, and to mend a leak when in mid-stream.

China was not addicted to taking hints from other peoples, and in this case all the evidence fails to link it up with even Bactria. The wave which started from Egypt and rolled on through Babylon, leaving behind it such huge deposits as pyramids, hanging gardens, towers of Babel, royal palaces, was split by the mountains. On the barriers of Afghanistan it dashed itself in vain, and India was left untouched by the art of the despised outcast. Thus through Asoka there came to China nothing of this cyclopean rage. Out to the east of the Caspian another part of the wave flowed into the desert, but there lost itself in the sands. We can trace nothing that joins on the plans of Chin and his congeners with Kufu or Nitocris or Alexander. Chin was original.

Since China and India have come under the influence of nations where gigantic structures were in existence, and the cause of much admiration, the question has been raised why these two nations are now lacking in monumental works. The answer to this must be sought in the conditions and government of the people. Among the nations whose edifices we have mentioned, these monuments owe their existence largely to monarchs or individuals for the purpose of perpetuating their name and glory, whereas China and India, agricultural and therefore less vain, built largely for the present needs of the people. Thus we find outside of the attempt of Chih-Huang-ti to embellish his capital, no other but structures of utility like canals and highways, and structures of defense, among which the Great Wall

stands as the most conspicuous type of all times. The Great Wall marked a great epoch.

Thus, satisfied as to the originality of Chin and the uniqueness of his conceptions, we resume our survey of the mighty monument to his glory, uncoiling and luring us westward toward the home state of its builder.

thousand years old. He, by the aid of the magic tortoise shell fixed upon a felicitous ground which the emperor approved, and re-named the Mount of Imperial Longevity. Here was laid out the first of the Thirteen Tombs, and here most of the race were interred.

Changling chien is the home of the hereditary tomb-guardians. The pride of their charge is the mound of the man who finished the northern capital, Yung Lo. There his corpse lay in state for a year while the professors of geomancy awaited a lucky day for the burial. Then it was put to its last home about thirteen miles from the Wall; a huge mound was piled above, and in his soul tower a tablet was erected to his memory. One by one others were buried hard by, till the lucky number of thirteen was complete by the last Ming slaying himself on the conical coal hill in the palace yard. The cemetery was garnished with a dozen gigantic monoliths of men, and two dozen of animals: so impressive are they in their cold, silent majesty, standing naturally on the soil without pedestals, that a later emperor thought of transporting all to grace his own tomb; but a horrified chamberlain chipped a piece off each, and thus rendered them unthinkable as decorations for a new tomb. It was this dynasty which ended the burying alive of wives and concubines; perhaps these statues were erected in place of them.

Our interest lay heavy on Lung Ch'ing, for along the Wall many tablets told us of his interest in the Great Barrier.

The main spirit road does not lead directly to the

Playing the zither to an ass and talking astrology to the blind.

sepulcher of Lung Ch'ing; the Thirteen Tombs lie in a valley mantled with pines and *arbores vitae,* into which lead half a score of picturesque passes, winding between thirteen hills, and forming a lovely theater for the imperial shades. As we approached the group of massive mounds, we noted another instance of how East and West differ: Menelaus spoke for the Egean:

> "For if the gods are wise
> They lightly scatter dust upon the tomb
> Of the brave man who by his foes is slain:
> But pile whole mountains on the coward's breast."

Here, however, the artificial mountain is piled by reverential men above a hero. And yet not all his subjects reverenced Lung Ch'ing. As we climbed up the very steep stone stairway to his soul tower, we were rewarded by the sight of the famous tablet, shattered. "Is is possible that after all the geomancers made a mistake and chose an unlucky spot?"[1] The guardian wavered; either some indignant workmen thus vented their revenge on the tyrant who had forced them to slave on the Wall; or else a "clap of thunder" had come to the wrong shrine in mistake for the thunder temple.

The geomancers in their art of balancing the influences of wind, water and hill, not only chose to put the imperial suicide beside Lung Ch'ing, but balanced the grave by a tablet with a moon upon it. This was reputed to wax and wane with the original in the sky, but the machinery is out of gear and there seems only

[1] A mistake made in preparing the grave of the third emperor of the Sung dynasty defeated a conspiracy

some moonshine about the incident. The Great Wall has fascinated these cemetery surveyors, for there are a very large number of graves hard by the Great Rampart; indeed, some have actually been excavated in its thickness. Hence it has been fantastically termed: "The longest cemetery on earth."

In the catacombs of Rome, amid the tombs of the dead, the living Christians sometimes sought shelter from the persecutions of the emperor or the fury of the mob. And so it was in this cemetery. Hard by here there were fugitive Christians who found safety a few years ago, hiding in the caves or the strong towers of the Great Wall, while others less fortunate lie buried not far away. While the refugees were here, they wrote loving messages on any material they could find, and some of these precious documents have been found; perchance more await the explorer who would trace the results of the recent madness. Men have wondered whether life has become too monotonous and gray for the purple of heroism to show itself; whether in this ease-loving age the severer tests of character would not excite solicitude and alarm. "Should the cycle of time return us to the martyr days with vast amphitheaters crowded to the parapet, what then? Lions, tigers, racks, boiling oil, slow fire, mutilation; will these elicit the Christian virtues?" No cycle of time is needed, only a change of place; Uganda and China have exhibited to this generation men in such straits, climbing the steep ascent of heaven through peril, toil and pain.

On a spot north of this inner loop perished eleven white and thirty-two yellow Christians. For the whites

In the prosperity and decay of the state a common man has his share.

there was no option; death was certain, and was made attractive as an end of awful torture devised by an ingenious, implacable and atrocious foe; they met it with a calmness born of eternal hope. But in the yellows there was an opportunity to bow to Buddha; a very few under unparalleled trials slipped through this loophole; most joined the victors who bear the palm-branch of victory. The whites were beheaded first, then, in horrid mockery of the Christian sacrament, the natives were obliged to kneel and drink their blood before they, too, received the death blow. Here then is one of the sacred spots of earth. The Invalides, Westminster, Mount Vernon? These entomb no martyrs for Christ. The tumuli of Crœsus, the pyramid of Cheops, the thirteen Ming tombs, what are they beside these humble graves of Shan-si, where lie, between the two arms of the Great Wall, the Martyrs of the North?

Are the Chinese bloody? In the last fifty years they have shed less gore than any nation half their size. These believers in the Sacred Edict with its sixteen maxims have taken fewer lives than followers of the Swordless Christ, believers in the Ten Commandments. The Civil War in America, Austrians, Prussians and French in central Europe, Russia and Turkey to the east, Britons in South Africa! May not the Chinaman kill a paltry two hundred when Christendom slaughters a hundredfold!

From the graves of the humble Christians, pass to the magnificent cemetery of their persecutors, the Western Tombs of the present dynasty. This is the third Im-

Rebuke yourself as you rebuke others; love others as you love yourself.

Tao Kuang, who died in 1850, is the last emperor entombed here, with his household grouped around. But since this journey along the Great Wall began the last sovereign of his race has been laid at rest among these Western Tombs of a dynasty that is marvelously transforming its realms after a vain struggle against the forces of change.[1]

Many towers of the Great Barrier remain intact, and even much of the Wall. Thus far in our trip of six hundred miles we appreciate the work of the engineers who brought masses of stone, brick and mortar and built them solidly. But our native companions appreciate yet more highly the work of the geomancers who fixed the sites of the towers, and so brought down good influences on the fields around. One guide would never enter a tower without kotowing thrice and repeating a formula for luck, a prayer to the god of war.

The Wutai Shan is a lofty shrine near this Wall; and if the Wall is in a fair way to become sacred, the Wutai Shan has arrived. Only, strange to say, it is sacred to the Mongols, the people who were to be kept

[1] In this Imperial Forest Reserve are various animals, including three varieties of wildcat, the long-haired, common, and spotted; three hamsters, the desert, striped and common; two jerboas, the *dipus Sowerbyi*, and the alactaga which has five toes, instead of three, and larger, longer ears. Then there are the interesting goitered antelope, badger hedgehog, mole, mole-rat, myotis, suslik or ground squirrel, chipmunk, and rodents. The hare and his near relation, the pika, enjoy the Western Tombs as do rats and nats.

The large forest, a day's journey south of the Wall at Ningwufu, in addition to the above accommodates the roe deer, Peking stag, leopard, wild pig, David's squirrel, musk deer, and small mice, while north of the Inner Loop are mountain sheep, with enormous horns, who endure "the bold society of wolves and foxes."

out by the Wall, and yet it is within the circuit. Perhaps many centuries later it attracted them within and nerved them for the onslaught. If once again the hardy horsemen of the north seek to flood over the empire, this racial shrine may prove of crucial importance. If the Jewish fanatics rallied against the legions at Jerusalem, if a Christian assault on Mecca be almost unthinkable, let the Russian bear hesitate before provoking the Mongols by violating this sacred mountain, whence the more pious will return even a thousand miles, measuring their length on the ground.

The Wall itself finds votaries all along its course. The mortar from its crevices works wonderful cures, especially for punctures of the dermis. "If you cut a mouth in your hand, take of the *Magic Mortar* quantum suff. and pulverize, take an unborn mouse and mash it into the powdered lime; apply the ointment to the mouth. Should the mouse be not available, substitute oil." The same mixture is good for burns—or is good to take off more skin. If applied internally it will cure stomach-ache; for an average stomach and an average ache take a pill the size and shape of a lotus-seed; for a baby, less. Life may be hard in China, but death seems harder if men will try such remedies as Boho, Frog-blood-extract, Mouse-mortar-pills.

The pathos of life here was well illustrated by the gloom of a coolie met at a fork in a road. We asked which branch led to the Wall, and how far off it was; he told the way, and told correctly enough that it was three miles off. "But I have not seen it; to gather fuel takes me from early morning till toward sunset



The Great Wall of China — Photos by Dr. Geil

Tower No. 41 Ch'a Tzü at Tushancheng

vice-president of the Board of War, Sun Pei-yang of Fup'ing-hsien, governor of Paoting and other Departments, commander-in-chief of Tze King (Purple Thorn Bush) and other passes, and associate president of the Board of Censors, Wang Hsiang of P'ingtu, associate governor of Chihli and supervising censor of Provincial Circuits. Kao Wên-chien of Ch'êngtu in command of military functions at Tze King and other places and councilor in the governor's office, Shantung, Fu Chin of Yensui, brigadier general of Paoting and superintendent of affairs Wang Fu Min of Yensui, adjutant general and associate commander of Tze King Pass and other places. Chang Chu of Nganning, assistant prefect of Paoting Department in control of the Tze King Pass, Chu Chia-Chiang of Chêngting, junior captain in charge of Peh Shih (White Stone) Pass, Huang Shêng, deputy director of Hwei Yün and Hsing Lan Ting, overseer of works, keeper of Yang Chuan Tze K'ow (Sheep Fold Pass) and brevet captain in charge of the Middle Post of the Advance Guard.

Then in the same tower is a second tablet which records the building of the Wall; but the tablet is too defaced to allow of the exact translating of the whole text. This is certain; it accounts for the building of two pieces of FIRST CLASS WALL; each piece was one hundred and forty-eight tens of feet long plus eight feet. It was built in the lucky days of the winter season in the third year of Wan Li.

Or take a third: a tablet stands beside the Natural Tower, between Towers Number Fifty-three and Fifty-four Black Letter, Shui K'ow and reads:

WALL RECORD

General of the light brigade Tsui Ching, commanding the yeomanry under the jurisdiction of the governor by



The Great Wall of China — Photo by Dr. Gell

How the Wall climbs the ridge of Shweikow north of the Wut'ai Shan

These four tablets and others which we found witness to a simultaneous and hasty construction of Wall in the reign of Wan Li. They suggest that the old Wall had fallen into bad condition, but that the towers were in better order, and were carefully numbered. Perhaps they had been used as blockhouses for some time, but some fresh menace of invasion caused a general overhauling of the defenses. First, the towers were put in thorough repair, then the wall between them was rebuilt at a speed that reminds us of Nehemiah's forced labor at Jerusalem.

If, perhaps, the Wall in this part is of comparatively recent construction, the ancient engineers who laid out the line seem to have done their best in selecting natural, strong lines of defense, and then intensifying these. Indeed, they followed the line of greatest natural resistance. In parts more inland they had occasionally to deal with a mere plain, but here they had crags and mountain chains. Two level furrows were chiseled out in the solid rock, about twenty-five feet apart, and squared granite blocks were laid on this foundation some few feet up. Then special clay was chosen and molded by skilled workmen into bricks twenty-two and one half inches long. The unwieldy blocks, according to another local legend, were tied to goats, who dragged them up the almost inaccessible ridges. Here the bricklayers placed them, all as headers, not stretchers, and the two faces were filled with earth well rammed. As the Wall arose, it was seen that its projecting faces formed a mutually defensive scheme of salients and curtains.



The Great Wall of China
A Picturesque View

tale was overlooking that the Wall shut off some of the cold north winds, and shut out the desperate foragers from the Mongolian steppes.

A little westward the scenery is wonderfully beautiful, as was recognized by an imperial censor about the year 1570. He caused an original ode to be incised upon a stone slab; the version following is due to Dr. Martin, founded on our rubbings, expressly for this expedition:

Yon summit like an arrow head
  Appears to pierce the skies;
A rocky fortress westward looms,
  A battleground there lies.

The northern sky is veiled in clouds,
  The harvest gathered in;
Our autumn rains, a precious boon,
  Will very soon begin.

Peaceful the times, the flocks at ease
  O'er grassy plains may roam;
There's scarcely heard a falling leaf
  To mar our dreams of home.

Wên Ju-chang, of the Board of Censors, in command of Border Garrisons, Imperial Commissioner on a tour of inspection.

It seems a pity to descend to prose after such a spirited reproduction of the original. But for those who want a baldly literal version, here is a Bohn:

The Arrowhead Mountain rears its vast mass against the crystal sky; the rocky fortress to the west appears,

If you don't wonder at the wonderful it ceases to be a wonder.

and farther away a well-known battleground. Two mountain ranges unite to inclose a camp of the ancient Chin Tartars (the Golden Horde). A stream of water flows athwart, with iron bridge and lock. The north is veiled in clouds, the ripe grain is all gathered in, the autumn rains from the northwest begin to increase. The times are tranquil; from the Great Desert is neither smoke nor dust (from the camps or marching of soldiers). After sunset the drifting leaves alone disturb our dreams (of home).

This poetical effusion with the vastness of the overhanging space and the soul-enthralling earth scene, prompted my muse to vague yearnings. Here the works of nature and of man intermingle, sheer precipices affright, steep altitudes, up which winds the line of battlements jeweled by the massy towers, lead up the vision to the living light.

In the grouping of the mountains,
In the tracing of the valleys,
In the shaping of the hilltops,
And the arching of the heavens,
There are scenes and deep impressions,
Which the mighty mind of Milton
Or the aged seer of Patmos,
Both inspired and yet still human,
Fitly might describe for mortals.

But it must suffice to say that this picturesque pass is bounded on two opposite sides by friendly mountains on whose neighboring flanks the firs mantle the hard rock. Among the thronging hills and peaks winds the Great Wall; beyond a single bare valley lies a remote

and hazy horizon. But toward the rising sun a vista of ravines and heaps of heights rise loftier and ever more blue until the line of land is lost in the ocean of the sky.

Could we but see the original design on which nature wrought when these majestic proportions came fresh from the creative hand; could we but study them in silence, alone upon this lofty summit where we stand among the sighing pines; could we but compare them with the present superb vision; what would be more inevitable than to ask, "What relation does the outward world bear to the unseen world of thought; the downward gaze prompts to upward musing, and leads to consciousness of conscience."

And conscience is stirred by the sight of one human amendment to God's proposals. A film of blue smoke floating from a humble home enwraps a mud-walled, curved-roofed fane or temple, wherein are idols not fit for men to see, much less to worship. To contemplate the handiwork of God in this masterpiece of the Creator and then make deities of mud! Have the aborigines done this, or only half of this? We exclaim, "How has man fallen, or from what a fall has he not arisen!" Not mountain majesty, not heavenly expanse, not splendors of art, not miracles of science, can uplift men and nations. Beauty depends not only on the outward scene, nor on the seeing eye, but on the interpreting mind and heart.

Yet would that we had been able to photograph this wondrous landscape in all its glorious changes for one brief hour. It is not the still picture, but the fleeting

[redacted]

sometimes called "the Golden Horde," had not forgotten that they had once been masters of half the empire. They were watching for an opportunity to reassert their ancient claims. Foiled by the vigilance of Lung Ch'ing or his officers they had nothing left but to nurse their strength and bide their time. Unable to cross the Wall they wandered away to the east, and obtained a footing in Manchuria, where they reappeared under a new name as Manchus.

What Wan Li accomplished in strengthening that incomparable fortification is in the history, which is supplemented by many stone tablets. During his long reign the forts were occupied and the towers were not allowed to go to ruin. In fact, the explorer finds that at many points new masonry was erected by him. Evidence is not wanting of the unsleeping vigilance with which the Chinese of that day kept watch on both the inner and the outer wall.

Near the end of the dynasty and not free from the faults of a decadent period, Wan Li may not unfairly be taken as a type of the average emperor. Proclaimed heir apparent when an infant of six summers, he ascended the "Precious Seat" at the age of ten, but remained in tutelage until his sixteenth year when he was permitted to marry and to assume the reins of government. Of his early precocity the court chronicler gives the following instance: "When a child of five or six years, he one day saw his father gallop unattended into the inclosure of the inner palace. Striking an attitude he begged to remonstrate, not on the *impropriety* of an emperor galloping within those

sacred grounds, but on the *danger* of his doing so. Said the child, 'Your majesty is "the Lord of all under heaven." If you ride alone at such a furious speed might you not fall, for which you and your people would be sorry?' " His mother, one of the secondary wives, was in the habit of taking him with her whenever she went to visit the empress. On such occasions the empress always took up some of the classics and asked the young prince questions. All of which he "answered like an echo."

Not until the first year of his reign were the water-courses so improved as to admit of the tribute rice reaching the garrison of Miyüen, which is near Kupei-kow, the "ancient northern pass" in the Great Wall. This was really an extension of the great canal, a work which the Mongols had left unfinished, and large portions of which were completed by their Chinese successors.

The official history of his reign presents us with a confused medley of occurrences, such as a child might jot from day to day, or a monk put down on his parchment, confounding trivial and important, local and general, fact and legend; but with no attempt at tracing connection or generalizing. The account of his first year is as follows: "In the second moon on the day Kuei Ch'ow, the emperor presided for the first time at an entertainment given to the higher literary graduates. On the third moon, Ping Shên Day, an edict, commanding all officials whether of the capital or of the provinces to recommend men of ability from whom high military

officers might be chosen. Summer, fourth moon, I Ch'ow Day, the news comes of the suppression of a rebellion near Swatow in Kwang Tung. On Keng Wu Day of the same moon, a distressing drought being reported the emperor commanded all his officers to *cultivate their virtues and examine their conduct.*[1] In the fifth moon, on the Kia Shen Day, by decree he ordered all officials of the capital and provinces to be careful in imprisonments and the infliction of punishment. In the sixth moon, on Jên Shên Day, he ordered relief to be given to the settlers from floods in North Kansu. Seventh moon, day not given, the Yellow River burst its banks at Su Chow.[2] In the ninth moon, on the Kuei Wei Day, relief was given to three districts in Hupeh and Shangtung. News comes of the suppression of a revolt in Szechwan. He orders as an expression of joy the suspension of punishments. In the eleventh moon he commands the provincial officers to keep a careful journal of their movements in order to prevent loss of time. In the twelfth moon supplies were issued to sufferers from famine in Manchuria. This year the Siamese and Lewchewans came to the capital with tribute." Let this be sufficient for a specimen of the style from which the student of Chinese history is obliged to extract great truths and great principles.

In Wan Li's third year, an eclipse of the sun taking

[1] The Ecclesia or Assembly of Athens suffered a similar manipulation. "If any untoward sign occurred which seemed to indicate the displeasure of the gods, such as an earthquake, or thunder or lightning, or even rain, the sitting broke up at once."

[2] We cannot find any town of this name on the Yellow River. There is a Suchow in Kansu, and a Süchow (not very far off the river) in Honan.

place, his majesty wrote down twelve good resolutions for his own guiding, and suspended them on the right hand of his throne to be a perpetual monitor. They were as follows: "Heed the warnings of Heaven. Employ the worthy and the able. Keep virtuous officers near your person. Put the vicious far away. Let rewards and punishments be well defined. Be careful as to those who go in and out of the palace. Rise early. Be temperate. Recall your wandering thoughts. Be reverent toward Heaven. Listen to faithful admonition. Beware of lavish expenditure." Had he lived up to these principles, what a paragon of virtue the world might have witnessed. Yet after studying his subsequent career we have to exclaim, "What an immense contrast between promise and performance!"

His reverence for Heaven was mere superstition. An earthquake having occurred, or a strange appearance being observed among the stars, a comet, or an eclipse, a drought, or a flood, or even a fire in the palace, a decree always followed commanding the officers to look into their own faults. Seldom, indeed, did the emperor advert to his own. The custom of thus regarding unusual manifestations in the course of nature is still kept up. In fact it is only during the present moon and since the accession of a new emperor that the beating of gongs to succor the "laboring moon" during an eclipse has been forbidden. If we compare Wan Li's conduct toward his officials with his loud profession, we are shocked by the contrast. One of his high officers implored him to name a successor, no doubt from

patriotic motives, in view of the danger which always accompanied a change of rulers. Yet Wan Li chose to regard the reference to his own death as unlucky, and insolent. He ordered the memorialist to be beaten with rods at the foot of the throne.

In providing for the expenses of his sumptuous court, he had the habit of sending eunuchs as his official representatives into all the provinces, who not only oppressed the people but exacted so large a portion of the legal taxes that the amount left was not sufficient for the provincial government. In the province of Yunnan the oppressed people rose in fury against the eunuch and not only put him to death, but burned his body. The present dynasty of Manchu-Tartars has taken a useful lesson from the experience of the Mings and made it an invariable law that no eunuch shall exercise any commission outside the palace.

After the first years of his reign Wan Li seems to have fallen into a condition of hopeless indolence, occupying his time with wine and women like another Sardanapalus. In the fortieth year of his reign one of his great ministers handed up a memorial to this effect: "The treasuries of the provinces are empty. All enterprises are at a standstill. The emperor withdraws himself from his people; for more than twenty years he has never called a council of his great ministers. The empire is in danger of revolution." To this earnest remonstrance he gave no answer, but during his few remaining years he more than once appeared in public and seemed to show a desire to retrieve his lost reputation.

He has mounted a tiger and cannot get down.

"Forty-fifth year in the seventh moon, eclipse of the sun." This dire event seemed to presage a host of calamities, for it is added, "in the latter half of the year the two capitals, together with the provinces of Honan, Shantung, Shansi, Shensi, Kiangsi, Hupeh and Hunan, Fokien, Kwangtung, just half the empire, was reported as suffering from dire famine. During all the time an irregular warfare was kept up with the Tartars who had got possession of a large portion of Manchuria, and we are told that the imperial army, including the garrisons on the Great Wall, suffered much for the want of supplies. The cabinet officers besought the emperor to appropriate the funds received from the provinces for his army in that quarter. Their advice remained unheeded. The record adds: "In the ninth moon of the next year, the capital was shaken by an earthquake." The following year brought to a conclusion this unhappy reign, so full of strange occurrences, recorded alongside the follies and extravagancies of the court and its officers.

In the midst of his long period of puerilities we meet with one item of surpassing interest. "This year a man from the western ocean, by name Mateo Ricci, begged permission to offer the products of his own country; his request was refused!" That is, he was not permitted to come to the northern capital. Years previously the Portuguese had found their way around the "Cape of Storms" to the coast of China. Xavier, the first of the Jesuit missionaries, after achieving triumphs in India and Japan had been refused the privilege of

setting foot on the soil of China, and died on a neighboring island. His successor in the arduous enterprise was this Mateo Ricci who, foiled in one attempt after another, eventually succeeded in finding his way to the secluded capital in the north. Here he pointed out the mistakes of the Chinese astronomers, won for himself a position at the head of the astronomical board, and secured for his fellow missionaries the opportunity of preaching the holy faith in the provinces of the interior.

Wan Li was followed by two emperors, one of whom occupied the throne for just one month. The next, the last of the Mings, was Ch'ung Chêng, whose virtues stand out in contrast with his weak and wicked predecessors. Yet there was no possibility of retrieving the fallen fortunes of his house. Already during the reign of Wan Li the Tartars had occupied for a time the Outer Wall, from which they were dislodged only to take up a more commanding position in the region of Manchuria. The provinces of the interior were overrun by desperadoes who contended with each other for a throne which was soon to be left without an occupant. Li Tzu-Ch'êng, one of these rebels, getting possession of Peking, the emperor hanged himself on Prospect Hill in his garden, after having stabbed his favorite daughter to the heart to prevent her falling into the hands of the rebel chief. His general, in charge of Shanhaikwan, called the Tartars to avenge his master and expel the intruder. Once inside the Great Wall, they refused to retire and from that day the destinies of China have been united with the fortunes of the Ta Ch'ing dynasty.

bullets, and thus had a great advantage over the wild tribes of the north. Let us now explore the official Chinese history to see how this native dynasty defended its fatherland.

"The descendants of the Yüan dynasty, after being driven out of China, constantly endeavored to regain their lost dominion. When the capital was removed to the north by Yung Lo, the Great Wall was near to it on three sides, and from that time the enemy became day by day more troublesome. Therefore, to the end of the Ming dynasty, the defense of the Great Wall became a leading object. Beginning on the east at the Yalu River and extending westward to the Kiayü-kwan, in length three thousand miles, this long line was subdivided between numerous garrisons. The first was on the borders of Korea at Liaotung. . . . Four others were successively established extending to Ninghia in Kansu. This emperor Yung Lo was especially attentive to the defenses from Süenhwafu and westward to Shansi; this reach extends over high hills and deep defiles, where he established watch-towers and guard houses connected together.

"At each transit pass capable of admitting carts and horsemen, guard posts of one hundred men each were established. At the smaller passes for carriers of fuel and herdsmen with their flocks, ten men. The instructions given to the general ran thus: 'At each signal station let the towers be built higher and stronger; within must be laid up food, fuel, medicine and weapons for four moons. Beside the tower let a well be opened, inclosed by a wall as high as the tower itself, presenting

[redacted]



The Arsenal Tower to Paishih K'ou, White Stone Pass, sixty li from Fütuyeh, containing two interesting tablets



The Great Wall of China — Photos by Dr. Geil

Fütuyeh Pass, showing exceptionally fine workmanship. Note the decorations over the doorways.

a new Hami garrison beyond the end of the Wall, providing it liberally with fields, cows, and seed grain. We find, too, that he reformed the old practice of impressing horses for the cavalry, and paid fair prices, thus conciliating the farmers, while the soldiery was constantly drilled, even in wind and rain.

Under Chia Ching a further advance was made, and detached forts were thrown up outside the Wall, while large numbers of cannon were cast: at first these were known as Ta Chiang Chün, Great Generals; but they became known more popularly as Fo Lang Ch'i, Foreign Weapons. This was the time when Europeans first found their way to China by sea, and when their ships introduced to the Chinese the improved western ordnance.

In the reign of Hung Chih, twenty-fourth year, Censor Ch'ên Hao reported that the enemy had thrice invaded Shansi, and that a million soldiers had perished, while six hundred millions of *taels* had been spent, without "one inch of benefit." He advised an enormous levy and a decisive battle to regain the River Loop.

This was apparently the time when the defenses along the Great Wall were most fully developed. The frontier must then have been protected by fully twenty thousand forts, with some ten thousand signal towers where solitary sentries watched for the approach of any foe. Such a line of buildings might well amaze the wild horsemen of the plains.

In the reign of Wan Li, troubles became acute again. The Tartar chief An-hua pierced the Wall at Kupeikow

When the top beam is not level, the lower ones are lopsided.

So much valued were these, that a later emperor gazetted them as Great Generals, and sent officers to pay them divine honors.

These were supplemented by more handy weapons, all with quaint titles: Flying Thunder, Fiery Wild Beast, Divine Mortar, Horse Killers, Invincible Hand Guns, Goose Bills, Seven Eyes—was this a revolver or Hotchkiss?—One Thousand-*li* Guns, Double Headed, Quick Firers, Fire Wheels, Nine Dragons, etc. These are nearly as curious as Drake, Culverin and other western names.

With the arrival of the Jesuits, the emperor obtained men of culture and science; he therefore employed them to found cannon, and western artillery was soon mounted along the Wall. Yet the Chinese had no trained artillery men, and the results were not very successful. More to the point was a very old device: the iron chariots long employed for transport were now converted into military machines and driven against the foe with terrible success.[1]

Nevertheless, the pressure from without was constant, and the generals gradually neglected the line of the Wall, professedly concentrating on protecting the Imperial Tombs and the gates of the capital. That the Wall was held, was due, the history says, rather to good luck than to valor. When the Chinese themselves rose in rebellion in many parts, a Manchu chief easily established himself within the empire. One band of rebels

[1] Fighting chariots had been commonly used under the Chou dynasty, long before Chin Shih Huang's time. But they suddenly went out of use.

call it, though the Germans have taught the Western world to call it loess.

Now, for agricultural processes, three things are needed by the farmer; seed, fertile soil, water. The soil spreads thickly over the surface, is fertile, and as it is being constantly renewed by a top dressing brought by the wind, it is constantly fertile. The water question is entirely separate in China, whereas in Egypt the annual top dressing is brought from Abyssinia by the Nile water, and is spread in fluid form with very little trouble to the farmer. In China the water is furnished by another department of nature, the clouds. When these work regularly, the soil is moistened, and the crops are amazingly prolific. So much is this the case that this district was settled early, and is the very oldest part of China. Indeed, because its prince was the Lord of the Yellow Earth, he took the title, Ruler of the Yellow, Huang Ti. And this remains one of the imperial titles to the present day.

Now comes in the Hwang ho. This river, having started from the Sea of Stars and wandered about in the north, comes on to a soil of this mere dusty formation. Of course it cuts through it easily and leaves the banks nearly vertical, as often happens in sandy formations. But it takes up an enormous amount of the soil it displaces, and flows on, charged with yellow mud, like the Nile, the Mississippi, the Po. As the slope to the ocean is very slight, this mud always tends to settle, and raise the bed. In much of the lower course, the bottom of the bed is above the level of the country around, and

resistance. Finding that the dust drifted against it and sloped up on the desert side, they laid out a second wall behind, and in very wind-swept stretches even a third.[1] Not only so, but they sunk a moat, its width and depth being equal to the height and width of the wall, walling it on sides and bottom to try to make it water-tight. Having thus settled their direction, they built sometimes on the style prevalent in the East, but more often by scarping the natural formation. The fabric was either erected or cut out. For long stretches the natural state of the loess formation admitted of its being hewn down in the shape of a wall. They split the soil down vertically, and then veneered over with brick or stone. If the levels were not convenient for this, a wooden framework was erected, soil excavated from the moat, watered and rammed into the casing, which was presently removed and set up farther on, for another filling, while the rammed earth was cased with brick to protect it from the weather. This style of building is still practical in these parts. It has been sneeringly said that the Wall in Shensi and Kansu is only a heap of hard mud; but if mud will do to keep people out, why not use it? Earthworks were often good enough for the Romans and are often good enough for European and American fortresses. Even now, after long neglect, when our men measured the ruins, the remains were found in many places over fifteen feet high, nearly fifteen feet thick, with towers thirty-five feet square at the base and rising thirty feet.

[1] These three walls should not be confused with the walls built by the three dynasties, Chin, Sung and Ming. The ramparts erected by the Chin and Sung dynasties have disappeared.

Fish see the bait, but not the hook; men see the profit, but not the peril.

This would be awkward to climb over at any time, but when men are waiting on them with something humorous, like boiling oil, for a welcome, they would seem to furnish a good defense.

The action of the rain had been rather exciting just before our arrival. Two days before we reached Ningtiao-Liang, enough fell to sweep away a large flock of sheep with the shepherds. Just west of the Level Village of the Li family, the innkeeper tried to detain us with tales of the sudden rises; but we took these to be of the Lie family. When we reached the brink of the flood, the usually quiet stream was a wild tempestuous rush of whirls. On the shore we tarried to await the subsidence of the waters, and after half an hour a native waded over. Him we at once engaged to lead our mountain mules over the ford, and in a few minutes the whole caravan was safely over. Not too soon; swirling down the narrow channel between the steep rocks, came a fresh volume of water quite four feet high, sweeping everything before it. To note that, despite such torrents, the line of the Great Wall lies high and distinct, is to conceive great admiration for the engineers who planned and built so well.

Here the top dressing of dust was thin, and we saw the bare rock; but southeast of Ching Hsien we found a mountain called the Wut'ai Ao, the Five-terraced Rambling Hill. Only a few families inhabit it, for the loess is here a thousand feet thick, and will not retain water. Going down the hill to fetch a pail of water does not commend itself to Chinese Jacks and Jills

when the distance is some miles; so they prepare cisterns. On the hardest parts of the slope they dig pits scores of feet wide and deep, and ram the exposed surface to try to make it water-tight. Trenches are arranged to lead as much water as possible into the cisterns. But they have a prejudice against mere surface water, and to clarify it they collect all the manure of cattle, sheep, and pigs, which they blend with the contents. When well brewed, it is used for drinking, and has a smooth oily flavor as if a decoction of hemp.

Here and there we found rock underlying the soil. The bed rock is mostly sandstone, sometimes a gray shale that is black when newly fractured. Hard sand varying to soft sandstone is found. Conglomerate occurs. The wild vegetation is not plentiful, nor varied. The willow tree is the only common one. Indeed Yulinfu literally means "elm wood prefecture," but elms are certainly not the commonest trees. That name must have been given when the country was different, i.e. before the Ordos desert had covered up so much of the land. Willows alone can stand the sand well. Grass grows well, with bushy juniper and scrub-like American sage brush; the natives can get fuel out of this, but no timber. Yet the Ordes plant gardens and find that when tended they will yield well. No afforestation is done, though it might be thought the deep roots of trees would get nutriment when the surface is bare, while the foliage might attract more rain and keep it from dashing away in devastating torrents.

With the flora thus scanty, the fauna are not numerous. Rodents are well represented: the kangaroo rat

or jerboa suggests by its appearance that it is an evolution due to the appearance of the Wall: a high obstacle demands high jumping powers, and only those rats which developed kangaroo-like legs could survive. Our scientific friend, Mr. Arthur de C. Sowerby, possesses several specimens of these "compensated rats"—indeed, he is the discoverer of the *Dipus Sowerbyi*. Another local curiosity is the dwarf desert hamster. This has not long legs, and so has to ascend the Wall by degrees: as the Wall is not well stocked with vegetables, the thrifty hamster has developed two pouches in his cheeks to carry his lunch for the expedition, usually in the form of millet or small seeds. The "sage brush" found among the sand hills is very valuable, for the seeds from this plant form the staple diet of our little four-footed friends,—desert hamster, meriones, jerboa. Birds belonging to the finch family also depend upon these seeds for their daily food.

In this region are to be found five other animals which carry lunch in their cheeks, whether in imitation of the desert hamster, or to compete with it in climbing the Great Wall, these curious and most interesting little creatures—mammalites—are silent. Their names deserve advertisement in a book on the mammoth masonry of Chin: striped hamster, common hamster, David's squirrel (*Sciuris Davidi*), chipmunk, and micromys (speciosus which has very small pouches).

The natives here in oldest China speak of wild pigs, but these did not present themselves to us. Antelopes by the score were often seen pasturing on the ramps of

the Wall. As for birds, they abounded, the magpie being peculiarly in evidence. Among the birds seen may be mentioned the red-tailed thrush, crested lark, plovers, geese, ducks, cranes, doves, swallows, wagtails, flycatchers, wild pigeons, and sacred cranes.

As for snakes, the traveler meets at Yulin two kinds: a brown one, the other a vivid green, with a row of bright red patches on either side of the neck getting smaller and smaller until they disappear near the tail. There are also two species of lizards, one of which is found pretty generally over the whole of north China; the other is found only in the Ordos, and is purely a sand inhabiting reptile. There is a species of toad prettily marked which inhabits the sand hills, while at least two species of frog are to be found in the streams near Yulin, in which water are also at least four species of fish.

Insects are plentiful, especially beetles. We have often observed their antics with interest. There are four black varieties which infest the sand. Their nightly wanderings leave a network of pretty chains—their tracks—all over the sand hills. These beetles form the sole diet of the hedgehog and this prickly fellow seems to thrive on the hard-shelled creatures, for he is laden with fat and is most unpleasant to skin.

The most remarkable product of this district in this line is the Chinese pigmies, or hairy wild men. We heard rumors of a wild and uncivilized people living to the south in mountain forests,—a sort of forgotten people, who in turn had forgotten the ways of the civilized. Unable to investigate in person these dwarfs,

It is easy to avoid a naked spear, but not a hidden sword.

hairy and naked, as the story ran, we wrote to Philip Nelson, Esquire, and received this reply: "When living northeast of Pinchow, four hundred and fifty *li*, bird's way, I heard much about this wild people, who are as wild as wild can be. They have been uncivilized since the building of the Great Wall. They were badly treated, and being unable or unwilling to do the work set for them each day, numbers were thrown into the Wall and beaten down like earth. Unable to stand this treatment, some escaped to the woods, where they have ever since been. Only a few are left. I am told they do not wear clothes and are grown over the whole body with hair like wolves. Smaller than the common run of people, they are shy and run when anybody approaches them. There are also dwarfs living near here; I saw a married woman three feet tall." Having seen the pure pigmies in our explorations in the Forest of the Eternal Twilight in the heart of Africa, we had a great desire to visit the yellow pigmies, and hope to later.[1]

While forced labor did not wreck the reason of the laborers who piled up the pyramids, or of the Hebrews who worked for Pharaoh, or of the Israelites who slaved for Nebuchadnezzar, or of the Jews who toiled at the Colosseum, doubtless there was terrible suffering when these vast fabrics were erected; the indignant workmen must have revolted under the lash, some may have lost their reason, others have broken away into the forest or into the desert. We have no doubt that men fled from

[1] See *A Yankee in Pigmy Land*, by Dr. William Edgar Geil.

the hard, harassing labor on the rampart that grew like a rampired rock and, caught where they dare not emerge, there was this left—to live the life of vultures and night-nurtured vipers that eat in ambush. That habit still holds them![1]

The following from the *Manchester Evening News* seems too good to omit: "A Lesson to 'Work Shys.' An instructive moral may be drawn from the discovery of a pigmy race in central China by Dr. William Edgar Geil. The ancestors of the pigmies, Dr. Geil declares, fled to the mountains to escape the curse of labor in the shape of assisting in the task of building the Great Wall of China. Whether or not they were justified in acting thus does not concern us now, but the fact remains that the present representatives of the race have degenerated into hairy pigmies, living in a state of savagery. This awful example should be a warning to those people in civilized communities who, blindly refusing to recognize the blessings of labor, pine for a life of ease and idleness!"

Revenons à nos moutons—to first-hand observation. As a sample village let into the perpendicular loess, take Wanyin Chien. Our party contains not only pale faces, but some yellow servants, a girl-faced boy, and a "Black Dog." The last mentioned kept a diary, and an extract may be welcome: "After passing through a town there was the Yellow River. We went ahead to

[1] "Sang Wei Han, who lived 946 A.D., was a great minister but very short of stature; indeed, he was a dwarf. On one occasion he stood in front of a mirror and said, 'One foot of face is worth seven of body.' . . . He had a long beard and was so fiercely ugly that the 'sight of him made people sweat even in midwinter!'"

A dead man is terrible as a tiger, a dead tiger harmless as a lamb.

cross the river. When on a high bank we could see a dead man lying in the water. The corpse faced upward, and stopped in a cleft of the rock where it bobbed up and down with the motion of the water. The body looked as if it had been blown up with the wind. Truly, truly hard to look at also. . . .

"We went forward to every hamlet and village just at the time the wheat was ripe and in full ear, until we came to Wanyin Chien and stopped; and directly it was the Sabbath. Before we arrived here it was one piece of sand hill land. If the wind rose big, the roads were hard to find. The original men of the place plant a tree for a sign. Wanyin Chien is near the Long Wall. The towers, which although ruined somewhat, are not much destroyed; every *li* they are arranged one seat after one seat. We had worship on the side of the hill. The name of the inn was the Ten Thousand Flourishing Inn. The men-mouths of the Inn-Lord were very many and the place fiercely dirty, so we all slept on the roof of the mule house. When the Sabbath was past on the next day, we arose on our journey. . . . I asked the governor of the inn about the Long Wall. He made answer, 'Chin Shih Huang without doctrine compelled the people to build it. He walked his horse and examined the boundary. Afterwards there was the husband of the Mêng Chiang woman. Because he was building the Wall, he was compelled to die in it. The Mêng Chiang woman, weeping for her husband, moved heaven and earth. The ten thousand *li* Long Wall with one cry, was wept down.' These words are with-

out evidence." This final comment of the Black Dog will win approval.

In this village, untouched by civilization, ignorant of camera, where a photograph of a beautiful young lady affrighted the beholders, many interesting legends about the Wall were gathered. Chin, borne triumphantly across the empire on his horse of cloud, stamped thrice every *li*, and on each crushed spot sprang up a tower. And to this day, instead of the expression, "do it quickly," one hears "do it on horseback." Chin was a broken, bad, rotten man. The wall was erected in one day, being eighty thousand *li* long. It was ruined when one woman gave a scream, and it collapsed from the sea to Tibet. There were eighteen suns when Chin built; the men were kept working so long that grass had time to grow in the dust which lodged on their heads. The men worked so long that they fell asleep and were buried; when they awoke they were ancestors. Chin had mammoth shovels that threw up a *li* of wall at a scoop; the men were twelve feet tall and broad in proportion; nowadays men are small and could not build the Wall.

John Gwadey, Esquire, furnished us the popular version of the ancient legend of the wonderful whip of Chin, or as he calls it, "The Magic Whip." We will quote John Gwadey's words: "A certain god up in heaven looked down and saw the people were being killed by the king and thrown into the Wall because they could not get the work done. So he pitied the people and came down from heaven with a magic thread which he gave the workmen to put about their wrists.

The good are short-lived, the evil last a thousand years.

It gave them great strength, so that when the king came along he was surprised how fast and well the work was done. Inquiring the cause he found the workmen wearing the magic thread. So he took all these magic threads and out of them made a lash for his whip which thereupon became more wonderful still. With the woven magic threads it had great virtue. With it he could remove mountains or make the Yellow River stand back for his men to build the Wall. Indeed, when he wanted to run the Wall into the sea he simply swung his whip and a mountain tumbled into the sea and the Wall was built on it." Gwadey went on to say that Chin's horse was white and could fly with its legs as well as if it had wings.

We asked a birth-native, "Was Chin a good man?" He replied, "He was a king. Look into the books; if the books say he was a good man then he was a good man." Not far away to the northeast is Yulin.

Yulin, we might point out, is the great mule mart of the north. About the town and surrounding country cling many legends. Indeed, the folk-lore in the section between the Yellow River and the Christian city of Siaochao is as prolific as in charming Shetland—of a vastly different sort, of course.

Seventy *li* west of Yulin is a natural stone bridge spanning a branch of the Wuting Ho. The water after passing under the arch, plunges down to the river bed below, forming a very pretty waterfall. The natives say that in this bridge was a mysterious room where the hermit of the Wuting Ho hid valuable treas-

ure. From the secret chamber ran an eyelet to the top of the bridge, and into this wee opening the people of the district continually poured oil which fed a magic lamp and kept it burning perpetually.

Many attempts had been made to find a secret door which was said to furnish entrance to the heaps of gold stored in the room of the hermit. It had long been prophesied that some magic word would open the way to the treasure. A vagrant fellow bethought himself to practise on the room. He tried various words and one evening to his amazement the bolts slowly released themselves and the stone door mysteriously opened. Now he had taken the precaution to take a grain bag with him. When the light of the lamp fell upon untold treasure he leaped in with a muttered shout of joy. He filled the bag and descended the stairs to the door only to find it closed in his face. Doomed to die of starvation, he fell to serious thinking, and concluded that covetousness had closed the door. He emptied half the gold and gems, but no, the word failed to work. Then more gold was flung out of the sack, and still the magic was not in the word. At last he took one shoe of silver and the word was with power. The door, opening, let him pass and as mysteriously closed again never more to be opened, for the gods carted off the treasure to prevent men destroying themselves. Moral, beware of covetousness!

To Oldest China, local legends say, came Fu Su, the eldest son of the first emperor, who because he refused to acquiesce in the burning of the books was banished to the north where he aided in directing the building of

the Great Wall. He was murdered immediately after his father's death by command of Li, the chancellor, that his younger brother might succeed to the throne. The building of the Wall was as good as a jail for the punishment of offenders. On not a few occasions The Only First deported dishonest judges to the north, condemned to labor on the rampart as an expiation for their sins.

Far away toward the west we stopped at a hamlet of four houses, known as the Water Grave Ravine. Here we patronized the Inn of Increasing Righteousness kept by a Boniface called Happy Son of Movement. This mine of folk-lore produced corroborative statements as to the giants of Chin's day. "Oh, yes, I know the men were over ten feet high; the old men say so, and I have seen the bones in the Wall, four feet long below the knee." The truth of this is guaranteed, for Happy Son is clean, cheap, a widower, a goatherd, he does not shave, and he worships seven ancestral tablets.

These bone stories awakened in us an interest in the Anaks of history. As a result we fell upon the Chinese historical records and found mention of men of height and might concerning which narratives we have no doubt save only that a few additional inches may have been added in some instances to their stature to intensify the native imagination.

Shih Tien Tse, high minister of Kublai Khan, with a voice like a bell, stood eight feet high! In 297 A.D. lived the famous Mu-jung Huang, seven feet, eight inches. . . . Mu-jung Hui, 268 A.D., eight feet high.

. . . 336 A.D., Mu-jung Tse; eight feet, three inches. . . . 319 A.D., Mu-jung Tsun, fond of books, eight feet high. . . .

The history often speaks of strong men. One such was the giant Chu Hai, a man of prodigious strength who was sent as an envoy to the court of Chin. The emperor threw him into a den of tigers. Whereupon Chu's hair stood on end and he took on such a hideous aspect and glared so fearfully at the tigers they did not venture to attack him. We also read of huge humans not only over seven feet high but otherwise developed in proportion. Goliath of Gath had progeny here. Then there was the old man Huang Mei Weng of the second century B.C., who is spoken of as follows: "An old man with yellow eyebrows, who told Tung-fang So that he lived on air, changed his bones and washed his marrow, cast his skin, and cut his hair once every three thousand years, and that he had done these things three times already!"

These abnormally large men were provided with correspondingly liberal appetites, for they ate a bushel at a meal. We offer the legends this corroborative testimony: if the men who built the Great Wall were not giants they, when seen at a distance and on the sky line, appeared to be of unusual size. We saw men on mountain ridges who, by some atmospheric illusion, had every appearance of being a dozen feet tall. Often we remarked this strange phenomena. Horses were also abnormally increased in size by some mirage-like contrivance of nature. Opinions may differ as to there being giants in the days of Chin. We are convinced

that more men of exceptional size existed then than now. The appearance of many of enormous stature as we passed along, due to some freak of nature, leads us to willingly credit the ancients with the human virtue of honesty in these semi-historical legends of the giants who built the Great Wall.

Here we gathered a choice selection of local legends, showing many variants on a few themes of cruelty, love and magic. The line of the Wall was marked out not by Chin, but by Chin's white magic horse. A saddle was tied to its tail, and it was allowed to wander freely; where it strayed, the architect followed and pegged out the line for the builders. John Gwadey improved on this by adding that at one point the workmen could not keep up with the horse, so stopped to drink tea. A dry fog blew meantime so that they could see neither the horse nor its footprints; so after tea they continued in the same line as before for ten miles. But not seeing the horse yet, they became suspicious, and sent one up a hill to look out. He found the horse far away to the northwest, heading in quite a different direction. So they abandoned the last stretch, returned to the tea camp and built a new wall after the horse. And to this day stand the abandoned forty *li* of wall to prove the story.

Hear another. Hsüan Tung was a man employed on the Wall, but because he was not active enough, Chin had him thrown into it. His widow heard of the difficulty and came a long way to find the body. Weeping as she went along the line, her grief caused the Wall to

open and show many corpses. To identify her husband she bit her middle finger and let fall a drop of blood on each till one moved. This she drew out and gave proper burial, sorrowing for him the rest of her life.

Once again. Chin planned to build this Wall a hundred yards high, so as to intercept all the gracious influences from the south, and reflect them back on to his realm. So well did he succeed that for ten miles to the north nought but evil and terror reigned; no desert herdsman dared bring his cattle within thirty *li* of the Wall.

Having thus arrived into the ancestral territory of Chin and all his family, it behooves us to winnow out the facts from the multitudinous legends.

taken by the Tartars but quietly appropriated by the growing state of Ch'in.

A sparsely peopled and semi-savage region on the northwest border was the domain of the Chins. There the ancestors of the first Huan Ti hardened themselves in conflict with still more savage foes—their people making equal use of spear and pruning hook, or following their plow armed with sword and crossbow. Of the five ranks of nobility, theirs was the lowest; that of baronet or little baron. Nor were they regarded merely with disdain by those who wore the insignia of highest rank; their people were despised by those of the more cultivated states. So deep were these sentiments that princes and people objected to admitting the Chins to a seat in their national conventions. Scorned and despised as they were, who could detect in those border ruffians the founders of an imperial house? The story of their transformation, of which we shall not give more than an outline, reads like a fairy tale. Aschenputtel, Cinderella of the ash-heap, was to be the coming princess.

Yes, history in retrospect discovers in them marvelous though gradual development. It is something like a law of nature—given a border state with adequate area for expansion, claiming kinship with people of higher culture and engaged in repelling the incursions of barbarous tribes, and you have the conditions out of which have sprung more than one of the great powers of the world! What was Macedon but such a border state, claiming affinity with Greece, yet serving as a buffer

between the Greeks and the wild tribes of Scythia? Disowned by the Greeks and compelled by Xerxes to assist in his invasion, could it be doubted that the forefathers of Alexander cherished, even before the time of Philip, the dream of compelling the homage of Athens, and of crossing into Asia at the very point where the Persians crossed into Europe? Had they not before their eyes Xenophon's story of the "Ten Thousand" and had not the youthful hero the greatest philosophers of Greece to train his expanding intellect?

Keep this parallel in mind, and it will help us to estimate the merit of a conqueror who led larger armies than those of Alexander, who vanquished as many kingdoms, and whose grandest exploit was the founding of an empire which did not break up at its founder's death, but endures after two thousand one hundred years.

The Agencies of Foreigners. In Europe there was a time when soldiers of fortune roved from state to state and placed their swords at the service of those who paid best; but Europe furnishes no instance of an ambitious power taking its leading statesmen from abroad and shaping its policy by their advice. Yet this is what the chiefs of Ch'in persistently did through a period of more than two centuries.

The Czar Peter did something of the kind under the influence of the same motives when he put himself under the guidance of the Genovese Le Fort and when he became an apprentice in the workshops of Holland. But Peter the Great stands among the Romanoffs as a solitary example, whereas among the chiefs of Ch'in

It is homely fare that feeds and coarse cloth that warms.

there was a long line of Peters and half a dozen Le Forts clothed with the fullest powers.

The Six Chancellors of Ch'in. The most noted of those foreigners who contributed to the upbuilding of the rising power will now claim our attention. They were Po-li Hsi, Shang Yang, more commonly known as Wei Yang though his real name was Kung-sun Yang, Chang I, Fan Chü, Lü Pu-wei and Li Ssu.[1] Names strange to Europe, but in the part which they played they answer to the Mazarins and Cavours.

1. Po-li Hsi. To remedy the disadvantage of a sparse population, the chiefs of Ch'in had been wise enough to open their gates to immigrants from the neighboring principalities. Of these many were employed in grazing on the confines of Mongolia, the land of grass. "For safety they had to band together; and with them existence was one unceasing conflict—their principal enemy being the Tartar, always on the alert to swoop on an unprotected flock. By chance the name of Po-li Hsi came to the ears of Mu Kung, i.e., Baron Mu (of Ch'in). His merits were recognized alike by the settled people and the wandering strangers. A cowboy, like those of Colorado or Dakota, he had by courage, probity and talent made himself a king of men wanting nothing but the insignia of power. Finding

[1] Besides Wei Jan, mentioned in this chapter, there has been omitted Su Ch'in (see p. 134); Po-li Hsi, on the other hand, who lived in the seventh century B.C., is not usually included in this list. Even thus we get seven chancellors, namely: (1) Wei Yang; (2) Su Ch'in; (3) Chang I; (4) Wei Jan; (5) Fan Chu; (6) Lü Pu-wei; (7) Li Ssu. The last named, however, was not made chancellor until 214 B.C., and might therefore be omitted from the list of those who contributed to the *rise* of Chin.

him to be a man of real culture, ready wit and inexhaustible resource the baron, after a brief trial, invested him with the full honors of the premiership.

Here is the eulogy pronounced a generation later in reply to one who was jealous of his fame. "Po-li Hsi, a stranger from Hupeh,[1] was lifted from a herdsman's booth. So poor was he when he entered the country that he sold (hired) himself for five sheepskins as his monthly wage. At the height of power he never forgot his primitive simplicity. To the rich he was a master; to the poor a friend; and when death snatched him away after a tenure of six or seven years, the whole people wept from sincere sorrow. Shops were closed, there was silence in the streets and the whole state mourned for the man who was the first to make it conscious of its strength."

2. Shang Yang. With this example before his eyes Hiao Kung, the next chief of Ch'in, made public proclamation that any man, native or foreign, who had a wise scheme for augmenting the power of Ch'in, would be listened to and rewarded, and if his plans were adopted the highest honors would be heaped on him.

Borne on the winds—without telegraph or newspaper—this appeal reached the ears of a young man from Honan[1] who, as the Chinese say, was "wagging his tail" before the door of a neighboring prince. A minister who had received him into his family and knew his worth, was on his deathbed, and being asked by the prince whom he would recommend to succeed to his portfolio he replied, "Here is Shang Yang; either

[1] These names are anachronisms.

A foot of jade is not precious, but an inch of time is a thing to be struggled for.

make him your premier or kill him before he enters the service of your northern rival." The advice was not heeded and the prince had occasion to regret that he had put a powerful weapon into the hands of his enemy.

The chief of Ch'in was delighted with Yang's scheme for the aggrandizement of his country. "You," said he, "are the man to carry it out," and in a short time Yang found himself clothed with authority from which there was no appeal, except to the veto of the chief. For twenty-three years the chief stood by him while he was pushing forward the most drastic and unpopular reforms.

He readjusted the tenure of land, rectified the monetary system in which the currency had become debased, and did the same for the weights and measures, placing fair standards in every market and making them accessible to all. His most heroic performance was compelling certain privileged classes to bow to the majesty of the law. Like Achilles of old. they "denied that laws were made for them." And two members of the chief's family undertook to trample on the new regulations. One of them was branded on the face as a warning and the other subjected to long imprisonment. So thorough was the reformation that violence and robbery were nowhere heard of, and it is added that "valuables might be left in the street, and no one would venture to pick them up"—a phrase used to describe the security of the golden age.

Yet the people were not satisfied with a Draconian legislation, which though it was so severe as to look like

oppression, gave safety to the toiling multitudes; the privileged classes fomented discontent and on the death of his patron it broke forth, and Shang Yang, bound between two chariots, was literally torn to pieces.[1]

By this time it had become apparent that nothing short of imperial power could satisfy the ambitions of Chin. Shang Yang was the first to perceive this and in a sketch of the situation fanned the flame, while he adroitly put forward his own merit. Had his chief, with whom his own star had such a fatal connection, but enjoyed a longer lease of life, no doubt the bold minister would have attempted to win for him the rank of dictator, if not that of emperor. But other eyes were equally alert to discern the trend of Chin's policy which looked to the south instead of confining his attention to the Tartars.

Su Ch'in and Chang I were fellow students in a political school, the existence of which was a sign of the times. It was located in a mountain gorge, called Kweiu, the Devil's Hollow, and its head masters were careful never to disclose their real names—though eager to attract students. They were not committed to any party; and drew aspiring youth from all the states. They were, no doubt, men who had filled high posts in cabinet or field, and who found consolation for vanished glory in training the youth for services; which could hardly be called patriotic, for their policy was

[1] He first fled to the Wei state, but owing to his previous treachery was refused asylum. He then took refuge in his own fief of Shang and offered armed resistance, but was speedily overpowered and killed at the head of his troops, his body being subsequently torn to pieces.

bly a student in the same "devilish school" was the next to win the chancellor's seal. He might have said of himself, like the Younger Cyrus, that no one should be more terrible in punishing his enemies or more generous in rewarding his friends.

Sent by his own prince as secretary of legation to Shantung, he had been accused by the envoy of accepting a bribe, and on his return was condemned to be beaten to death. Seemingly dead, he survived to exact a terrible vengeance. Betaking himself to Chin he acquired such an ascendancy in the councils of the state that he made war on his own country, and reduced it to such extremity that it was glad to make peace by sending him the head of his enemy.

The chief service which Fan Chü rendered to his master was the inauguration of a policy of encroachment on near neighbors in lieu of doubtful expeditions against remote rivals.

5. The fifth chancellor was Lü Pu-wei, a merchant of Hantan in South Chihli. Meeting at a foreign court of Ijen, a grandson of the prince of Ch'in, he ingratiated himself to such an extent that he was invited to the capital of Ch'in. There he pulled the wires so cleverly that he got his patron Ijen raised to the throne on the death of the old prince. The son of the new king was Chin Chêng, the builder of the Great Wall, then a youth of thirteen, and his mother, the princess regent, appointed Lü Pu-wei guardian of her son with the title of Ch'ungfu—second father.

6. The sixth chancellor was Li Ssŭ. Chosen directly by the young prince who thereby declared his own inde-

pendence, Li Ssu surpassed the other five in radical reforms, as much as his young master eclipsed his forefathers in the splendor of his achievements. He, like his master, built on the solid foundation slowly laid by those who had gone before. Some of the five had nursed a feeble state into a formidable power, others had prevented its overthrow and enlarged its borders at the expense of its neighbors. Nothing remained but to sweep the chessboard and to adopt measures for securing what was regarded as universal dominion.

The house of Chou was stripped of its shadow of supremacy, and its last scion pensioned off as a dependency of Chin. Five of the greater states now laid down their arms and begged to be allowed to retain their lands as vassals of a new sovereign. To their surprise their petition was rejected because king and minister were bent on obliterating all the old landmarks and remaking the map of the empire.

Here we have in a word the secret of the burning of the Confucian classics and the slaughter of Confucian scholars—two things which have led the official historians—all Confucians—to blacken the character of the greatest of China's emperors, by making him a bastard and a fool. The books were burned (they say) that Chin Chêng (or Lü Chêng, as they call him[1]) might stand alone in his fancied glory as the first emperor, wilfully ignoring the fact that he was the first to wear the title of Huang Ti, which has continued to be worn by twenty-two dynasties. The scholars, they say,

[1] So-called on account of Lü Pu-wei's alleged paternity.

were put to death to ensure that the books should not be reproduced, whereas the books were burned by way of suppressing a feudal system, which is enshrined in their pages, and the scholars were slain because they plotted the overthrow of the new power.

The Building of the Wall. The last of his rivals reduced to submission, the first Huang Ti, as we may now call him, turned his attention to the Tartars of the north. It was vain to think of subjugating them by force of arms. The best expedient would be to erect a barrier between them and China, which would enable a well-organized force to hold them at bay. This grand scheme, if not the suggestion of Li Ssu, met with his unqualified approval; otherwise how could he have continued to retain the seals, as he did, to the very end of his master's long reign? The building of the Wall was the chief work of the monarch's last twelve years, and his prime minister must have had much to do with it. The oversight of the construction was, however, entrusted to Mêng T'ien, one of his military officers, known for energy and success in the battlefield. It is curious that his name survives only in connection with the hair pencil, of which he was the inventor. In a revolutionary age, few of its reforms were more important than that which substituted the pencil for the stylus and paper for cumbersome strips of bamboo.

Tien pi Lun chih. "Mêng Tien invented the pencil and Ts'ai Lun invented paper," is a line daily recited by boys in primary schools—preserving the memory of two inventions which have had much to do with the course of events in modern China.

好言一句三冬煖

A kind word keeps warm for three winters.

Chin Huang Ti's Travels. Mu Wang, one of the Chous, was a great traveler. But poetry has had quite as much to do with the record of his journeys as with the creation of a marvelous whip beneath the lash of which the broad earth grew small. Chin's travels were often in connection with his military expeditions. His last journey was to the Shantung promontory, from which he looked out on the eastern ocean. Though he despatched a fleet to obtain tidings of those Isles of the Rising Sun (the literal meaning of Japan) of which he had only heard vague rumors, was he, like Alexander, longing for more worlds to conquer? or, as others than Chinese had done, foolishly seeking the elixir of life?

A ballad based on a legendary story may here be added as a not inappropriate appendix to this historical disquisition. It was written a year ago.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH OR CHINA'S GRAND ARMADA

A Legend of the Wall Builder

From a lofty tower the Tyrant of Ch'in
  Looked out on the Eastern Sea;
When struck by a thought he at once started up,
  And awoke from his reverie.

His vizier he bid a council convene
  In his tent on the top of the Wall;
All wondered what scheme had come into his head,
  As they met at their Master's call.

"My lieges," he said, "your help I require,
My labors are only begun,
The kingdoms subdued no faction I dread,
The Wall defies traitor or Hun.

"Yea, though my success might envy excite,
Yet when I from earth pass away,
The empire that I with so much pains have built up,
I fear, will fall into decay.

"Had I but a few years longer to reign
I'd make China a permanent state,
But old as I am, that end to attain,
Myself I must first renovate.

"In Nippon, 'tis said, there's a Fountain of Youth,
There the flowers of amaranth bloom;
Could I from that fountain obtain but a draught,
It might keep me out of the tomb.

"Haste, rig out a fleet, those seas to explore,
Not a soldier on board shall you take,
With the fruits of our land in beautiful store,
A gainful exchange you may make."

So the fleet sailed away—not a soldier aboard—
By maidens and boys it was manned,
To seek for the Fountain of Youth it sailed,
And it carried the youth of the land.

Their teachers and books were not quite forgot,
But the yards with garlands were hung,
They looked like a school on a holiday cruise,
With their flags to the breezes flung.

一塊臭肉滿鍋腥

One piece of bad meat makes the whole pot smell.

Away sailed the youth in gallant array,
  But their homes they saw never more;
At those Eastern Isles they safely arrived,
  And took root on a foreign shore.

The Tyrant of Ch'in though on conquest bent,
  His spear point with roses concealed;
To the Isles of the East by that festive troop,
  He the learning of China revealed.

So Japan in our day her debt to repay,
  Brings China the Fountain of Youth;
May China drink deep her youth to renew,
  And be led in the pathway of truth.

CHAPTER XI

Letters from Ninghia.[1]

Ninghiafu,[2] High Asia.
June

DEAR MISS X,

"Attend! for we must hold a long confabulation!"

Thy fleet commands even though not urged by "the golden scourge" hasten our anxious quill. The dazzling prize of thy sweet smile allures tales of templed gods, of tall pagodas, of lofty ramparts, and other legends which, in these parts, submerge the common mind. Thy request to know what Black Dog thinks of things shall be oppressive until with inverted commas it mitigates "the stings of woe," and from thy meager measure of enjoyment drives corrosive grief. In morsels shalt thou have the diary of the Dog. Later be introduced to an old-school Chinese doctor. Remember that the Celestials have a thousand drugs and give queer prescriptions. Indeed, they remind us of the skipper of a sailing ship, who was supplied with medicines numbered to correspond with a book of explanations. When he ran out of medicine number twelve and sickness number twelve developed itself in one of his crew, he simply

[1] The letters in this chapter were addressed to a young lady.

[2] A legend says that one Huangti, a leader of a band of immigrants, came in a remote age out of the west, died, and was buried here. This site seems to have had a dense local population away back in the misty cycles of antiquity.

united medicines nine and three or ten and two and gave the compound to his patient! This is truly Chinese. In China, too, certain diseases are looked upon as inevitable.[1] It is said that a Chinese mother does not count her children until they have had smallpox.

The Arabs call the desert "the land of fear." It needs some such strong descriptive term. So we felt when at last we passed the barren wastes of scorching sand. Mandeville deposes thus concerning it:

> "The see that men slepen, the gravely see, that is all gravelle and sond withouten ony drope of watre."

The desert is suggestive to all men. Mark the Hindi saying: *Banda na ko panjo gaun parko banjo*—"If women manage a village it will become a desert." Does this explain the presence of buried cities beneath the wave-like sands of Gobi?

The horror of the desert lies in its nakedness, emptiness, aridity, in its deceitfulness and death-dealing power. But it has, too, its charms. It is not only the territory of death; it is also the realm of the "no-door life." Out-of-door life is good, but no-door life is better. A door speaks of limitations, ill-ventilation, a place wherein to cower from the outer world. But the no-door life we live on this vast rediscovered plateau—what could be more free? With the silent stars above, and below the noiseless dust and breezes as bodiless as drifting cold, here is life! Here too, is health, away

[1] Cf. the proverb: "The doctor may cure disease, but he cannot cure fate."

from cramped quarters, with flickering candles and the horror of newly breathed germs from the diseased bodies of other men, and out in the midst of a great arched chamber, indescribably magnificent, illuminated by the steady lights of heaven, and fitted with air as pure as the spotless snow. We are inclined to exclaim: "Give us the no-door life and its serene advantages, revealed to savages and to a few others among men!"

This is the fair side of the desert. Nevertheless we must confess that our weary caravan most gladly entered the fruitful fields surrounding the first city of importance along the Red Fort, as its builder called the Great Wall of China. Historical interest is now awakened, for at this pass Genghis Khan entered the oasis and seized Ninghia. If you are curious, read the life of Genghis Khan. It is more informing than Mr. Toole's account of the Great Wall: "The most important building in China is the Great Wall, built to keep the Tartars out. It was built at such enormous expense that the Chinese never got over it. But the Tartars did. And the way they accomplished the feat was as follows—one went first and t'others went arter."

Whatever opportunities for humor the Great Wall offers, it must not be forgotten that it is a stupendous monument to China's past greatness and a huge index finger pointing to a greatness still to come. We cannot believe that the long lethargy of the Mongolians is due to any decay of their vital forces. Are they truly a nation of Rip Van Winkles? There may yet be need for our western workers, too, to lie dormant for centuries, in order to recuperate the nervous energies of the pale

A melon seller never cries "bitter melons," nor a wine seller "thin wine."

pink race. Here there is before our eyes work enough produced by these wonderful Mongolians to defy comparison with anything done by any people now living on our planet.

Ninghia is a walled city. In the Chinese empire walled and bastioned cities number one thousand seven hundred, some put it at two thousand.[1] The Taipings captured six hundred and had just fairly begun their work. As for the total number of cities in China, that is an uncertain point. Nobody knows when a fish drinks water, and no one can tell when a Chinaman speaks the whole truth. The saying is funny but a fact, that no foreigner can tell the truth about China without lying.

But, however, the cities lie, densely or sparsely, throughout the country. In following the Long Wall we visit five important centers of population. In a triangle of land made fertile by the magic of man stands the "City of Quiet Summer"—Ninghia on the maps. About this wondrous tract of ground, turned into an oasis by grace of the Yellow River, the sturdy farmer might, if he knew how, misquote the Odyssey:

"I stretched my toil
Through regions fattened with the flow" of Hwoang ho.

[1] "There are over 2,000 walled cities in the eighteen provinces, but not one fourth of them have resident missionaries. To the 2,000 walled cities another 3,000 unwalled cities or towns must be added, and to these cities and towns almost numberless villages and hamlets. Among the teeming multitudes of these cities, towns and villages there is but one Christian to every 2,500 non-Christians. Yet it may be said that every place is now open to the messengers of the Gospel."—British and Foreign Bible Society of China.

When our caravan had crossed the yellow sand and the yellow soil, it crossed the Yellow River. Soon after two tall pagodas appeared on the green plain. One was originally erected at Chêng Chow, according to the legends, but one night it forsook that site and moved over to here, a distance of one thousand *li*. A rather rapid transit for a pagoda—over three hundred miles between two days. A competing legend declares that thirteen years were occupied in building the thirteen stories of the pagoda and that a notorious spider then made its way to the pinnacle, a spider possessing the uncanny power of turning the shadow of the pile *toward* the sun!

The small north gate of Ninghia was closed forty years ago and never opened because the keeper for three hundred *taels* opened it and admitted the Moslems, who destroyed half the city and took the Taotai out of his Yamen, tied him to a horse's tail and dragged him through the city.

And now for an extract from Black Dog's diary: "The city of Ninghia is not complete. There is the Water-Fire Pagoda. . . . At night we stayed in the Happy Righteousness Inn. The inn governor, by name Wang, belongs to the temperance society. He explained the honorable doctrine of the temperance society . . . how it should be carried out. . . . He bore witness that the proceedings of the society could be seen by all men, and they know the root of the temperance door. When a man talks you want to see his deeds. From his deeds you may see his heart. Thus



vented him. Two "wires" cost 4.99 *taels*. The operator occupied twenty minutes figuring out the cost of the messages and weighing the money. It is but fair we should give the Chinese the telegraph, since they gave us the compass that made the discovery of America possible. For gunpowder and printing thank the Celestials, and for the bad divisions of an hour into sixty minutes vilify the Babylonians!

Northeast of Ninghia are three jutments of the Great Wall toward the Yellow River. The main line here takes an angle of almost ninety degrees and passes on to the southwest. The city is at the corner of the Wall.[1] We wonder, shall the Great Wall have an ignoble end? Other walls, once the pride of capitals, have fallen into the itching hands of vandals and been made to serve purposes remote from the original. Witness the Turkish stone-cutters at ancient Laodicea carving marble pillars into tombstones, and fluted columns, once the glory of temples, into troughs for donkeys!

These Turks of Laodicea are descendants of the Tartars walled out of China. This leads us to inquire, what is the future of the Great Wall? We suggest, and the idea will meet with thine approval, thou disciple of Linnæus, that the Flowery Empire make of it a huge hanging-garden of sunflowers! An artificial rampart of blossoms, excelling the lofty flower beds of Babylon! This may be achieved by a people whose ancestors made

[1] "How lovely is the retiring girl!
She was to await me at the corner of the Wall.
Loving her and not seeing her,
I scratch my head and am in perplexity."
From the *Shih Ching* (Book of Poetry).

the Chentu sand plain blossom in the west, and whose neighbors, the Japanese, in the east planted whole mountain ranges with trees. Let us hope one day to ascend in a balloon and view a flower bed twelve hundred miles long!

Here another idea strikes us, the hanging gardens of Babylon (which, you know, were built by Nebuchadnezzar for his Median bride Amytis) were the first sky-scrapers of history—sky-scrapers of an agricultural brand, the farmer for once being on top! Why not extend the plan in modern life? One day we may find the world so densely populated as to require hanging or many-storied farms. Can you not see the picture of our gigantic office buildings with their sides knocked out and the floors fields of grain? And every roof yielding corn and every sidewalk growing food creepers?

This city of Ninghia is four thousand feet above the tide, and the climate is good. But the fish for which it is famous are bad. We ate some, because we followed the highly recommended but dangerous plan of Thoreau, who when asked at a dinner which dish he preferred replied, "The nearest!" Well, we ate some and then fell ill for several days. The trouble with people always is that they do not take proper precautions and then they blame probably the climate. You know the Irishman's saying: "They eat, they drink, they die, and then they write home and say the climate killed them!"

We look forward to a pleasant summer, riding on

these high plateaus towards the home of the Tibetans.

To-morrow the quill shall write again.

P.S. The Great Wall has just reminded me of a strange custom somewhere in India, told in these words: "When my husband is pleased with me he throws a brick at me." Here is a fine use for the unnumbered bricks in the Great Wall! If you like statistics, I have worked out a sum. The city walls of China somewhat resemble the Great Wall. Seventeen hundred cities, with an average of four miles of wall, would aggregate six thousand eight hundred miles. Add to this the two thousand five hundred miles of the Great Wall, and we have nine thousand three hundred miles of wall, or more than the diameter of the earth!

Ninghia, To-morrow, A.M.

Greetings from the Desert!

The medicine man is still with us. About him lingers "the breath of the desert." He is sad and portentious. His eyes are like those of a discouraged frog. It is lucky for him his father was born first. This is not our vagrant fancy. He reminds us of the desert sunshine on dusty days—illuminated darkness. He comes from the silent sands. (But the sands are not silent; theirs is the active stillness of a summer's day.) He belongs to solitudes.

Here is one of the legends which the mysterious man told us in the City of the Quiet Summer:

"Chin's famous horse was coal black, with a red mane and tail of flame, eyes resembling bright lamps and flashing forth terrible light; mouth large as a winnow-

ing fan, teeth "fiercely" big, ears only an inch long! He ran one thousand *li* a day. The small ears made speed convenient. The pagoda made equal time, but traveled at night."

(It is not at all surprising that the superstitious generation have invested the Great Barrier and its remote builder with all sorts of powers and companions.)

"The horse was a Dry Dragon, and his hair pointed forward. When Chin engaged in a battle, he rode the horse between the opposing lines, whereupon the animal gave a horrible screech, leaped into the air *toward* the enemy and then dropped *on* the enemy, stamping until the earth and the heavens shook, and the fire wind sprang up and swallowed the stupefied warriors. Chin thus conquered six kingdoms and the others submitted."

This is what an Ordos scholar called "Long Wall wild talk." Watch the mail for another tale to-morrow.

Ninghia, Day after To-morrow.

The Doleful Traveler salutes Thee!

Attend! The medicine man tells of grain in a secret granary in the Great Wall. It was good to eat and plant when eight hundred years old!

"Times of peace and anarchy ordained by heaven are not constant. Great victories are not continual. Exceeding good things will certainly perish. From of old this is a general principle. However, in the reign of T'ung Chih, Ninghia was confused. The Mohammedans rebelled twice. The second rebellion was under the intrepid fearless leader Tang Mên, who, traveling

by Lan Chow and Liang Chow, caused the people to eat bitterness. He fired the temples, destroyed the gods, seized the silver, drove off the cattle, burned the houses and robbed the inhabitants of their sons and daughters. For three years the fields were not cultivated, the aged died in the ditches, men ate men, dogs ate dogs, and there were no travelers!

"Now, in the tenth year of the reign a star of salvation appeared. It was a strange incident. In a gorge of the mountains lived Liu Chi, who, having no elder or younger brothers, was the only son. His mother was sixty, his wife was thirty, and his daughter was younger than either of the parents! The famine became worse and worse and the rebels more and more active. The people fled to the cities. Liu Chi, weakened by hunger and unable to carry his three women, with their little bound feet, thought over the situation, but could not fix his mind. Just then a black dog came into the courtyard. He killed it, cooked it, ate it and said: 'To-day we have eaten the black dog. To-morrow?'

"Perplexed, he determined to kill his wife and daughter and carry his mother to the city. Now, near the Great Wall was a dried-up well. He told his wife and daughter that in the well was a sheep. They went with him, and while they were looking into the well he put forth all his strength and threw them in. He then took portions of the earthen core of the Long Wall and proceeded to bury them. As the earth fell away a great surprise awaited him—a door, on which was an inscription: 'In the third year of Tang Tsao,[1] the ninth

[1] We cannot find this name among the emperors or their year-titles. The

moon, a lucky day.' . . . Then Liu Chi saw the golden grain, stored eight hundred years before by a wealthy man, who purchased it for only three *cash* a bushel. Then Liu Chi, remembering the ancient saying, 'The grain of Liang Chow is good for one thousand years,' held the mouth-to-mouth saying true. The reason for hiding the grain was this. A tribe of barbarians outside the Long Wall were dangerous and the wise, wealthy man was providing against a surprise.

"In the spring Liu Chi distributed the grain. It was planted and yielded heavily and the famine was over."

All because Liu Chi liked his Ma! The thread follows the needle.

Ninghia, Second Day after To-morrow.

My dear Young Lady of the West!

The salutation is admirable. Once upon a time there lived a Chinese "Royal Lady of the West" (we are in the "West" now.) She grew peaches in her garden that ripened once in three thousand years, and conferred immortality upon those who ate them. Please raise peaches!

This letter finds itself growing in the Lucky Public Inn. Which is lucky, the inn or the public—who do not stop there? As early as the fifth century B.C. an innkeeper, by the name of Ch'in, received a communication from an old customer who presented him with a mysterious drug, of which he was to take a dose every

tenth year of T'ung Chih is 1871, 800 years before this takes us to the reign of Shên Tsung of the Sung dynasty.

porting! The work now being done is admirable,[1] and the Lone Lady is waiting for companions to assist her.

We met a big rug manufacturer, who was a poor man when he came to the Lone Lady for medicine to kill the desire for "foreign smoke." He was cured and ever



Double-pig—Head at each end of the body—brings famine. Need a wall to keep them out.

since has prospered, until now he employs many persons in the making of beautiful rugs. A sugar loaf is sweet on all sides, and Christianity benefits the whole man in his relations.

Before continuing our journey we called to bid the Lone Lady good-bye. As always, so then her old people were with her. We urged her away for a rest. She replied, "The Lord will lead!" She believes it. We lifted our hats and said: "Lone Lady of the Quiet Summer, fare thee well!"

And now, Young Lady of the Noisy Winter, fare thee well!

[1] The following figures of the total distribution of the Bible in China, which have been collected with great care, may be given here: Total circulation of Scriptures to the end of 1907, 35,799,672.



The Great Wall of China — Photo by W. M. Belcher

One of the two large Pagodas of Liangchow, Kansu. This beautiful bit of scenery is immediately in front of the Buddhist Convent of Nuns



CHAPTER XII

Genghis Khan, the Red Raider, who passed through the Great Wall at Ninghia

> Soon at the head of myriads, blind and fierce
> As hooded falcons, through the universe
> I'll sweep my darkening desolating way,
> Weak man my instrument, curst man my prey.

Among the mighty Mongol men bloody Temujin, Genghis Khan, was first but not last. After Genghis the Marauder came Kublai the Civilizer. These two complicated, convulsive characters were to the Mongols what Pike's Peak and Long's Peak are to the Rocky Mountain lovers, most distinctly seen and longest on the receding landscape. In the whole range and plain of Mongol history there are not other two such cragful, strong, and bloody[1] leaders of the men of Mongolia as Genghis and Kublai: great Khans of the East. But Kublai, however interesting and important in himself, with the Great Wall has little to do; we pay our respects to him and bow him out. Genghis, forward!

At times regarded by friend and foe as supernatural, the words of Genghis Khan wrought like magic and his presence was as potent as a legion of loyal bowmen. He shed a lake of human blood—crimson lake; he had what Horace called "gigantic boldness,"—and what

[1] Kublai was, comparatively speaking, a mild and temperate ruler—wonderfully so for a grandson of Genghis.

evil tendency did he not possess? This Mongol monster massacred millions of men and stands to-day the greatest slayer or wholesale murderer of human history.

A man of elemental fury, violent and savage beyond the sweep of twentieth century imagination, he let slip such dogs of war as never before or since have barked to battle. His thought by day and dream by night was personal power. He massed his mounted headmen, and with terrible impetuosity and irresistible charge destroyed any tribes or peoples who dared resist him. His bloody career did not end until he had ruthlessly slain as many people as now live in all New England, New York and Pennsylvania. Of human blood he shed 23,000,000 gallons—enough, if pumped into the mains and pipes of New Orleans, to supply that city for twenty-four hours; if poured into the channel of Niagara it would require fifteen seconds, as a crimson cataract, to pass the falls. He let enough human gore to float the largest modern battleship. And while he did not spill sufficient blood to paint the planet red he approached that feat more nearly than any other one of the sons of men.

Genghis Khan was a masterful man whose sagacity concentrated into a supreme selfishness. Nothing found in the course of his progress was too sacred for vigorous and even violent demolition. In comparison with Genghis Khan, the faithless, bloody Napoleon was a saint.

But Genghis was more than a human revolver, he was an epoch! To get the date of bloody Genghis Khan, set back the time lock to 1162. As you swing



The Great Wall of China

Photo by Dr. Geil

At the famous Loma Pass in the Great Wall. Fortified Camp in the Pass itself. Near Tsunhwachow

their gloomy views of life, only brightened by the influence of wine and women. One of his stanzas is unconsciously prophetic of Genghis Khan:

> Ah, Love, could you and I with Fate conspire
> To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
> Would we not shatter it to bits, and then
> Remould it nearer to the heart's desire?

To the northeast lies a great empire of the Khorasmians with such mighty cities as Bokhara and Samarcand. This, too, is ruled by Muslims, one king bearing the picturesque name of Aladdin, though this has been softened and Gallicized from his religious title of Allah-ed din-Muhammed. This "Faithful Servant of God" has extended his power from the borders of Syria to the Indus, and from the Persian gulf northwards to the Jaxartes, flowing into the Aral Sea.

Farther to the east is Hindostan, where also the Muslims are rooting themselves under Mahmud of Ghazni. Here the beliefs of the people are being molded anew by the teachings of Ramanand, bringing from the Christians of Cochin a doctrine of faith destined to raise the religion of the natives and teach them not to fear their gods, but to love and heartily obey. Up the Himalayan slopes in the mysterious mountain land of Tibet, the Buddhist monks are taking over the externals of worship from the Christian church of St. Thomas, which has outposts all through mid-Asia. And within the flowery land of the central kingdom of China, the Taoists are manufacturing pills for immortality.

In the great sweep of Asia between China, India, Persia and Russia, of civilization there is little. Here rove hordes of hardy horsemen, called indifferently Tatars or Mongols. Of these "Tahtars" the Chinese stand in fear.[1]

Fortunately for the Mongols, the devitalizing comforts met in Cathay,—as China was called after the Khitai—were not transported out into the wilds. There the herds of horses constitute all wealth; food, fuel, clothes and homes, all come from the animals. The milk of the mares is fermented into kumiss, the staple beverage; the dung of the herd provides warmth; the hides and hair are turned into leather and felt for clothes and tents.

Just as a thousand years earlier the rich Roman empire attracted the hunger and greed of the tempestuous Teutons, who rushed at the Roman walls and tried to burst into the fertile fields behind; so the wild, warlike Tatars are always ready to follow any great leader and precipitate themselves with terrific fury on the nearest prey.

The Christian Patriarch of Babylon in his uneasy seat at Baghdad had not been forgetful of these wan-

[1] Central Asia was the home of two great allied races, the Turks and the Mongols. Distant cousins, the Finns, Lapps, and Hungarians, had migrated to Europe already, where they still remain as undigested morsels. The Turks were pressing westward by a more southerly route. The Mongols had not yet risen to great eminence, though the Chinese had experienced the ravages of a particular tribe, which they called Ta-ta or Tahtar. The Chinese name for the Mongols is Mêng-ku. "Tartar" became the general name for all the nomadic tribes, embracing on the one hand the Huns, Turks, Ouigours and Mongols, and on the other the Khitans, Tunguses, Nü-chêns, from whom the Manchus are descended.

derers. Frequent embassies had gone forth from Persia into the Mongol wilds. One visited the Uigurs, and reduced their uncouth language to writing. The Keraits had been won to the gospel, and their picturesque prince was of sufficient force for his fame to filter into Europe, where he gave rise to the myth of Prester John. All the savage Tatar tribes had a vague belief in one god, but many worshiped with idols, made, like much else, of felted hair.

Such is the scene of our story. Now for the *dramatis personae*. The metropolis of Mongolia was Karakoram, about two hundred and fifty miles south of the modern Irkutsk. Here dwelt the real Prester John, known locally as Wang Khan, ruling over the Black Tatars, Kara Khitai. These included a clan of some forty thousand families, infesting the district between the Amur and the Great Wall of China, governed by a chief called Yezonkai Behadr, "The Ninth Hero."

The ancestry of Yezonkai is vague, but there are two notable touches of genius in the pedigree prepared by their Royal College of Heralds for his descendants; apparently in Asia long ago, just as in London to-day, a genealogy can be faked for any one with sufficient dollars. According to these George Washingtons, a certain Budantar, eight generations back, was the offspring of a widow unassisted by any mate. And the poets, who are always licensed to draw on their imagination, make the ultimate father of the tribe a great blue wolf: this beats Romulus and Remus fairly out of court.

It is not necessary to swear an affidavit that these

stories are believed before the reader may proceed farther. But he is entitled and requested to accept the statement that in 1162 Yezonkai became the happy father of baby Temujin.[1] He was born on the shore of the river Amur, immediately after a bloody battle, and with clotted blood in his hand, the son of a stolen woman.

It is customary in out-of-the-way parts for fairies to come to a birth festival, and the nearest that could be done here was to produce an astrologer, who called himself Son of Heaven, and won the heart of the happy sire by predicting that the new arrival should become a great warrior and have a wonderful career. This was a safe sort of promise, for the most sanguine would not prophesy beauty for a Tatar, and academic distinctions were not valued in those parts; besides, some twenty years might reasonably elapse before any fulfilment could be demanded, and in a score of years there was ample time to hedge, or to escape. As a matter of fact, the magician priest soon died and his son was appointed to train the lad, and did it on the most approved lines of physical exercise and athletics. Marvelous tales are related of his boyhood days. The future Genghis Khan by nine years of age was a daring, dashing youngster who could ride a rapid horse without using the reins

[1] Temujin, or the Emperor Genghis Khan, had four sons of importance: Yughi, who rode in a pie (whose son Baku ravaged half Europe), Jagatai, Agotai, the second emperor (whose son Kuyuk became third emperor), and Tuli. Tuli had three sons to be reckoned with, Mangu the fourth emperor, Kublai the fifth emperor, who transmitted the power to his children, and Hulaku the conqueror of Baghdad. The five emperors ruled during the thirteenth century.

and shoot arrows before, behind, to the right and to the left. He also had visions. "Temujin dreamed one night that his arms grew out to a prodigious length, and that he took a sword in each of them, and stretched them out to see how far they would reach, pointing one eastward, the other westward. In the morning he related this dream to his ambitious mother. She interpreted it to him that he was to become a great conqueror, whose exploits history would record."

So precocious was he, that at the age of thirteen the future king of kings took a wife, and in two years accumulated a pair of children. Heavier responsibilities were soon thrust on him. His father quarreled with neighboring tribes behind the Great Wall and was captured. He escaped, but soon died. He died of poison and a civil war followed. Confronted by a condition rather than a theory, the likely lad of fourteen proved himself a wise general, defeated the rebels and was acclaimed supreme chief. On the strength of this promotion, bloody Temujin invested in a second wife. While he was absent asserting his authority, the beautiful bride was carried off to Karakoram and handed over to Wang Khan. The young chief Temujin, returning from his furious foray, sent for his new wife, who was promptly expressed to him. On the way she gave birth to a wee laddie, and as cradles were scarce they made a mass of dough and embedded the little morsel, so that he should be saved from the jolts of the journey in the cart. The chief welcomed the youngster in the pie and decided that being thus early invested with the dough, he must be well bred.

It was perhaps on this occasion that the poet laureate produced the following effusion, of which a distorted version is current in western lands:

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
A fat little Tartar boy
Made up into a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The boy began to sing;
Was not that a funny dish
To bring to Temujin?

But though he illustrated his manly prowess, bloody Temujin's youth proved still a difficulty, and he at last handed over the management of the tribe to his uncle and his mother, starting off himself with an escort of six thousand warriors and desperadoes for the court of his suzerain. With him the bonds of friendship were tightened by adding to the wives a daughter of Wang Khan, to the great annoyance of another chief, who wanted her. The disappointed suitor hatched a conspiracy to get rid of the upstart and of the ungrateful king. In the true oriental fashion, of which we get a glimpse in Abraham's proceedings, the plotters slew a horse, an ox and a dog, and imprecated on themselves a death of like fashion should they be untrue to their engagements.

At first the scheme succeeded, the capital was taken, and the king put to flight. But the genius of the bloody chief Temujin cast a spell over his followers,

and little by little the cunning conspirators were overcome in battle and out-maneuvered in counsel.

When the lad had reached the age of twenty-two danger seemed over. To celebrate the peace, a pair of marriages was arranged; a boy of the chief wedded a daughter of the king, and a girl of the chief wedded a son of the king. The boy and the girl could not be more than nine years old, while the daughter and the son were older than their father-in-law.

It would appear also that the rules of the Church were neglected on this occasion. Wife number three became sister-in-law to her stepson and her stepdaughter; the young hero became brother-in-law to his son-in-law and his daughter-in-law, his daughter and his son; and various other interesting consequences follow which can be worked out at leisure by the inquiring mind.

Family jars are notorious, and it was after these complicated matrimonial alliances and a gift of jars of mare's milk that the two fathers fell out. Wang Khan decided to crush the rising chief, but his plans were betrayed. Temujin fiercely fought two great battles, smote down all his enemies and made himself undisputed ruler in the northeast. Temujin marked the victory by mounting the skull of Wang Khan in silver and using it as a drinking cup.

At Karakoram bloody Temujin now proceeded to organize his government and his army. Such discipline as he introduced was new to the Tatars, with companies, regiments and brigades, all subjected to regular drill, which gave the legions terrible efficiency; military

forts and roads were constructed by labor; army supplies were stored up. It was decreed that the people should labor one day a week on public works such as roads, fortifications, canals, *et cetera*. Then came codes of law, division into provinces, establishment of a postal service and the machinery of civil government. And when all the new constitution had been outlined, a great Constitutional Convention was summoned to ratify and to elect the first king. No American ring could better hocus-pocus the people into thinking that they were free to elect, and that no machine would dictate to them.

Of course, there was only one nomination, and by acclamation bloody Temujin was installed. Out stepped a hoary old priest, claiming to be inspired, and declared that he was commissioned by Allah to predict that the new ruler should quickly conquer the world and found an everlasting empire. In token of this he hailed Temujin by the Chinese title of Ch'êng-shih, Perfect Warrior, while all the princes came and paid homage. His Mongol title from now on was Genghis (Mighty) Khan, signifying King of Kings. This "great merger of interests" occurred about 1206, a few years before the English barons made John sign the charter; the hero was now in the prime of life, some 44 years old; at the height of his wisdom he issued an edict commanding all to believe in one supreme God.

As Genghis entered on active life at the age of 13, his school days had been short; and it will not be surprising under the circumstances that spelling was not

a strong point with him. So if any reference is found to Genghis, Gengis, Zengis or Jinghiz Khan, it will be understood that the same gentleman is intended. After all, did not Shakespeare pass under various aliases, to say nothing of epithets such as the Bard of Avon and Divine William?

Speaking of spelling: the Uigur Tatars had been converted to Christianity and had their own version of the Bible. Such civilization in the way of letters as Genghis ever acquired, came to him from them.

In the midst of the lake of blood he was fast forming Genghis Khan had time for else. The "King of Kings," a genius in both war and religion, established a custom later adopted by the Mormons, that of marrying for the dead, or even marrying the dead. Two families having no living offspring, but desiring to be made legally one, could do so by marrying the dead son of one family to the dead daughter of the other. Genghis Khan, who claimed to exercise authority in both worlds, declared the wedding ceremony solemnized by the parents binding in the Land of the Spirits!

First bloody Genghis investigated Cathay, and this proved, as ever, an inviting prey to human vulture. He overcame all difficulties, passed the Great Wall, and overran China. But even Napoleon at Moscow found it easier to defeat armies and capture cities, than to hold the people permanently in subjection, or even to secure an honorable peace. If the European powers learned this early in the century at Peking, Genghis Khan had some experience at the same place.

Three great hordes swept in over the Tatar half

A royal minister will not serve two dynastic kings,
nor a virtuous woman wear two wedding rings.

of China, crushing all resistance, nor did Genghis himself stop till he had crossed Shantung past Wei-hai-wei, and halted where in after days the German archangel should withdraw his mailed fist from the beehive of Kiao-chao. Twice was this operation repeated, and on the second occasion the few cities which held out at first were captured. But gory Genghis had no thought of establishing himself within the Great Wall, nor even of placing a vassal king to pay him tribute. Instead of a yearly dish of golden eggs, he preferred one gorging meal on roast goose, and so ravaged without discrimination. Then he withdrew to his own elevated plains away in the heart of the continent, with a pair of Chinese princesses and a few hundred girls for himself, besides abundant plunder for his army.

Flowing back, obedient to the call "Westward, Ho!" he dealt with some mutinous tribes near the headwaters of the Yenisei, and looked around for additional adventures. In those days there was no Captain Mahan to point out the advantage of sea power, but the rulers of Siberia have often felt instinctively the need of an outlet to the south and its warmer climes. Now, after many revolutions, the chief potentate in these parts was Sultan Aladdin. He had quarreled with the Muslim pope, Nasir the caliph of Baghdad, and set up an opposition candidate. The caliphs were both spiritual and temporal dignitaries, like the famous prince-bishop immortalized in the Ingoldsby legends; and cursing having failed, they tried ordinary negotiations. These were contemptuously rejected, and then the caliph sent

an invitation to Genghis Khan to come and deliver him.

Nothing could have suited him better than a request to crush a state which reached right down to the warm shores of the Persian Gulf. A pretext was not hard to find; the families of Mongol merchants who were murdered across the border, were pleasantly surprised to find how earnestly their grievance was taken up.

An embassy was dispatched to seek redress, but Sultan Aladdin in an unlucky hour had read about David and Hanun, the son of Nahash, without drawing the correct moral. He clipped the head off the chief ambassadors and the beards off the rest and sent them back in this undignified plight. Did the Roman envoys at Tarentum declare that the filth cast on their robes should be washed out in the best of Greek blood? So, too, did Genghis arise in wrath with his Tatar chivalry.

> As their coursers charged the wind
> And the white ox-tails streamed behind,
> They looked as if the steeds they rode
> Were winged, and every chief a god.

Yughi-who-rode-in-a-pie was put at the head of seven hundred thousand men, and sent to punish the sultan. The first great city he met was Bokhara, a famous Mohammedan center, where students flocked from all mid-Asia. It was girt around with a strong wall, and even the suburbs were defended by an outer rampart, the whole ten miles across. It took the Mongols nine months to force the outer defenses; and as no relief from without could rescue the doomed city, the garrison lost heart, and most stole away, receiving the

natural result of cowardice by being cut to pieces in the open. The citizens were ready to surrender but found a harsh conqueror. First by torture they were compelled to bring forth all their treasure; then they were driven out and the city burned.

Genghis Khan was a dazzling, dashing, fearless leader and merciless in the treatment of enemies.

On one occasion he captured a horde of foes and disposed of them by placing huge caldrons over fires, boiling the water and throwing in the chiefs of the vanquished army. As Nero fiddled while Rome burned, so while the victims scalded to death, the mighty, masterful Mongol looked on,—superior to the Roman in this that he made no glee, and Yughi-who-rode-in-a-pie was a chip off the old block.

So the onward march experienced no dull uniformity, except in the uniform success.

A stubborn resistance was met at Kojend on the Sur, which empties into the Aral Sea. King Timur had torn up the roads and wrecked the bridges, after filling the town with eatables. On the river he had a fleet of flat-bottomed boats armed with the best artillery. The general detached to assail the city, repaired roads and bridges, and then brought stones and timbers twelve miles to dam the river and hinder naval operations. Timur sent fireboats down and burned the dam, and with his garrison embarked on a new flotilla protected with clay against a counter attack by fire. Despite a check in some shallows, he escaped with his family; but the wretched town suffered the usual horrors. The

temper of the savage victor may be pictured by Feramorz:

> He sits in savage loneliness to brood
> Upon the coming night of blood,
> With that keen second scent of death
> By which the vulture snuffs his food
> In the still warm and living breath.

While such were the successes of the army detached under son Yughi-who-rode-in-a-pie, Genghis himself marched on Samarcand and the sultan. In the Arabian Nights the famous Aladdin was comparatively helpless and worthless, apart from the jinns of the ring and of the lamp. His namesake, the sultan, was no more eminent by himself, and though this city was a gem of the realm, he was content to send an army of a hundred thousand to defend it, but he did not go forth to head his troops and in person oppose his assailant. Genghis found that the town was Sebastopolized—defended by extemporized earthworks; but dissensions within the city led to the citizens surrendering, whereon he massacred all the garrison except a few who cut their way out with the governor.

At one of these sieges the people pleaded for a raising of the blockade, and Genghis Khan's general with grim humor promised to do so if they would send him ten thousand swallows and a thousand cats. They were not well versed in the story of Samson and his foxes, and sent out the creatures required. To their tails bunches of blazing tow were attached, and soon the town was in flames.

There is not much variety in the other sieges. Balkh,

Merv, Nishapur, all fell to the Tatar lot; the new Sultan Jalaluddin retreated and great battles were fought at Ghanzi, and on the Indus.

When the sultan saw that he was losing this latter fight, he mounted a fresh horse, leaped twenty feet off an embankment into the river, and swam to the other bank, to the admiration of Genghis Khan. Realizing, however, that "however magnificent, it was not war," he sent his best horsemen in pursuit. But the mad riders galloping through the night failed to capture the fugitive. Exhausted by the heat of the plains he gave all the northwest of India to be looted by the Mongols and returned to Ghazni. This had been the capital of a great Turkish kingdom for many centuries, so Genghis was residuary legatee of many monarchs. He may have passed through the famous gates to which the legend attached that when they were removed the power of the state would collapse. But, unlike Lord Ellenborough, he destroyed the state first and left the gates alone. While resting, he heard that Herat, which had quietly surrendered, had now revolted. He sent an army which besieged it half a year; then was inaugurated a week of horror, when one million six hundred thousand people were massacred within its walls.

A detached army was climbing the Caucasus, striking terror into the head of Europe. "Who are these new enemies?" "Tatars," was the reply. And when Europe heard of their deviltry, they declared that they were well named "Tartars," from Tartarus the ancient hell.

And this jesting perversion has set the fashion for our spelling their name.

It were wearisome to recount more horrors; an estimate of eighteen and one half millions of people has been made, put to death by this human centipede, in his carnival of carnage. The crimson lake of Genghis Khan was nearly full of human blood!

The days drew near that Genghis, too, must die. Like Herod of old, he decided that there ought to be mourning at his death, if not for it. And so as the procession moved to his ancestral home, every one met was killed. The time and manner of his death are unknown, but the tomb has lately been discovered. An oblong court incloses two circular felt tents, still guarded by his descendants. Here they kept three festivals yearly, the greatest being on the twenty-first day of the third lunar month. Then a man of a family which once insulted Genghiz is buried up to the armpits for three days and left without food or drink.

His power did not die with him. The sons agreed to act in concert, and north China soon fell into their power. Thus the Mongols ruled from the Pacific to the Danube. And if their power in China has since shrunk, the family of Genghis still retains the peculiar privilege of riding into the Chinese palace and claiming a princess as wife.

The red reign of Genghis was destructive. He was a cold, ambitious, venomous human monster. But two great results followed, the transplanting the civilization of China to the barbarians of Europe and the spread of Christianity from Baghdad over all the Mon-

gol dominions. It was during the thirteenth century that through the Mongols, Europe learned the use of the mariner's compass, of gunpowder, of paper money, of playing cards, of block printing,—all of them of ancient use in China. And on the other hand the "Patriarch of Babylon," head of the Christians of Saint Thomas, sent forth his missionaries throughout the new empire, and planted churches everywhere. At one time it seemed as if the Golden Horde and other divisions of the Tatars would join with Louis of France and Edward of England in crushing Islam. But then arose another ravager, Timur, who repeated the awful tale of devastation. And when the storm died, it was Islam that remained, and Christianity had been uprooted. And for Asiatic civilization in general—

> Where the Tartar hoof hath trod,
> The verdure flies the bloody sod.

CHAPTER XIII

The Desert Loop: Kansu

In our journey from the sea to the mountains of Tibet we have followed various loops or inverted bows of the Great Wall. Looking at the map one is struck by the resemblance of the line of the Wall to three stupendous festoons. First in the mountains, second in the loess, and now in the desert. This interesting portion of the Great Wall reaches from Ninghia via Tapa Ying to Liangchow. It is a curious instance of the strong local feeling here that the people do not speak of the Ten-thousand-*li* Wall, but call it only the Eight-hundred-*li* Wall.

While muling along on a level road, following the ruined boundary line, a sturdy blacksmith fell in with us. We lost no time in plying him with questions. "Chin," said he, "did not finish the Great Wall; the reason was that he lost his whip, his magic whip; the great misfortune fell in this wise. The emperor treated the common people with great cruelty. This worked upon the mind of a charming young daughter of a master workman. Chin took a fancy to the beautiful girl, and wanted to marry her, to which she objected, because she sympathized with the poor overburdened workmen on the Wall; she avoided matrimony by committing suicide. On arrival in the lower regions, the Dragon King inquired how the Great Wall was getting

on, when she up and told him how the mighty monarch with his wonderful whip was erecting the masonry. Nor did she stop with furnishing the news, but fell upon her knees and begged the Lord of Perdition to pity her people and to send up some spirit who should prevent further cruelty. The Dragon King ordered his own wife, a crafty and charming woman, to make her way to the earth, win the emperor's affections and marry him. She was to wait an auspicious moment, and then make off with the wonderful whip. The female devil played her part well, stole the whip, and that is the reason Chin never finished the Wall." The honest smith ceased his tale.

In coming from Ninghiafu to Ta Pa Ying, the road is level and good enough for a bicycle. A wire which parallels the Wall speaks of the present, as the masonry of the past. The modern will quickly pronounce which of the two may best be relied on to protect the empire. The wire was being used not only for messages but also for birds. Never have we seen so many birds in a straight line. The feathered folk rested on the wire for several *li* so closely together that the metal took a deep sag.

As numerous as the birds above were the frogs below. Millions of frogs—the number is purely an estimate, but there was a sufficient number of them to cover the face of the land. They were of one size, as if hatched out on a lucky day by some mammoth frog incubator. We do not say that the hatching was by artificial means, and conducted by the great frog medicine concern that

u e Liangchow famous. The mystery remains
xpl ned, but my friend John Gwadey, Esquire,
o, curiously enough, popped up away out here in the
rt, just when he was wanted, repeats an ancient
nd which declares that Chin had a huge frog, ob-
ed when he visited America. It was a rain-making
evidently the forerunner of the Yankee rain-
ng machinery. The Kangaroo rat, which grew
hind legs, so it could jump the Wall, is called by
atives "the son of a jump." We wonder what the
is called. Gwadey goes on to say that all the
ple hereabouts believe the moon story about Chin
st. Chin was sleeping on a costly rug. It was
n the darkness of the night was densest that he had
l-stirring dream. His soul made a journey to the
n while his body remained on the earth. While on
that lunar orb the bodyless Chin looked about him and
then down on the far-off planet where he had left his
body. From that distance his kingdom was as small
as a dot. Then and there it was that Chin took the
idea of building the Great Wall, and in the midst of
the moonshine he decided to construct a boundary line
round his kingdom that it might become as one family.
The soul of Chin traveled from the moon to the earth,
took on again its body, drafted men, put them to work,
and intended to construct the Big Barrier so as to in-
close an area vastly larger than the kingdom that it
might thus be encouraged to grow.

The moon legend suggests the reason why Chin built
the Wall. There are other reasons. The Great Wall is
the southern boundary of the Gobi desert—the soul-

appalling desert. We asked the question, "Why is the Gobi desert?" The answer more properly belongs to the geologist than the geographer. And yet, as we look at the sands of Mongolia the problem of aridity presents itself, and we wonder if they were deposited by wind action or precipitated by water. The evaporation here is very much in excess of the precipitation, so that the limit of the desert has been much extended during this present geological age, i.e. the post-glacial period. In historic times lakes have become in Central Asia terrible deserts.

Desiccation continues. The most depressed sheet of water in the world is the Dead Sea. But here is lofty dead land. This region is in process of being dried. When a shovel goes down below the yellow, level, moistless surface it is soon wet. There is a wet desert under the dry desert. Shave off the top of the plateau and you will have a lofty plain containing a damp desert. But it is not our purpose to discuss scientifically the origin and development of the Gobi. We should like to write the biography of a grain of sand, and tell how a bit of rock requires a journey of thirty-five hundred miles in order to be rounded into a grain of sand. We should like to speak of the hardness of sand, and its ability to liberate oxygen and make sparks; of its weight; that gold-bearing sand is the heaviest, and gold is the only precious metal found in sand. Silver and copper are never found in sand; hence the ancients at Sardis had the River of the Golden Sand. There are as many different colors of sand as of rice. White

sand, like that covering the graves of the Friendly Islanders under the southern cross; black sand, into which the metal is cast; yellow sand and red sand, and the sand in human character. It would be interesting to speak about the uses of sand,—to measure time; to make glass and sandpaper; to furnish resistance either for a locomotive or a cannon ball; to mix in mortar or in sugar.

A canary requires an ounce of sand per month in order to sing sweetly. Sand produces the feathered songster's ability to issue liquid notes on the desert air. The desert also seems to make men mad. Why is it that people go crazy on the great waste places of the earth? Many desert dwellers descend into madness and become violent; solitude is more than many can endure. Here is the reason for people in civilization huddling together in tenement houses, flats and fashionable mansions, being unable to control their own mental movements. While it is true that on the vast sand plain there are no sky-scrapers, no trams or other earth-scrapers, no scramble to reach the top and annex it, one is in a free land, which nobody owns and nobody wants to, and there is no sign, "Keep off the sand"; the very freedom endangers the sanity of the mind. If the Gobi is bad enough to give a camel two humps, it is not surprising that the desert should be considered the birthplace of demons. Witness a bit of Gibbon:

> "A fabulous origin was assigned, worthy of their form and manners, that the Witches of Scythia, who, for their foul and deadly practices, had been driven from society, had copulated in the desert with the Infernal Spirit; and

There is nothing difficult under heaven, if men will only do it.

that the Huns were the offspring of this execrable conjunction. The tale, so full of horror and absurdity, was greedily embraced by the credulous hatred of the Goths."

Chin had an astute mind, and may it not be that the Great Wall was constructed for the purpose of preventing the devils of the desert entering the Central Kingdom? The English traveler, Atkinson, called these steppes "the cradle of invasions." The longer we follow this Great Barrier the more are we led to believe that it was intended to be a materialized dragon stretched along the entire northern boundary of the empire to protect it from demons and devilized human beings. This stupendous structure may be considered the incarnation of the supreme religious idea controlling the motives of Chin.

At Ta Pa Ying is the first wet engineering feat, conspicuous and important on the line of the Long Wall. It is a large and ancient irrigating scheme. During the day and a half of our investigation we copied a large housed tablet telling of the repairing of the canals, locks and bridges of the system. We recollect that the engineering feats of the sons of Chin, omitting roads and bridges, are classified under three heads, and the most conspicuous representatives of these three heads are the Great Wall, the Grand Canal, called "River of Flood Gates," and the irrigating plant. The Yankee Department of Commerce and Labor, a prompt and useful bureau, issued recently a pamphlet from *The Summary of Commerce and Finance for January,*

1905, under the title of "The Great Canals of the World." We sent for a copy of this pamphlet, expecting to find considerable reference to the Grand Canal of China. Imagine our surprise to find the world's greatest canal not even mentioned, except briefly at the tail end. "The Great Canals of the World" mentions such pigmy affairs as the Suez, the Kaiser Wilhelm, and some Canadian cut creeks, and a few Yankee ditches like the Erie Canal. Shade of George Washington, the great canals of the world!

Look at the Grand Canal of the Chinese, built by the Tartars and constructed on the two fundamental principles of political economy: the easy production of wealth, and its easy distribution. Here we find both ends attained by the same construction. Even apart from the transportation, the Chinese have been remarkably clever at appreciating the importance of irrigation. In the third century B.C. the plain of Ch'êngtu, once a mere stretch of boulders, was changed over nearly three thousand square miles into splendid agricultural land, now producing five crops a year. Here at Ta Pa Ying, next to the Shêntu Plain, is the best place for studying their irrigating system.

Here follows a translation of the inscription on the large slab monument at Ta Pa Ying, province of Kansu, dealing with irrigation near the Great Wall of China:

> "I, the Emperor, since ascending the imperial throne, have spared no pains in seeking the welfare of my poor people, even putting on my clothes in the evening and eating my food at night. Because the source of food and clothing for the people is convenient water, in the fourth



Tower, Three Canal Bend, Opening Light Bridge. As the body of the canal was narrow, and the lips much silted up, it was divided into three contracts. There seems to have been a great deal of difficulty with the tail of the canal, but this was remedied by the engineer. There were seventeen bridges in all, and at the new tail of the canal two new bridges were constructed for the passage of the comers and goers. The places tending to silt up were examined, and twelve pieces of stone buried at the bottom caused the water to flow more swiftly.

"On the fourteenth sun of the fourth moon the work of completing the channel was finished. All are deeply touched as they look up at the immeasurably loving intentions of the Emperor on behalf of his people, and at his using his utmost strength in carrying them out. There was not one who was not pleased with all the officials, large and small, at Ninghia; they beat drums and danced without end. Ninghia contributed materials costing eighteen thousand ounces of gold. From the opening of the work to the setting free of the water there were fifty-three days, and the people did not feel the work heavy. After the great work was finished, the irrigation system presented a new aspect. The water flowed smoothly, and the lands, whether high or low, all felt the benefit of abundant moisture.

"The ten thousand names rise up in their joy, and the multitude sing songs!

"Date. Ninth year of Yung Chêng, being the year Hsin Hai, in the fifth moon, on a lucky day, this stone was erected."

On the walls were various sentences inscribed by travelers. As a sample there was this:

"The suns and the moons change and depart,
Men are born for a few dots of time,
They meet with wealth and forget justice;
What will their future be?
When their evil is strung together to the full,
They will transmigrate and become donkeys."

Another traveler, who may have had an experience with an innkeeper, wrote:

"The men on this earth are no good."

The Great Wall is in ruins, but large and conspicuous, even where the decrepitude of old age appears, the circumvallation of China excites admiration. Immediately we passed beyond the influence of the irrigating system the desert was entered. At Chungwei the Great Wall branches, one line crossing the Yellow River and passing southward to Lanchow, while the other, along which our caravan proceeded, ran a westward course toward the ultimate gate of China.

Had we elected to follow the rampart as it wound on toward the south, the caravan must have passed the valley in which is nestled the small village of Ts'in-huang Chuan, which name means "King Chin's stream." Named in honor of the First Emperor, the locals say, some of his descendants have for generations lived there; indeed, the natives claim that Chin's ancestors dwelt where they now live. This we cannot accept as more than legend.

Aside from its association, at least by name, with the Great Wall builder the place is interesting because of the depth of the wells, which are said to be over four



The Great Wall of China — Photo by Dr. Geil

The Great Wall at the Shwelkwan Pass. Notice the extraordinary curve in the masonry and admire the grit and skill of the men who planned and built

people dare not open the north gate lest the dead lama destroy the city with fire."

These saffron-vested monks are quite an ingredient in the population here. Some people think that the Chinese encourage Buddhism among the dwellers in this desert land; for if the people largely turn lamas, and remain bachelors, the population must be kept down, below the danger point.

Despite the optimist views of Black Dog, we pushed on past forsaken villages and deserted towns, one of which testified in its name to the progressive civilization in these parts, the "Dry Son of a Dyke." It was a relief when we sighted the city of Liangchow and entered its gateway.

In a period of rest after this toilsome march, came an opportunity for clarifying ideas on the topic of the walls we had passed. On the map the Wall looks indeed like three great festoons, but there are some odd tassels as well; about these we made diligent inquiry. While our concern is chiefly with the original Wall of Chin, and with the final defenses of the Mings, yet we gathered up many fragments of story as to other walls, a trifle earlier or in between. From the official records we glean these translations:

The beginnings of the Long Rampart were about the time of the contending states[1] when the well-and-fields method of dividing land had fallen into disuse,

[1] The period of the contending states is variously given as 403 or 481-256 B.C. By others it is limited to the years immediately following, 255-221 B.C.

and when chariots were abolished and cavalry substituted. Ch'i Ming-wang constructed a defense in the form of a Long Rampart from north of the Tsi River (Kwoh Lu) to the eastern sea.

Also the records of Mount T'ai state that from Mount T'ai west there was a Long Embankment along the Yellow River past Mount T'ai to Lang Ya (Ts'in-chow Fu). This is the Long Rampart of Tsi.

The state of Wei also built a Long Rampart from the Chên to the Loh, because of the large city on the north. Therefore Su Ch'in said to Wei Hsiang Wang, "on the west is the boundary of a Long Rampart." This is the Long Rampart of Wei.

The annals of Han (continued) state that in Chuen Hsien, Honan, there was a Long Rampart passing Wu Yang to Mih. This is the Long Rampart of Han.

The "Water Classic" says that from the east boundary there was an ancient Rampart on the south and north several hundred *li*, called by some the Square Rampart, by others the Long Rampart. The annals of the Prefectural State also say that Sheh Hsien has a Long Rampart and a Square Rampart. This is the Long Rampart of Ts'u.

In the sixth year of Chao Chên Hou the people of Chung San constructed a Long Rampart. Shu Hou in the seventh year also did the same. These are the Long Ramparts of Chao and Chung San. From this it may be seen that the Long Ramparts of China were not confined to the northern frontier.

That on the north from Tsao Yang to Siang Ping was the Long Rampart of Yen. Hsüan, dowager of

Ch'in, commanded I Chu to seize Lung Hsi (Kansu), Shang Chün and other places, and built a Long Rampart to keep out the Hu (Mongols). This is the beginning of the Long Rampart of Ch'in. Afterwards The Only First (Chin) united the Six States and sent Mêng T'ien with a hundred thousand men to fight the northern Mongols; he took the country south of the Yellow River, making the river a boundary. Through more than forty Hsien (magistracies) from Kiu Yüen to Yün Yang was this Rampart constructed by cutting through the streams and following along the hills from Ling Tiao to Liao Tung "ten thousand *li* and a remnant." This is the Long Rampart of Chin, who united all under heaven (China).

Afterwards Han Wu-ti (140 B.C.) sent Wei Ch'ing and others to fight the Hsiung-nu or Huns. He built on the north and put in repair the old-time Boundary of Chin along the river for security. Others there were like Wei Yüan ti who built a Long Rampart from Chang Chuen south to Chih Chên, east to Wu Yüen, more than five thousand *li*.

Ch'i Hsüan-ti (550 A.D.) began to build a Long Rampart from Hwang Lu Pass north to Sie Ping, more than four hundred *li*.

Chou Hsüan-ti (578 A.D.) sent people from all the Chou cities of Shantung to repair the Long Rampart, and erected towers west to Yen Men (Wild Goose Gate), east to Hsieh Shih.

Sui Wên-ti sent Tsui Chung-fang with thirty thousand men to the north.

Ling Wu ordered the board of farmers to make a Long Rampart east to the Yellow River, west to Sui Chow, south to Poh Chu Pass, winding seven hundred *li*, built by "ten times ten thousand and a remnant men."

Then under the Ming dynasty the process was repeated. In the ninth year of Chang Wa, Yü governor of Yen Sui built an addition from Ts'ingshui Ying westward to Hwame Chih, one thousand seven hundred and seventy *li*, called the East Long Wall. In the seventh year of Chia Ching, Governor Wang Chiung, of the Three Borders, built a new Wall from Hwama Chih westward to Hêng Chên to the river border, establishing custom-houses to regulate the trade inside and outside; this was the New Long Wall. Twelve years later the governor of Tinghsia built a Wall from Hasan Shan to Ninwei Hsin, westward forty *li*; this was the West Long Wall. Another section to the north of Pinglo Hsien ten *li* to the mountain to Sand Lake, fifty *li*; called the North Long Wall.

There is also the Rampart, now mostly in ruins, which leaves the southern arm northeast of the Wut'ai Shan and stretches southward on the boundary line between Chihli and Shansi.

While, however, we gladly gather up and record all these fragments of information as to the repairs and the variations of line, we adhere to our determination to learn about the Great Wall of Chin, and to follow the Barrier Rampart of the Mings.

So, then, it will be seen that every dynasty had its Long Rampart broadening out in the time of Chin, and added to by Han and Sui. At present in Kansu may

The hairless lip in managing affairs is apt to slip.

be seen the old ruins of a frontier Wall (the Chinese character here differs from the one translated rampart in the original text). At Kaolan Pin, Fanku Lang boundary, they use it as a protection against the Sung Shan (pine hill people). In Kansu, Ninghai, it is for a defense against the Ho T'ao. It all was repaired in the Ming dynasty. Some building and repairs were completed in the beginning of this dynasty (Ch'ing). The Rampart separates the Mongol *barbaroi* from the sons of Han (Chinese).

If one considers this to be the Long Rampart of Chin, he is very much mistaken, because the Long Rampart of Chin begins at Ling Tiao—now Ming Chow. Said an old man, "Many of these foundations bequeathed to us cannot now be identified (or distinguished)."

We may safely say that the Chinese people have built, during the last twenty-two centuries, more than a dozen Great Walls! And that the masonry exhibited almost as many varieties of construction.

CHAPTER XIV

Chin Shih Hwangti: First Universal Emperor of China
Historico-Economic Study of China's Greatest Ruler

"A colossal soul: he lies vast abroad on his times, uncomprehended by them, and requires a long focal distance to be seen: suggests, as Aristotle, Bacon, Selden, Humboldt, that a certain vastness of learning, or quasi omnipresence of the human soul and in nature are possible." This estimate, if drawn up for another man, aptly describes our hero. He created an empire, he protected it with a Wall, he destroyed the classics. Let these achievements be looked at separately.

His great-grandfather was a chief with imperial blood in his veins a thousand years old. He fought his way to the head of a state which roughly covered the basin of the Yellow River, and established himself there in 255 B.C., dethroning the last Chou ruler and dissolving his empire into seven independent states. Chin's grandfather became a "guest in heaven" after a reign of three days, and was joined by his father in three years. Our hero came to the throne at the age of thirteen, in the year 246 B.C. Alexander of Macedon had been dead about eighty years, and the Asiatic part of his empire was now ruled from Antioch. Parthia was just establishing her independence; Asoka was patronizing Buddhism in India; far to the west the Romans and

Carthaginians were in their first grapple. That may help us to understand the time, but for all the influence they had on Chin, we might as well quote what the man in the moon was doing!

His career was much like that of William the Norman, on a larger theater. He found himself in youth at the head of a rebellious feudal state, and his first care was to consolidate it. He did away with all the dukes, marquises, counts and barons so far as their titles implied any territorial jurisdiction, and reduced the whole of his inheritance to an absolute dependence on himself. Indeed, he was even more thorough than William, for the latter could not avoid vassals in some form or other, but Chin made an end of the whole system. He divided up the whole unified state into prefectures, and sent a royal commission to take charge of each for a term of years or at his own pleasure, with no right either to be promoted to a different prefecture or to hand on the prefecture to his son. It is worth noticing that in Persia the same thing had been done three centuries before, with the same effect, breaking the power of too formidable vassals and concentrating the power into the royal hands. But Chin's areas were much larger, for while Ahasuerus or Xerxes "reigned from India even unto Ethiopia, over one hundred and twenty-seven provinces," Chin, when his dominions had grown to their full extent, only had thirty-six prefectures, and each would compare with a European state of the second rank.

For he not only reorganized his hereditary domain,

he looked southward, and warred on one petty state after another, till about a score had been annexed. What happened to their rulers is not always known; perhaps some ran away, some were killed, some accepted



Portrait of Chin shih Huang Ti, procured by Lionel Giles, M. A. from among illustrations in the Lung Chow Lieh Kuo, a well-known historical romance. Whether it conveys an accurate presentment of the Emperor's features we cannot say. There is some character in it.

honorary titles and cash and rank in the civil service. But Chin's realm grew like Louis XIV's, swallowing up everything to the south until he reached the ocean; from being a ruler only of one river basin, like the

Chous before his great-grandfather, he became lord of all the east of Asia. The China of to-day is the creation of Chin, and most deservedly has his name been given to it. He was thoroughly conscious of the novelty of his proceedings and in the spirit of the man who had no ancestors, but intended to be an ancestor, he assumed the title Shih Huang ti. The old title of king seemed too feeble now that he had dethroned all kings he could hear of, and abolished all duchies, marquisates, etc.; he assumed a new title. The principles of his rule were not those of the obsolete Chous, and he expressly repudiated their titles. This new departure may be dated 221 B.C. To mark his scorn for the Chous who had, like their predecessors, revered fire, seven, violet; he chose as his emblems water, six, and black. He was not their successor but a new beginning.

To unify the empire he proceeded to abolish many local customs; thus one system of weights and measures was introduced over the whole area. Even to-day the traveler by the oriental express across Europe finds these varying most perplexingly; but Chin did away with the old standards. To ascertain the resources of his dominions he had an elaborate inventory made, a doomsday book; then to make trade easier he caused great roads to be built, with smooth stones laid parallel at fixed distances apart- -a series of railways except that there were no flanges to the rails or to the wheels. The greatest of these radiated out for six hundred miles, a colossal enterprise even to-day; canals were laid out across country and everything was done

to make the new provinces realize that they were benefiting by the loss of their independence.

Such an empire demanded a new capital. Hebron was good enough for David, vassal of the Philistines over Judah, but when he governed all Israel he took Jerusalem and converted it into a federal capital. Chin chose what had been a petty capital of one of the northern states before his great-grandfather had founded his dynasty and laid out a new capital, known to-day as Hsienyang, in the province of Shensi. It was in the hereditary dominions, but well to the south, was on a river, but not on the capricious Hwang ho itself. Many miles long did he build it, with magnificent fortifications. Nothing like it had been seen in those parts, and it is very doubtful if he had heard of Nebuchadnezzar's plans for Babylon, which alone in Asia could compare. From the capital roads led out in every direction to link the most distant provinces direct with the emperor. Soon the palaces within the walls numbered over two hundred, while four hundred villas were in the suburbs. For such a capital a magnificent palace was inevitable, and it arose by the labor of half a million eunuchs. The entrance hall was five hundred paces by fifty and the upper story held ten thousand people and a remnant. This is clearly a round number. About the palace was a park, the gate of which was miles away on a mountain peak. Quite on the plan of Ahasuerus he sent out for all the most beautiful women of the empire and as they came provided each with a suite of rooms. These annexes were erected to form a map of the skies between the north star, Aquila and the milky way.

It is regrettable to say that Chin could not make up his mind to choose one Esther and keep to her; he never let it be known where he intended to spend the night, and so frustrated all plots that might build upon his hours of ease to take advantage of his being off guard.

Put all these things together, and we can tell what an outstanding man was Chin. If nothing else stood to his credit, we see that he welded a group of vassal states into one realm, that he conquered others and trebled the size of his dominions, that he so organized the whole as to create one empire which has for two thousand years been acknowledged as a unity. What other man in the world has done as much? But there are two special points about his doings, constructive and destructive; he built a Wall, he burned the classics.

For five hundred years before Chin the wild tribes of the desert had been a terror to the more settled people of the Yellow River basin. They were the Bedouin of the East, fierce and untamed, preying on the labors of the peaceable agriculturists. Such people are the despair of all civilized rulers abutting on deserts. They have compelled one ruler after another to embark on wars of self-defense which involved seeking out the marauders and punishing them in their own wide steppes, and which have led too often to annexation in spite of all wishes and promises to the contrary. The bounds of the Roman Empire thus widened, though ruler after ruler saw the risk of stretching too far; the Indian Empire has grown on every side in order to

control the border tribes who would raid, and could only be controlled by being annexed and disarmed; Egyptian rulers have been obliged to go into the Sudan and administer it; Russia has been compelled to flow steadily on into Asia; the United States have absorbed the Indian lands to keep the Indians quiet; it is the same story wherever civilization and thievery adjoin. Now the peculiarity of Chin is that he struck out a different line. Rather than flow out over all Asia, he decided how far he would go, and decided that the Tartars should not come this side of his line. On his line he built a Wall, and along the Wall he quartered an army in permanent garrison. He defined a clear and explicit Monroe doctrine for eastern Asia, and marked the boundaries with a visible token that the most dull of visitors could not fail to understand; nor did he rest his case on a reserve of moral force, but backed it with a grand display of available physical force. To say "Thus far and no farther" is easy, but Canute found the sea paid no heed; to build masonry to dam out the tide shows that the fiat is no empty boast; but in the last resort it is the men behind the masonry that will tell.

A Wall across half a continent! A wall from Philadelphia to Kansas City! A wall from Constantinople to Marseilles! Talk about the "long walls" of Athens, talk about the Thermopylæ—there is no comparison. Thermopylæ was a narrow pass with every advantage for its defenders, yet they were beaten in three days. Chin had to deal with a vast plain for hundreds of miles, yet he undertook to wall in a section and defend it; and

In days of plenty, think of days of poverty; don't wait till days of poverty to think of days of plenty.

his work was effectual for centuries, so long as there were men who felt the importance of making a stand.

Nothing daunted Chin in carrying out this project; were the mountains a mile high, his engineers crowned them with his rampart; was the plain a mere dust heap, then a series of ha-has made an effectual barrier. Disappointment generally awaits the mortal who has heard much about some celebrated object, and dares visit it, as seldom does the reality come up to the expectation. But the Great Wall is not overrated. Behold it by starlight or moonlight, gaze on it in twilight or in sunlight; view it through the haze of a dust fog or the spindrift of a rain shower or between the flakes of a snow storm; ever is the Wall one great, gray, gaunt, still specter of the past, cresting the mountain peak or reposing in the shady valley. So vast is it, that perhaps alone of all man's handiwork it could be discerned from the moon. So vast is it, that were its materials disposed around the world at the equator they would provide a wall eight feet high and three thick. When we reflect on the labor needed to erect it, we slowly divine the toils exacted from countless thousands, the sweat and tears and blood that must have been shed; and we are prepared to hear that after two millenniums the name of Chin is cursed all along the Wall by the descendants of those who were driven to the hateful task, who labored in deathly fear lest when flesh and blood failed to respond to the task-master's scourge, that flesh and blood should be hurled into the mass of concrete to provide

more material for the all-devouring monster. It is a wall of blood!

Chin burned the books! What possessed him to do it? Did he object to penny dreadfuls corrupting the minds of the boys, and halfpenny yellow papers debauching his subjects? Was he a Henry VIII, afraid of the heretical notions of some Tyndale and Luther? Quite the contrary; he was very progressive, and the books were too conservative. Three centuries before Chin, Confucius had undertaken to sift over all the literature that was extant, and to produce classic editions of what was worth having. This generation has seen big syndicates at work on the same sort of selection; the best hundred books, the historian's history of the world, etc. Now, ever since Confucius put out a closed canon of classic literature, all production had been cramped. Boys were obliged to learn it by heart, and to compose essays in the same style. Men were obliged to behave in a certain way because a duke of Chou a thousand years earlier had recommended this way; and his Book of Rites prescribes what every person ought to do in every conceivable situation. Chin saw that his kingdom was stereotyped on a pattern already three hundred years old, and he wanted men to think for themselves and adapt their lives to the ever-changing problems of life. Of course he failed to convince the scholars of this; reverence for the past was ingrained too deeply.

Now Chin had already fallen foul of the scholars on a personal matter. At the age of twenty-two he found that his mother had forgotten her royal rank and had contracted a marriage with a commoner, whom she had

loved before his own birth. This aspiring husband was slain, the erring mother was banished. This was so against the ideas of filial duty inculcated by Confucius that several scholars expostulated. An edict forbade the matter to be referred to again, and when some of them ventured to plead for her, twenty-seven were executed for disobedience. Such is the story that their friends tell, but we may imagine that Chin could add a few highly relevant facts.

Chin decided to have the question of policy openly settled, and he did it in a characteristic fashion. To a great feast he invited all the chief officers of his empire and all the leading scholars. After dinner he requested general criticism of his doings, and three typical speeches are reported. A civil servant gave his opinion, which was of unbounded satisfaction with the results of the new régime. A scholar took a very different view, contrasting the methods with those of earlier days; this was highly impolitic when Chin's pride in his originality and his antagonism to earlier methods were so notorious; Chin therefore interrupted him and called upon his chancellor Li-Ssu. This man had been trained, not by the scholars, but in a sort of seminary for ministers of state, conducted on novel principles by a private man; he had presented himself to Chin when an edict was issued for the expulsion of foreigners, professedly to take his leave; but in that interview persuaded Chin that the project was suicidal. He was requested to stay and soon became Chin's Bismarck, inspiring the policy of conquest, now so successful. The speech he now de-

livered was a tremendous philippic against scholars; here are its chief points:

"Beware these idling scholars. Bred on the past with senseless veneration of everything that is old, they cannot appreciate anything fresh. If you issue an edict, they criticize its language; if you order a new project, they declare it is unprecedented. Their one test is, has it been done before? They go about sowing unrest and sedition among your subjects. Their influence must be broken if the empire is to prosper. It is founded on books; destroy then the books. Their occupation will be gone, and none can arise to succeed this generation of them. Some books of course there are which are of value. Preserve all that relate to medicine, husbandry and divination; preserve also the records of this illustrious reign. Let all else be destroyed, break with the past. Especially let search be made for all books on manners, and for all the annals of history that deaden the mind to present needs; let them utterly perish. Law, too, there must be, but let it not be the dead hand of the past; gather the edicts of this reign and cause them to be codified as a guide for the future. Then with natural science, religion, medicine and law, be content, and let the mere literary classics cease to curse the land!"

The speech of the chancellor fell upon willing ears, and the edict went forth as he advised. Drastic as the policy was, it well-nigh met with success. Printing was not yet invented, nor was till 600 A.D. Nor yet was writing in our sense; the literature was carved on bamboo tablets, and this was evidently a slow process, while

the result was very combustible and very bulky. "Books," if we may call them so, were slow to produce, hard to conceal, easy to destroy; and he ordered a wholesale destruction. Thirty days of grace were given, and then any one owning a book should be branded and sent to work at the Wall for four years.

In the thirty days great were the perturbations. A few copies were buried or hidden among rafters or sunk in rivers. The scholars feared personal violence, and a descendant of Confucius was advised to flee into concealment. With the bravery of innocence he replied that he should live a quiet and loyal life, awaiting a summons when Chin found out his mistake. His counsel did not persuade his brethren, and when Chin found that there was an organized resistance to his edict, he buried alive more than four hundred of the scholars as a warning that he intended to break with the past and to begin anew. He was the "Only First," and woe betide those who tried to go behind him and fetter his people with the dead hand.

Out of all the classic literature he permitted only the medical, agricultural and divination books to be saved. Of course "religion" had been a very curious thing in China, especially since the agnostic reforms of Confucius; Buddhism had not penetrated round the Himalayas as yet, and the religion was little better than magic and divination. But compare what Chin condemned and what he saved! The paralyzing Book of Rites was to go; the Book of Changes, which is an incomprehensible system of philosophy supplemented with some

inexplicable chapters by Confucius; the Book of History, which professes to begin two thousand two hundred years before Chin, but details chiefly imaginary conversations between kings and their viziers; the Book of Odes, which, indeed, are rather harmless and beautiful folk-songs; and the dreariest Book of Annals conceivable, where every petty incident that happened to a miniature court for two hundred and fifty years is set down without comment. Add to these five classics the four books, whose refrain is "Walk in the trodden paths," and you see that Chin was not badly advised when he decided to warm up his people with the bundles of bamboos that inculcated such teaching. On the other hand, he recognized the benefits of medicine, he wished to conserve the art of tillage, and he honored the best that he knew of religion. All praise to Chin for his discrimination!

Unfortunately for the success of his measures, he had planned them rather too late in his career. He was but fifty years of age, and might have hoped for a time of rest and consolidation; but he had lived the strenuous life, and weakened his constitution. To the last, however, he was a busy and energetic ruler, and death overtook him as he was on a tour of inspection far from his capital, in the province of Shantung. His last message was to his eldest son, then at the Great Wall. In the seventh moon of the thirty-seventh year of his reign he joined his ancestors, ascending to the heavens from Sha Kuan near Shuntehfu.

Thus ended the career of the great hero. How did his project fare of ending the tyranny of the past, and

A glassful of water cannot quench a cartful of burning grass.

throwing China on its present resources? Much as it fared with the French revolution, when after Napoleon was untrue to its principles, the Bourbons came back, having forgotten nothing and learned nothing. The scholars had been put upon their mettle by Chin, and they circumvented him. Instead of bamboo they used silken fabric, instead of a sharp stylo they used a brush, invented by the very general who superintended the building of the Wall, and they painted copies of the classics on a material not hitherto suspected of connection with literature, capable of being hidden in small compass. Thus the indirect result of Chin's fires was to make literature far more accessible and much more easily recorded. He very nearly rooted out some of the old rubbish, but one old man was found to have memorized twenty-eight per cent. of the Book of History, and a girl contributed another section, while, when the house of Confucius was being restored a century later, a copy of the whole work came to light. To avert any further destruction, the Five Classics and the Four Books were carved on stone tablets, which yet adorn the court of the Hall of the Classics, Peking. By that time woven silk had been found too expensive, and had been replaced by a paste or thin felt of cheap fibers, made from twine, rags, bark—in a word, by paper. And so to Chin and his fight with the scholars we owe this material which is now used by all the civilized world for literature.

It is bad for a man to quarrel with the students and writers of books. If he can destroy every book and

every scholar, he has won; but if he leaves one scholar, that embittered man can slander him to all posterity. The wise man will subsidize the wishes and writers of books; he will endow universities and hope that the professors will wink at his doings; he will build libraries, and give scholarships to students who will be naturally grateful and will honor his memory. The men who have been crushed out of business may curse him, the employees who have been ground down to starvation wage may rise in revolt and be slain outright; but if they have not the means to get into literature, the matter will blow over. Then the scholars will write well of the good points in their benefactor, and the libraries will perpetuate his name. But let a man oppose the students and adopt a progressive policy; the monk students will distort his deeds in their chronicles, and the scribe students will plot his death; the scholar students will write down the great Chin as a tyrant!

But the spirit of Chin is awake to-day. The halls of the schools are once more swept of the classical rubbish, and the people are being taught again to face the living present. The defenses of the empire are being set in order against the hordes from Siberia and Russia. Roads are being made of steel to bind together the provinces, and enable the empire to realize herself. Chin was the man of his age, and if another Chin arise to-day to attract the veneration of his people, China will be the first of the nations. Whatever nation shall dash itself against her will stumble; whatever nation China precipitates herself on, will be ground to powder.

CHAPTER XV

The Mound of Chin

The mighty Chin had passed away far from the center of his realm. But before his death a site had been chosen for his body to rest in, ninety *li* from his capital in a lucky spot designated by those professors whose magic he had respected. Here great preparations had been made, and it devolved upon his son and heir only to finish the work and celebrate the obsequies in state. How legend has gathered about the tale we have already noted, and from the lips of peasants on the spot shall recount again here. For who in studying the Great Wall of Chin can neglect paying respects at the great Mound of Chin?

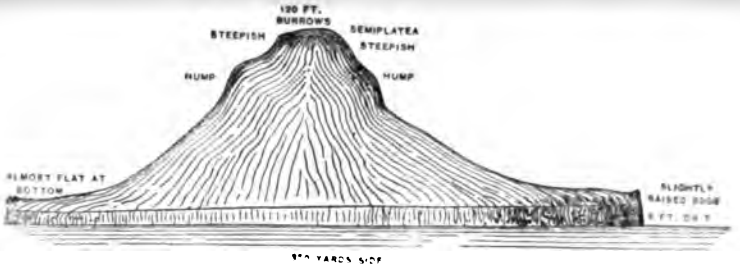
Feared he may have been rather than revered, slandered by the whole caste of effete students of the classics, unable to comprehend how great a ruler had been in their midst. But at least filial piety reared in his honor this massive Mound, which, after two millenniums and more, attests the greatness of the man to whose honor is heaped this greatest of all monuments. Heaped of sand earth as it was, it could not tower at a sharp angle like the Egyptian pyramids, but each side of its base is half as large again as the largest of these.

The Mound of Chin first becomes visible from high ground on the farther side of Sulphur City, Lintung, four miles away. From that distance it looks like a

foothill of the Black Horse Mountain, though it is, in reality, about a mile from the mountain range.

The height of the Mound, including its base, which varies from six to twelve feet, is estimated at one hundred and twenty feet. But it is not so much for its height that the Mound is noticeable, as for its size. Each of its four sides measures nearly three hundred and fifty yards in length, making a square of three hundred and fifty yards or something over twenty-five English acres. This is only the actual Mound, the sides of which follow the four cardinal points.

秦王陵
CH'IN WANG LING
KING CHINS MOUND



Chinese drawing of the Mound of Chin. Bare earth edge all around . . . rock-stone here and there just above the edge. . . . Shown by the compass to have sides exactly North, East, South, West . . . . 2000 years ago the cardinal points were known. . . . Said to have contained, as all Imperial Mounds, a palace, and valuables. . . . The first attempt to break it open was soon after its making but was unsuccessful. . . . Later it was rifled. . . . His power was suggested by his "Boots," "Magic Whip," "Measuring Rule," which were likely buried in this Mound and afterward stolen. . . . Chin has been regarded as the "Unprincipled Prince."

Surrounding the Mound is a wall called the "inner encompassing wall," which contains about eighty acres. As the country is somewhat terraced, it is difficult to

Learning is like rowing up stream, not to advance is to drop back.

estimate the so-called boundaries (except perhaps the very pronounced hump to the south), which do not inclose a perfect square, as in the case of the Mound proper.

But still we have not viewed the whole area connected with the imperial tomb. There was said to have been an "outer encompassing wall" which was supposed to contain over one hundred and ninety acres. No wonder the farmer, a third of a mile away in the direction of the mountains, can point to a spot just below his house as the outer boundary. The legend says that from the outer boundary a connected cave runs into the mountain, and that at the end of this cave is a sea of quicksilver.

To return to the actual Mound: there is no wall or monument to be seen. The outer edge, however, being slightly raised all around, shows there was once a wall. Then, again, the four "humps" on the lines from the top to the four corners, suggest that the Mound was once terraced, as seen in the surrounding country, and very pronouncedly in the mound of a certain general, Han, who lived a few tens of years later. There is a distinct elevation line visible across one side and is more or less distinct on the other sides.

It is remarkable that there should be no monument, nor the usual stone tigers and stone men in pairs. The filial emperor Ch'ien Lung (1736-1796 A.D.) had monuments erected, if lacking, in the case of every other imperial tomb in the district. This absence of a stone was remarkable when we consider that other founders

found to be a comparatively level rectangle, in size twenty-eight yards east and west by fourteen yards north and south.

Situation of Mound of Chin: Standing on the top the view is rich in historical and legendary associations. On the north flows the Wei River, by which the aborigines, when hard pressed, went south in days of yore; and farther on are the Northern Mountains with the Camel's Hair Mountain standing out by itself to the northwest; south is the Black Horse Mountain Range stretching for miles and miles east and west. On the east is the guard station of Hsienfung, called the Silver Treasury, six miles off on the great road; beyond it the city of Weinan, and at the extreme end of the pass of T'ungkwan, where the provinces of Shense, Shansi, and Honan meet at the Yellow River, ninety miles from the capital.

To the west, two and a half miles, is the city of Lint'ung, noted for its sulphur springs over against the mountains where the water issues, hot to the hand. This was made more famous by the visits of the emperor and empress dowager when flying from the hated "outsider" in 1900. These visits meant hope of life to the famine-stricken inhabitants because of the grain distributed. Fifteen miles west of Lint'ung is famous Sian, said to have been longer the capital than any other city, and even now called the best governed city in the empire, with its huge gate towers containing forty-eight eyes, or port-holes, above fourfold, two-leaved gates leading into a broad street three miles long.

South of the Mound are two small temples erected to one of the Chinese Triplets, and so called the Three Kings' Temples. The nearer of these two temples is by a locust tree, and faces a corner of the Mound at a slight elevation above the general level. Within are the tawdry forms of the three mud-made gods, and one or two attendants. These gods are Yo Wang, the medicine king, who is interested in human ills; Ma Wang, the horse king, who looks after the ailments of horses, mules and donkeys; and Niu Wang, the cattle king, who attends to the diseases of cattle.

Yo Wang was originally a certain Sun Ssu Miao, who was deified for healing the wife of Tai Tsung, of the T'ang dynasty, under whom Christianity was introduced, as recorded on the Nestorian tablet in the forest of monuments at Sian. Sun, as is recorded on the monument near Yao Chow, forty odd miles away to the north, gave the empress four doses of medicine, and, to use the Chinese expression "saved the peril." The emperor offered him a bushel of gold and silver, which he declined with the request that the Son of Heaven would deify him as medicine king, in payment for his services. T'ai Tsung consented, and gave him a yellow gown and a winged hat, which Sun, thanking the king, put on and set off on his return to Yao Chow. But T'ai Tsung had an honored statesman, called Ching Tei,[1] who was very jealous and displeased; riding a tiger, he took five thousand soldiers to pursue Sun and kill him. Sun, seeing from afar the soldiers pursuing him, quickly crushed down the wings of the hat and turned the yel-

[1] Cannot identify.

low gown inside out to make it a red gown. When Ching came up and saw this he could say nothing, but simply asked Sun where he was going. Sun answered, to the mountains near Yao Chow to perfect holiness. "If you are entering on holiness," said Ching Tei, "I will stand beside you and serve you."

The name of the horse king was Huang Wêntan.[1] This man in descending from his horse was injured by the goblins possessing the horse. After death his spirit was not dissipated, but saw the Pearl Emperor, who pitied it and gave it a sword with which to behead the goblins, a seal to overturn the heavens, a looking-glass with which to daze the goblins, a map of the great extreme, and a fire calabash. Half of the map of the great extreme was Yang, the male principle, and the other half was Yin, the female principle. By holding this map face upwards it would conquer the most violent spirits.

The fire gourd was full of fire and would send its light a great distance and destroy evil spirits. The Pig of the Eight Commandments has a sow's head and human form and takes its name from its observance of the eight commandments of the Buddhists. The Pearl Emperor helped Huang Wêntan and deified him as Horse King.

As to the cattle king: at the time of the feudal kingdoms there was a man named Yao Hsieh whose master had an enemy named King Ching, upon whom Yao Hsieh wished to wreak vengeance. For this reason he

[1] Cannot identify.

deserted to King Ching, wishing, he averred, to serve him. The king, suspecting treason, refused his services, for he feared he was a spy. Yao Hsieh returned to his master saying, "Slay my wife, burn the corpse in the road where all may see it, and then cut off my right arm." The second time Yao Lee went to deliver himself to King Ching the king had already heard how his master had slain his wife and cut off his arm, and forthwith received Yao Lee to eat and drink with him, wishing to know his master's private affairs. King Ching and Yao seated themselves together in a boat, and when they reached deep water Yao with one thrust of his spear pierced King Ching through the heart. This is called "Yao's piercing of Ching." After Yao died the Pearl Emperor deified him as Cattle King to look after the cattle that plow the fields.

South of this temple to the Three Kings are two villages of the Ch'ên clan, who are as prosperous as their persimmon, apricot and apple trees. They also have varnish, locust, and numerous elm trees. In the background stretches the Black Horse Mountain Range, on a hump of which is the "Old Mother" hall. It is said that in the beginning there was an opening in the heavens and the Old Mother smelted stone and filled up the gap. She afterward formed the world!

The natives have a tradition that in the first year of the Ming dynasty (1368-1644 A.D.) there appeared on the Mound of Chin, every night after the third watch, midnight, an earthen lamp which became by the fifth watch bright beyond measure. And it is held that the golden fowl belonging to the Old Mother of the Black

Horse Mountain flew into this mound, and every night there was a long-continued cry!

In the second year of the reign of Chia Ch'ing of this Great Pure Dynasty (1797 A.D.), Yao Chi-Fu, head of the robbers of the White Lily sect, and a woman, Chi Wang-hsi, and others created a disturbance. Chou Chi-Shan, a member of another sect, hearing of their strange behavior, first buried a phœnix and two lamps in the Mound of Shih Huang and afterwards entered the robber's cave and suggested a stratagem. "The Great King wishes to take the capital of Shensi. My teacher says, 'A great jar cannot be broken into without a rent, and celery cannot be cooked without fire.' (Now Shensi's old name was 'the Jar Prefecture.' Shensi is also called Chin, Chou, and Chin, celery). If you wish to take Shensi's capital, first dig into Shih Huang's Mound from the southwest corner and find a phœnix and a golden lamp." The soldiers were forthwith bidden to go with Taoist priests, and on opening the Mound they discovered the phœnix and brass lamp. The Taoist Chi Shan said "Fêng (a phœnix) is the equivalent of Fêng (a seam). Lamp signifies 'have a fire.'" Thereupon Yao Chi-Fu and the widow Chi used fire and burned all the villages of Shensi and the two pagodas south of Sianfu.

In the third year of Hsien Fêng (1853), the chief of the Long-haired Robbers, the small King Yen (a Chinese Pluto), named Chang Tsung-Yu, entered Shensi with eighty thousand soldiers. With him was a great general, Lao San-Shun, who inquired for a won-

derful man—T'ien Chia Ching, of Chianwang, a village east of Sian. T'ien said, "I have received Liao Kung's Buddhist dictionary and am well versed in strange devices and can obtain Chin Shih Huang's 'Drive the Mountains Whip,' 'Ascend the Clouds Boots' and 'Sword for Dividing the Ground' which the robber Huang Tsao left in the grave." Lao San Shun then ordered a powerful general to take all the soldiers under his command and get these important historical articles. Just as they had finished digging a path into the southeast corner of the Mound of Chin, thirty-five feet or more in length, a violent storm of wind, rain, hail, thunder and lightning arose. All the frightened robbers quickly fled, seeing as they left only smoke rising like fog from the opening. Arising from this smoke was a yellow dragon holding in its mouth a string of fifteen large pearl *cash*. On each *cash* face was written, "Thou must obey Heaven and leave this place. Those who forcibly open my grave will be visited by Heaven-sent calamity." On receiving this command from the Yellow Dragon, Lao San Shun thought that this language applied to himself, and became presumptuous, styling himself Shuh T'ien Wang—the King who obeys Heaven, and carved in the faces of his soldiers the three characters, Shên T'ien Ping, the Soldiers of Heaven.

There was a palace in Chin's grave, and behind it and under the mountain a quicksilver river, about twelve feet in depth and a half a mile wide. Floating on this river was Chin's coffin within an outer case varnished yellow and shaped like a little boat. At its side a skilled artificer had made a powerful bow, and, as soon as any

Without tasting the bitterest we never reach the highest.

one reached the spot an arrow sprang out, thus killing many soldiers. The soldiers, desiring to obtain this coffin, thought of the device of putting on iron clothes. But as soon as the coffin was touched it floated eastward and on iron hooks being used to push it toward the east, it suddenly floated toward the west. As the soldiers were about to seize it there was a mighty noise of thunder and they were frightened away. The robber, Huang Tsao, being unable to rifle the grave, gave the command to cover it up again.

It is handed down that a woman, Yang Hu-hsi by name, who had been a vegetarian for many years, dreamed that the Old Mother of the Black Horse Mountain said to her, "Divest yourself quickly of your body and you may become a goddess." Early, therefore, in the fifteenth day of the sixth moon she dashed herself down from the Cliff of Self-devotion. Falling in a great stone manger, her body was crushed and her blood dyed the stone crimson. Whenever rain falls in this hollow it becomes red like blood, for which reason the stone is called Blood Water Basin.

The Basin of Valuables is on the Black Horse Mountain and is wonderful, for whatever is cast into the basin becomes multiplied indefinitely. The Temple of Human Origin on Black Horse Mountain, some distance west of Chin's Mound, is interesting, as it contains a woman supposed to be the common world ancestor.

On returning from Black Horse Mountain and going toward the west one who has lived on the plain cannot but be at once struck by the number of rocks and

stones on the road for the first six miles, and by the low stone walls around the fields. On the plains there are few stones or walls, and a mere boundary stone is considered enough to distinguish one piece of land from another. Two and a half miles farther on the traveler comes to Lint'ung, so named from the two streams east and west of the city, which is peculiar in that it has only three gates instead of four as usual. It is noted for its sulphur springs, although these springs are not uncommon in China. There is one piece of westernism introduced here—policemen, having as resting places little boxes painted red and green and containing a straw seat. At the top of the box is the name of the city, characters on one side meaning "patrol and inspect" and on the other "take your turn without idleness." One also sees an apology for street lamps which serve only to make the darkness visible.

Near by is a tree worshiped for its curative properties and on this tree is written, "The efficacious pill relieves the world." On the lower road every ten *li* is a beacon. About 775 B.C. the Emperor Yu, of the Chou dynasty, lit fires on these beacons along the road because his beautiful concubine, Pao Ssŭ, would not smile, and he hoped that by raising an alarm so many persons would gather together, as if in defense of the empire, that his favorite, pleased with the excitement of the scene, would smile, as was indeed the case. The high nobles, resenting the false alarm, afterwards refused to answer to the beacon when it was lit on account of a real invasion. In consequence of this the emperor, being unaided, was slain, and the selfish Pao Ssŭ, being



The Great Wall of China — Photo by C. J. Anderson

The Club House and Stock Exchange in Sianfu, where the exchange price of Silver is fixed every day

A single strand does not make thread, nor one tree a forest.

thousand years ago. Thirty miles north of Sian is a plateau containing the mounds of three kings of the T'ang dynasty (618-907), also seventy grave mounds of the heroes who placed the T'angs on the throne. East of this place is the mound of the father of Liu Pang.

Toward the northern mountains is an exceedingly large natural mound used as the grave of Chung Tsung, a T'ang emperor, who was imprisoned by the empress dowager of that day! There are other places of note, but we cannot deal with this region fully. Our design is to show the environment of the great Chin's Mound as well as to describe it.

As to the villages around the Mound of Chin, in the direction of the mountains there are two of the Ch'ên Clan, Ling Nan Ch'ên Chia, and Chên Chia Yao. East of the Mound is San Lieh Chiao Chia. From this place they say a young woman, called Chiao Chin Hua, went out and built a thatched house in front of the village, and sat within it in contemplation for ten years, then died! She was immortalized and her cottage is called Ts'ao T'ang Si, or Grass Hall Retreat. Yet another village in this vicinity is Yang Chia Chwang.

West of Yülin Fu, at Wu Chwang Tsun, there was a scholar, Tu Jang, who helped Chin to build the Great Wall. Chin, seeing that he had but little strength, buried him in the earth. His wife, Mêng Chiang, seeing her husband's pitiful end, wept bitterly until her tears became blood. As she reviled Chin Shih Huang for

his cruelty, she struck her head on a stone near the Wall, killing herself.

The western Han emperor in whose reign Christ was born, had a statesman, Wang Mang, who poisoned him and became emperor in his stead, under the name of Hsin Wang. The daughter of Wang Mang was given to Wu Han, a great general, in marriage. Wu Han led twenty thousand soldiers to T'ungkuan to hold it for Wang Mang. At this time Liu Hsin, emperor of the eastern Hans, wished to pass from Honan to Ch'ang-An, planning to slay Wang Mang. When Liu Hsin reached T'ungkuan he was seen by Wu Han, who arrested him, intending to take him before Wang Mang to show his own prowess. Wu Han was a dutiful son and took leave of his mother. She said to him, "Your father's name was Chao, a censor of P'êng Ti, and was slain by Wang Mang twenty-three years ago. I rescued you from danger and changed your name to Wu. Wang Mang is the enemy who slew your father. You now capture Liu Hsin, wishing to show your courage to an enemy. Truly you are not the equal of the birds and beasts." So saying, she grasped a sword and killed herself. After bewailing his mother Wu Han buried her, and then killed his wife, the king's daughter. He next slew Wang Mang and became a general in the army of Liu Hsin in Honan. The T'ang Empress Wu bore a son with the head of an ass and the body of a man, called the Ass-Headed Heir Apparent, who was very courageous and could overcome ten thousand men.

Our resolution to interview at least one thousand different persons during the study of the Great Wall has

never been suffered to fall into abeyance. As this is one of a half dozen most important burial mounds on earth we held it worth the time and effort to discuss the Mound of Chin with some fifteen or twenty natives living near the famous tomb. The original chronology of the conversations is preserved, as well as the abruptness. The fact that for the most part the natives are superstitious when many questions are asked concerning graves and precious things accounts for the apparent failure of the interviews to reach a natural climax. For the following interesting items, as well as for the measurements of the Mound, we are under great obligation to that brilliant scholar and successful educator, Frank Madeley, Esquire, M.A., of Birmingham, England, who, when the author was taken ill of fever, consented to continue the investigations.

The interviewer spent two nights with the farmer who owns the farm lying between the Mound of Chin and the Black Horse Mountain. What all sorts of people said when asked about the Chin Shih Huang Ti (the Great Chin) and his grave, will now find record here.

The landowner, Ch'ên Ming, who has his hundred acres of land, when asked about the mound said, "It is Shih Huang Ti's (the First Emperor's). "Is his reputation great?" "Yes. Who doesn't know the Mound of Chin Shih Huang? He has a bad reputation. There is no monument." Mr. Ch'ên said the outer encompassing wall of the Mound passed just below his place, and the cave thence into the mountains runs under his farm, and according to the vulgar saying,

valuables are beneath the house. When Mr. Ch'ên was further inquired of valuables under his house he skilfully evaded the question, saying, "I can't see." Mr. Ch'ên continued, "The Mound is only the mouth of the grave. Chin is buried in the mountain earth." Another Mr. Ch'ên, a scholar, interposed, "He was buried beneath the Mound. How could he be buried in the Black Horse Mountain?"

A sweet seller of "horse candy," a kind of spiral bread fried in oil and made brittle, said that the Ch'êns of the Mound South Ch'ên family are descendants of Emperor Chin. Their family name was like his, Ying, but it was altered to Ch'ên because his reputation was bad. Several persons in the district, when asked their name, replied "Ch'ên."

Women were surprised and highly complimented by being inquired of by the foreigner. One woman when asked about the Mound said, "I don't know"; another, 80 years of age, which fact points out that the bad reputation of the Mound owner has not interfered with folks' longevity, said, "It's Chin Shih Huang's Mound." Still another, "It is King Ch'ên's Mound." A man standing by corrected her, saying, "It is not King Ch'ên's but King Chin's Mound." And he added, "Women don't read." The old woman went off, chuckling. Why? At the very idea of expecting a woman to know anything. Women's life in China reminds the Bible student of John 4:27—"His disciples marveled that He talked with *a* (not *the*) woman." But the significant fact about the old lady's reply is that it confirms the saying that the village ancestors

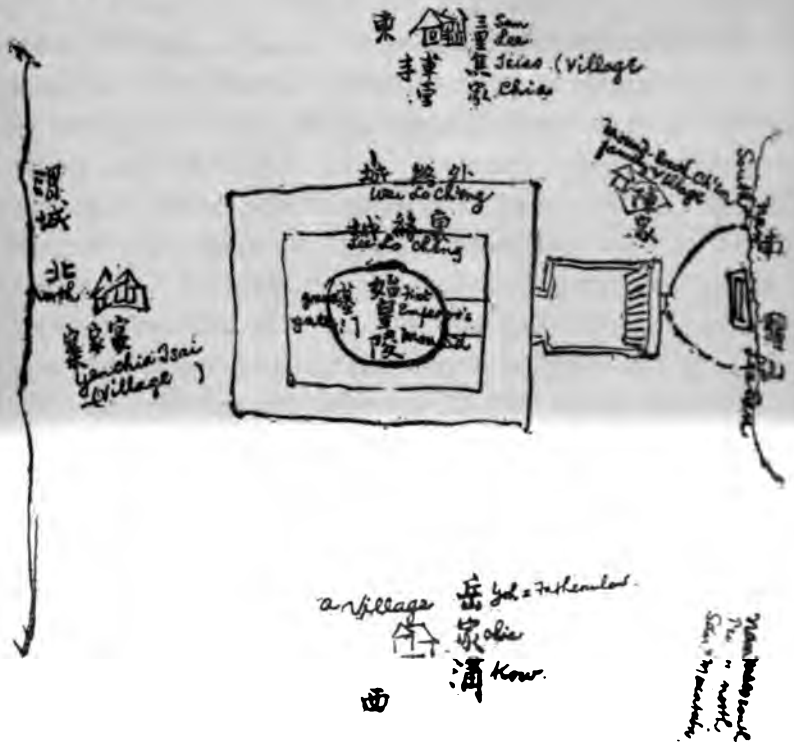
changed the family name to Ch'ên, for if the old woman understood herself to be a descendant of the great king, while remaining in ignorance of the change of name, she would naturally suppose the king's name was Ch'ên.

Farmers almost to a man could not imagine it possible for a man to know anything outside of their usual lives. One, a youth, when questioned, said, "I have not seen him—years many" (i.e., since Chin's time). Another youth, "Can't remember, years many." A man said, "It's Chin Shih Huang's Mound. It's a good many thousands of years, I can't guess it." Another, when asked how it was possible for soldiers to fetch enough sand from many miles away to build the huge Mound, replied, "If Chin could get the Myriad Mile Wall built, then to bring sand from the Wei River was easy."

A furrier with ear caps on, showing he knew how to take advantage of his own trade to keep himself warm in winter, said, "I don't know him (Chin). It is the First King's Mound; he built the Boundary Wall, ten thousand *li* long, running outside the mouth." The people who live adjoining the Wall at certain points call it the Great Boundary Wall). When asked, "Was Chin bad or good?" he replied, "How can I know? You read the books and know about the sacred worthies." When asked how old the Mound is, "It's a thousand years up. Chin was king of man and lord of land." He compared him unfavorably with the first king of the T'angs.

A carter said, "It is the First Emperor's Mound." But the marks of opium on his face furnished the reason why he knew little about the dead or the living, except so far as nature compelled him to work to live.

A general dealer who is a Christian was well in-



Plan of the Mound of Chin. Drawn by a local Chinese for Dr. Geil. It adjoins the Mount Li.

formed. Chin lived when the country was divided into thirty-six provinces, at the time he destroyed K'ung the holy man (a common designation of Confucius). He burned all his books, the Four Books and the Five Classics. The place where he burned the books is near

the Wooden Pagoda (a well-known spot twenty-five miles from Sian). The earth there is black because he burned the books. Asked if the soil is now black, he replied that it is. The reputation of Chin is that of one of the very bad men of the Central Kingdom. He burned the books and buried the scholars, leaving their heads projecting, and then yoked animals to a harrow, pointing to a farmer's iron-toothed harrow, and ran it back and forth over them. He also said that the great Mound is only the great gate of the grave; that the grave is in the mountains, that it is a quicksilver sea, on which the body moves, so that if you want to grasp it you can't. Those who made the Mound were buried alive in it, as were also Chin's wives and concubines.

A coolie said, "I don't know anything."

A bread seller: "It is the true Mound, but what can you know about him? He is in the ground and the Mound is on top of him. What can you know about him!" Another coolie, carrying a load, let pathos into the conversation. He said the load weighed one hundred and twenty pounds of cotton. When asked if he'd seen Chin's Mound he replied, "I don't lift my head; I don't see." And no wonder, poor fellow; his burden was great.

A cake-shop man submitted to being interviewed with good grace. He had read in a book that inside the Mound were great iron gates, a north gate and a south gate; the locks are dragons' tongues. Inside the gate you tread on a machine, and a knife comes forth and pierces you to death.

A pawnbroker when asked about Chin said, "I can't go; I keep the gate." That is an expression often heard in China. "I keep the gate"—it is important. "I eat other's bread; I keep the gate; I cannot go."

A barber replied only by saying, "I am a Wa Wa,"—a child!

A banker declared, "It is only an earth pile and some grass. I've passed it by many times, but never gave it a thought. The actors," continued the banker, "say Chin's reputation was bad. He burned books!"

An old scholar: "Burn book bury scholar"—a four-character phrase with much meaning. He further made reference to the Wo Fang palace, which was some thirty miles long, that is the various buildings and yards spread along that distance to enable Chin to sleep in a different room each night and thereby avoid evil spirits finding him. The old scholar said the palace stretched from Hsienyang, Chin's capital, to Lint'ung, and from Lint'ung to Chung Nan San, forming a triangle. He also called attention to the hole on top of Chin's Mound where one can drop in a small stone and in a few moments hear it strike the bottom. The position of the Mound, the old scholar says, was fixed by the professors of Tung Shui as being auspicious. The dragon pulse, meaning that the magnetic currents with which the dragon is supposed to be connected, is good. The mountain south is a dragon at rest! The river north is a dragon in motion! Then west is Lint'ung, called the Golden Granary, and east is Hsinfêng, the Silver Treasury. In all four directions the emperor

Destroying the bridge that carried us over.

had something to rest on and so might hope to go on reigning thousands of years!

"The farmers say," says the old scholar, "that inside the Mound are buried Chin's 'Ascend the Clouds Boots,' which enabled him to go up to heaven; his 'Move the Mountains Whip,' with which he could exchange mountains; also 'Measure the Fields Rod,' which when he waved it in the air caused his enemies to suffer defeat. It is said that the soil or sand which composes the Mound was all burned before being placed in permanent position." This sets one wondering where caldrons of sufficient size were obtained, else the work required many years of time.

And so the common people, the business men, and the scholars have their folk-lore about the man and the Mound, Chin. A spot well worth the visiting. What other mound marks the resting-place of a more remarkable character? This then is the Mound of Chin, the builder of the Great Wall, and the maker of the vastest empire of mortals!

Before we quit the Mound of Chin we think of the splendid tombs we have seen in honor of the Mings, the other builders of the Wall, and in honor of the present Ch'ings. They incorporate mounds, but the mounds are girt about with walls within which are temples. Was it so with Chin? Here are traces of walls encompassing his Mound. Did they once inclose gates and furnaces and temples, prototypes of those which the tourist from Peking regularly visits?

Chin was The Only First in death as in life. Before,

other kings had died, and had been laid to rest under mere mounds; but he was the first to prescribe a custom of sacrificing at his tomb; and this fell in so easily with the feeling of reverence for ancestors that it was taken up by the next dynasty and rooted itself permanently. The importance of this new departure has not been generally recognized, but when we look for earlier royal tombs we find none; when we search the classics for records of temples to preceding kings, there are none. What we do find in the records of the Han dynasty are these two sentences, which pay unwilling tribute to Chin: "Anciently there was no sacrificing on the tombs, but during the dynasty of Han[1] a park with a temple was added as an appendage to each of the imperial mausolea in imitation of the house of Chin." Or in the Rules for Official Dignitaries: "In ancient times there was no sacrificing on the tombs, but Shih Huang Ti of the house of Chin erected a temple at the side of his tomb, and this was imitated by the Han dynasty, and has not since been abolished."

Thus Chin inaugurated imperial tombs with temples annexed. Chin the innovator may not be worshiped to-day, but every succeeding emperor pays tribute to him in adopting his pattern.

[1] On the Hsienyang plateau, where are visible at least seven royal mounds and among them an enormous one to a Han, a portion of the grave area is being cultivated, whereas none of Chin's Mound has been wrested away to be cultivated, as if to say "such ground is accursed, we will not take any of the unlucky, ill-omened soil of the Mound of him who burned the books and buried the scholars."

CHAPTER XVI

The Why of the Wall

To comprehend the scheme and extent of the Great Wall requires no light effort. To realize the lives that were jeopardized, the severity exercised, the demons exorcised, the sorcerers subsidized, in planning and promoting this stupendous enterprise, baffles the imagination; the mysterious mounting of the mountains, the dangerous dives into deep ravines, the twining and winding of the endless edifice, raise unsolvable questions as to the why of the Great Wall.

Consider the sheer mass of the vast construction. Here are cubic miles of material. The weight of this enormous bulk far surpasses any other human construction. Monster battleships are planned to displace twenty thousand tons of water; but what are they beside the uncounted myriads of tons that oppress the earth here? Just to move the stones and bricks into position is a task that appalls the imagination—unless indeed there were some Chinese Amphion to charm the very rocks by his lyre, and make them dance into position. But if so, it exhausted the national music, for the ordinary Chinaman has not even a whistle left in him.[1] No, the size of this Great Wall raises a grave problem. Then too, its marvelous contortions, as it

[1] One of the signs of the times is that Chinese young men are beginning to whistle,—something unheard-of in China.

as an excuse for paying men who are set to do it. It is but lately that Indian engineer officers have planned out great relief works such as canals and tanks, so that men who are put to excavate these in famine times, are thereby doing something to prevent famines in future.



The Laughing Lower Lipper. When he sees a man he laughs until his lower lip covers his eyes, else he'd laugh himself to death.

The usual relief work too often testifies to the unpreparedness of the authorities, who waste good labor and produce something barely ornamental and barely useful. If the Great Wall were simply a relief work, it would be a colossal blunder, but one of a common type.

Was it more than this,—a boundary? From early

ages we have heard of landmarks, and know what importance was attached to these, so that the Hebrews imprecated curses on any one who moved them, and the Romans put them under the protection of a special god Terminus. Was the Wall, then, simply erected to define the Chinese Holy Land, so that all within it should be blossoms of the Flowery Kingdom, while beyond were mere weeds and thistles of the wilderness? It is awkward to have no limits, to see a gradual shading off of town into country, of useful land into desert, of kingdom into kingdom. Perhaps this Wall was just put up as a clear definition where China ended, as nature gave no hint in this direction. All sorts of curious artificial boundaries have been known for this purpose. Hedges, stone walls, piles of logs,—all mark the limits of farms or fields. Children at play will scratch a line on the ground to mark the base; footballers put up lines of flags, baseball teams throw down bags to mark off their diamond. Prisoners of war have seen a boundary of mere wires to show the line beyond which they may not pass, unless they are prepared to risk being shot without further notice. There some moral force came to restrain; the boundary itself was but a slight thing. Was the Wall just to show where the desert was to be left behind, with desert manners, while civilization was to begin?

That is viewing it from the north, looking at the hint it gave to the barbarians outside. But walls have two sides and this Wall may be a boundary to remind the Chinaman of his privileges and to promote his patriotism. "Within this ring is your home, the abode of art

When times are easy we don't burn incense; but when stress comes we embrace the feet of Buddha.

and learning: beyond is the outer darkness with which no son of the Flowery Kingdom has aught to do!" Was that the suggestion of the Wall? Japan would not suffer her sons to wander over seas till of late. Britain would not let her scanty population trickle away in the Stuart times; licenses were needed before any one might take ship. Possibly, then, the Wall had the message to those beyond the boundary, "Keep out!" and to those within, "Stay here!"

At least we can see that within this line there has been a growth of character that is unique; southward of the Wall we find one type of civilization; northward is little but barbarism, till of late other waves have flowed in from west to east. The Wall has served as a clear line of demarcation that all could understand. For the United States, the Atlantic was such an obvious boundary, while westward the settled land shaded off into the wilds of nature. Beyond the Alleghanies lay other settlements; beyond the western desert lay yet others; France and Spain had sent in their driblets of colonists; but from the firm base of the Atlantic, the wave of Anglo-Saxons swelled and surged across, submerging all others as it came. So from the solid background of the Wall, the wave of true Chinese rolled southward, engulfing others met by the way, till another boundary was found at the ocean, and all from Wall to water owned the sway of the sons of Ch'in.

Perhaps from the first the Wall was meant as more than boundary,—was meant as rampart. "Have no fear of the tiger from the south; beware the rooster from

the north." How old is that proverb we cannot say, but older than the Mings. The feeble folk on the Yangtze were no danger to the dwellers by the Hwang ho, but the wild riders of the northern steppes were not mere



Man's body, dragon's head—goes round the abyss. When he goes out or in there is a hurricane or worse. Lives north of the Great Wall

crowing cocks, they were fighting cocks too. Ramparts of this description have often been erected. If a Roman legion halted for the night, it cast up some kind of an earthen bank with a ditch, which may remain after centuries to show what mighty builders were these people. When the limits of the empire seemed toler-

ably fixed, permanent traces were made, and along them arose in a few cases defensive works. Thus in Germany the emperors of the second century dug a slight ditch and drew a low wall along to indicate the mere boundary of the territory where Roman law held. And the same device was adopted in Britain; where



Three-faced nation—man's head, three faces, one shoulder—dangerous. Lives in the Great Wilderness. Enemy of men.

the Solway suggests a boundary, a ditch was hollowed out, and the clods of earth were piled neatly into a turf wall. But the barbarians of the north did not respect this, and it became necessary to erect a real fortification which should actually bar the passage. The same dis-

may be recognized at Gibraltar, where the civil
y is marked only by a row of sentry boxes, but
hem is a real defensive wall. And so from
End on the Tyne, along the moors to the north,
e edge of the steep cliffs of basalt, not always
g the line of the earlier boundary, arose a sub-
stone wall protected by a dry ditch in front;



Ox tail—rabbit face—barks like a dog, eats men. Lives in the northern mountains.

behind it ran a good road for the movement of troops, fenced by the earthen mounds on either side. About every five miles there was a stone walled fort covering a few acres. From several of these, southern roads concentrated at three or four garrison towns whence reinforcements could be poured to any threatened point.

Now these arrangements are strikingly parallel to those along the Chinese Wall. This also does not follow

any line obvious as a mere boundary, nor as a probable route for traders. It has towers along it at frequent intervals, while in the rear are larger camps. The conclusion is obvious, that this present Chinese Wall, like the wall of Severus in Britain, was intended for actual defense by real soldiers against very genuine invaders or border raiders.

But this is only one point gained: we are sure now that the British stone wall of Severus came only after a turf boundary wall. The Chinese Wall during the time of the Mings was undoubtedly a barrier, but does that settle what it was used for at a previous stage? There is to-day in Peru a splendid monastery of massive stone, where for centuries the Dominicans have dwelt and worshiped; but for centuries before they went there the Inca priests ministered there in what was then the Temple of the Sun. There is to-day in Paris a fine block of government offices where ministers of state and their clerks manage the business of a department; but till a few months ago it was the official residence of an archbishop. On a Devon moor is a forbidding ring of granite walls, behind which dwell for definite periods the worst of English criminals; but the walls were erected to guard safely the prisoners taken in the wars of Napoleon. So when we are certain that the last use of the Great Wall was as a frontier fortification, it still invites inquiry whether we have probed the purpose of its builders. Were they guarding against two-legged invaders or four-legged? Was this, at first, simply a glorified sheepfold, to keep out bears and wolves that

behind its shelter the domestic cattle might browse in peace, and the crops might be safe from the wild cattle in search of succulent pasture?

Or was the original purpose still less material? Was it to guard not against seen foes, but against unseen? not against the creatures of this world, but against the powers of the air? Was the Wall originally a spiritual defense, a religious monument, a landmark of superstition?

Such a thought may seem amazing till we reflect a little on the great buildings that rise in other lands in the name of religion, till we recollect that the Chinese had practically no temples till Buddhism made its footing good, till we see how superstition dictates even at the present day many of the Chinese buildings.

In any city to-day are not some of the most conspicuous buildings consecrated to religion? Westminster Abbey, Westminster Cathedral, and St. Paul's are among the most obvious features of London. The glory of Cologne is the "Dom" and in Strasburg also it is the minster which dominates the city. Far more was this the case in antiquity, when Karnak and Memnon and the obelisks were all dedicated to religion in Egypt; when the tower of Babel was devoted to the service of the Seven Gods of Babylonia. In the plains of the Ganges are such modern structures as the Jumna Musjid at Delhi or the Pearl Mosque at Agra, or the countless temples of Benares. In the south of the Deccan are miles of colonnades and halls given over to worship, in some cases with covered ways mounting the hillsides up to some high place on the peak. In the

ened one night by a banging of doors and windows; it turned out that this was to frighten away a nine-headed monster flying overhead, which dropped blood as it passed, the blood causing the death of any one on whose house it fell. The western visitor quite failed to convince the people that what they saw was but a flock of wild geese at some height: the legend was well-



"Double-Double"—The monster has three heads, green or black color, body red. Lives on the edge of the desert.

known and a nine-headed monster there must be! Demons pervade the air, and have to be guarded against at all turns; as the western horseshoe is unknown, a roaring trade is driven in a picture of the Taoist chief-priest framed in vignettes of caterpillars, snakes, insects, flies, with a verse describing the center figure:

At noon on the fifth of the fifth,
The Pope astride of his Tiger;
His mouth all red,
Clear sky overhead,
To the land of the shades all the demons have fled.

Then certain localities are labeled by the demon-managers as malignant. If a house must face one of these, special precautions must be taken, and a design of a sunrise must be painted on a large board over the door. Many houses hang a mirror above in hopes that the ugly demons will see themselves as others see them, and turn away in disgust. If a house acquires the reputation of being demon-haunted, a demon-trap of plaited bamboo will be hung up to intercept the visitants.

Now modern instances of this abound; but it is very important to know that Chin was deeply permeated with these beliefs. He heard of a man who could make himself invisible, and sent an embassy to get hold of him.[1] He heard of a fountain of youth and sent an expedition to discover it. He desired his physicians to compound a *pill of life*, and was so much in earnest about it that he was ready to slay a thousand boys and a thousand girls that their blood might concentrate all its essence of vitality for his benefit. Was not this the sort of man to conceive the idea of a gigantic demon-barrier? He destroyed much literature that had come down to his age, but preserved one book

[1] Au ch'i Shêng was a legendary magician. He possessed the power of making himself visible or invisible at will. Chin sent to find him as did also the Han emperor Wu Ti.

that dealt in all this demon-lore with its preservatives against demon influences.

What a splendid idea for an emperor to do for his whole realm what each man was laboriously doing for his tiny house! To shut out of the whole empire the



Dangerous baldheaded nation. Face of man, wings of bird. Can fly and has a deadly peck.

whole tribe of desert jinns with their baleful powers; to guard the land entire from the ravages of the devils —this would be a task worthy of an emperor. No work could be esteemed too hard for such an end, no toil too difficult, no wall too long or too lofty. Did it

need scores of feet of stone piled up, did it need towers to rise far above the mere wall? Yet if these could render it impossible for any hideous bearer of evil to cross the line, if it confined the moral pestilence to the dreary desert, no price would be too high to pay. May we not find in this train of thought the primary reason why the superstitious Chin caused the Wall to arise?

This may account in some measure for its existence, but then there remains the problem of its shape. This is not to be accounted for merely by the recollection that he used a few previous walls and linked them up; he was not the sort of man to be influenced only by utilitarian motives. To make one decent pair of trousers out of three or four worn-out knickerbockers will be a tedious and expensive job. If Chin simply wanted to cut off the sweet influences of the south and confine them to his own domain, why not run a screen right along a line of latitude and save time? That was the plan of the Russian Czar who ruled a straight line from St. Petersburg to Moscow to save the time of engineers in laying out the railroad. But the Wall twines and coils and winds its length up and down, round and round, till on the map it resembles nothing in heaven or earth—except the serpentine band in the heavens or the mythical dragon of the East. Have we hit it?

Chin was given to symbolical building. His vast Imperial Forest Park was dotted over with his wives' palaces so disposed as to give a map of the heavens bounded by the Milky Way. Was the Wall meant to depict this same strange band in the skies? A man

Bliss does not come alone, nor does woe walk single file.

who was capable of building in a park of two hundred miles a map of the heavens, might perhaps have conceived a yet more colossal representation of the most striking celestial phenomenon.



Long leg nation—one arm is long and the legs measure 80 feet. Live in the North wilderness.

But rather perhaps was he thinking of the great terrestrial emblem of the empire, a dragon, and seeking to portray across hundreds of miles a vast monster fraught with magical protective influences.

Remember that Chin became a Taoist. He definitely broke with the Confucian agnostics, and proclaimed himself an adherent of that system which seems to have gathered up all the folk-lore and magic and superstition of the people. Now nothing is more closely entwined with the popular imagination than the dragon, even at the present day, when the national flag displays it. When did this association begin? Peer back into the hoary records, those which Chin spared from destruction just because of their superstition, and we find that centuries before his time the dragon was one of a set of twelve symbolic animals. The fact that the other eleven are real genuine creatures of those days have set some naturalists inquiring whether the dragon of those days was not a genuine creature too; whether it was not perhaps a crocodile. If popular fancy can evolve for Britons a unicorn like a graceful horse with a sword-fish's snout, out of a genuine rhinoceros, popular fancy in China was surely equal to evolving a mythical dragon out of a genuine serpent.[1]

We need not however linger over that question. Real or imaginary, the dragon bulked largely in the minds of the people as possessed of magical power. Was there a drought, then the Ying dragon must be made, and as soon as the heavenly dragon sees this image of himself acknowledging his power, and imploring his help, so soon will he cause the rains to come and bless the land. Now in the ancestral home of Chin droughts are not infrequent and are terrible. The na-

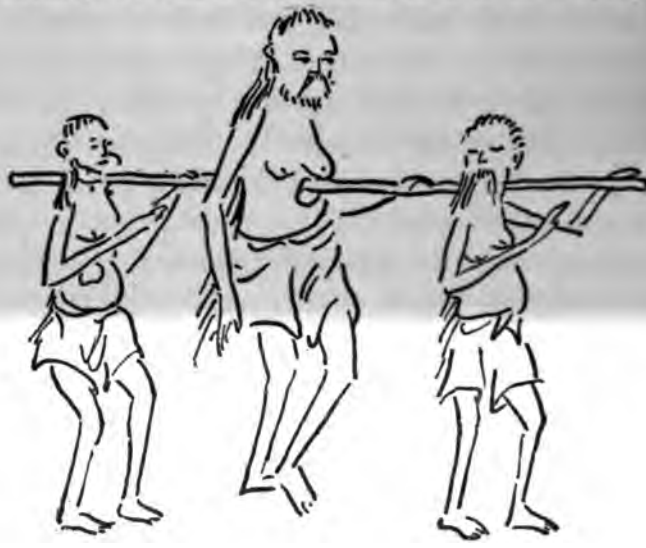
[1] The serpent is a likely prototype. The Chinese themselves say: "It is hard to distinguish a dragon from a serpent."

ture of the loose soil causes it soon to dry and pulverize again into dust. Suppose that instead of a dragon of wicker and tinsel, made for a special occasion, destined soon to perish, there be *a permanent dragon of brick and stone* ever to appeal to the heavenly original. Suppose that instead of one petty dragon for this town, and another for that town, the whole population unite to manifest their unity, and construct one vast dragon on behalf of the whole land. Such reasoning would appeal to Chin, the first emperor of China, the Taoist devotee. Such reasoning would appeal to the professors of Fêng-Shui, who would see their principles honored, and would gladly aid by making out the Lucky Line along which the mystic-dragon-image should wind his interminable length. Such reasoning would appeal to the myriad peasants who suffered from the drought, and were accustomed to mold a protective dragon in appeal to the mercy of the monster above.

But such reasoning would not appeal to the Confucian scholars, who viewed with contempt the superstitions of the populace, and would not deign to record any such motive, though the accomplished result might compel notice. A Masonic Temple may be built to-day and the fact receive attention, but the meaning of all the parts will not be expounded by or for outsiders. A Christian cathedral may slowly arise, with symbolism in its every part; but the newspaper will not explain to its readers what is typified. The rustic celebrations of St. John's Eve may be witnessed or described by many who never take the trouble to find out that they

are survivals of ancient superstition. So then, although the Confucians have dropped no hint as to any religious purpose in this building, we see ample reason why they would refuse so to do, even though they knew it.

We are inclined to assert positively that Chin had such an idea dominant in his mind, for when we think over the possible reasons for his undertaking so colossal a structure, we can see no other that is as worthy, no



Hole-in-the-Breast Nation. These men have a hole in the breast and live east of Russia. It is a very common thing for missionaries in China going to new districts to be asked if they belong to these particular peoples, and the bolder of interested parties will actually feel at the missionary's breast expecting to find a hole there. This very hoary tradition shows vitality even in these latter matter-of-fact days. What then must have been the force of them in the time of Chin. The modern coolie carries a load on his shoulder but these barbarians put the pole through the chest.

other that so fully explains his action. Nor do we claim that one purpose only swayed him; few are the people whose lives are so simple that a single motive suffices. But if he had at his disposal a vast amount of labor; if he wished to show clearly how far his author-

ity should extend, to treat outsiders as of a lower rank and to assert himself over those within; if he approved the previous attempts to build a Rampart against invasion; yet all these purposes might blend and be crowned by the claims of religion. This might be the quickening impulse, that brought all else to fruition. And this, in an age when the misinterpreted teachings of Confucius were deadening all sense of mystery and of a Power outside men, may be the supreme recognition of a Ruler in the heavens, who will respond to the appeal of a people, and will be merciful to those who call upon him.

CHAPTER XVII

The "9 by 3" City Liangchowfu

"Liangchow produces three precious things:
Mutabilis, Rhubarb, and Licorice Stems."
—*Old Saying.*

Liangchowfu, the "9 by 3" city, lingers in our memory, because of Buddhist nuns, frog medicine, Christian missionaries, and legends, for which four it is noted. The Chinese speak of it as "9 by 3" for this reason, which is after the approved oriental fashion—north and south the dimension is 4½ *li*, and east and west 1½ *li*. The "9" signifies the combined measurements of the north and south walls, and the "3" the length of the two east and west walls. Although "9 by 3" has a reputation for opium (whose acreage we are glad to say is being restricted), stirrups and scissors, yet the nuns and frog medicine stand out as distinctly in the memory as the ant hills on the landscape of Yakusu-on-the-Congo.

The Great Wall, when approaching Liangchowfu, takes a turn to the north and west, for which eccentricity is abundant legendary explanation. The line of the Barrier is crooked and the ruins lack picturesqueness, but what is lost to the eye is made up to the ear. The legends are many. We are now in the second city of importance along the Great Wall, counting from east

to west, which is the course of this exploration. Liangchowfu boasts seventeen modern schools, and one hundred old style; several tens of temples, and an intelligent magistrate, who told us, "We do not worship idols. We worship Confucius as you do Jesus." That is likely true of the educated, who are already ashamed of the senseless images, but the common people regard with superstitious awe the old mud gods of hideous aspect. Men of clear mental vision see the handwriting on the wall; idolatry is doomed!

Crafty arts and active graves are among the curiosities of this important business center. Seven monasteries, eight large temples, and *seven active graves,* constitute the sights of the city. The Eight Wonders of Liangchowfu include a suspended sword which points toward a pass in the South Mountains, whence issue waters from the melting snow. As long as the sword points in that direction, those waters cannot enter and submerge the metropolis!

Liangchowfu has "patent" remedies in variety and quantity. It also has one hundred and ten doctors who practise on the twenty thousand families who live inside the strong walls. The physicians treat disease according to the medicine book which was written long ago by a medicine man who became the medicine god after his death. He is worshiped on his birthday, the nineteenth sun, fourth moon. The doctors report many "cures of the sickness." They cure the sickness and not the patient. The Chinese are ignorant of surgery, hence we have seen but two one-armed men in all our travels and

those lost the member by foreign surgery. When an arm goes wrong they bury the whole man. Speaking of surgery, reminds us of barbers. Of these there are two hundred, who pay their devotions to a god of their own, a distinguished alchemist who in 1700 attained immortality at the age of fifty. The tonsorial artists are prosperous and popular, and are organized in a guild, but they occupy a low social position. Indeed, so degraded are they socially, that only after several generations may they hope to obtain public office. The Chinese barber carries a pole as he goes about serving his clients. Not unlikely the modern barber's pole originated in China.

When we suggested to the good missionary, Belcher, a visit to the nuns, he was evidently surprised at our audacity. Insistency won. The residence of the nuns adjoins a frog pond. Beside this miasmatic incubator stood a young native who showed us to the door of the sacred sisterhood. After rapping and receiving no reply, we ventured to give the door a gentle push. When it yielded we entered. The superior nun thereupon became visible. We explained that we were on an exploring expedition and accustomed ourselves to first-hand information. We further specified that, having heard things good and not good concerning the holy order, we had come to the source of information and begged to be shown through, and to be told about the aims and ambitions of the society. This speech modified her facial expression and she proceeded to show us about the place. She represented the two thousand nuns of Liangchowfu. She also represents the nuns of China.

Bringing up a son without teaching is just like bringing up a mule.

The number she did not know. In 845 A.D. there were nearly forty-five thousand temples and monasteries destroyed and forty-two thousand monks, nuns and minors thrown out of employment, or rather into employment. She became pleasant, but a certain pronounced reticence continuing, we apportioned to her some of our supply of silver, whereupon like magic the doors flew open and we had the run of the nunnery! From that moment there was volubility. Particularly now, when all China rubs its eyes, yawns, and prepares to awake out of a sleep of centuries, it is of interest to know just how much house cleaning will be necessary before the supreme change can come. Religion is all-important. Hence we took time to see and hear at this nunnery, center and adjunct of Buddhism, the religion largely responsible for China's backward state.

The favorite temple of the nuns is kept locked to prevent a competing body of nuns worshiping there. A quarrel taking place, certain females moved upstairs and started a goddery of their own. The first-floor deities consisted of two goddesses with a god between. The felt prayer dial was located in front of the male deity, the sisters evidently having more confidence in one of the stronger sex. They worship twice a day. "We have no clock. When the spirit of worship is on us we come." So said nun number one. She told us the nuns perform no works of mercy. "We do not nurse the sick, care for the insane, or conduct a school for girls. We only pray, burn incense and beg." The

oculist goddess was hung about the neck with painted eyes. "She likes to have people whose eyes she has healed bring eyes of their color and hang them on her neck." On the fifteenth sun of the eleventh moon they offer sacrifices.

Nun number one bade us enter the Ten Princes of Hell Temple. We asked, "What advantage to worship the ten princes of hell?" She laughed, "Everybody does it and we do it. Don't know any good that comes from it." She explained that the cow-faced and horse-faced figures burn incense in the bottomless pit to the ten princes of hell. The ten princesses next obtained our attention. These are sometimes called Heavenly Holy Mothers! Here were many stolen idols indicating that vows for sons were answered. When children have measles their cure is effected by carrying them through a dark passage behind the idols. This is known as the "tube for curing measles." Although not so qualified we decided to take the journey through the tube. It was enough to give a body some sort of sickness. In that abode of darkness we noticed twelve arches under which we had to stoop to pass. These represented twelve children cured by the journey. At each end of the tube is a god named "The Controller of Measles." . . .

About two thousand short-haired nuns live in "9 by 3." The stock of nuns is replenished in divers ways. The wife of a mandarin recently ran away and joined the sisterhood because her husband had taken on an additional wife; he came and took her home. In competition with these two thousand nuns, ignorant

and unclean, are two Christian ladies, who are doing a satisfactory work for the women and girls of the city. The girls of China have need of higher truth than nature has gifted them with. A new day dawns in the minds of the women on the Hills of T'ang. That the new desires are separate, disordered, and illogical is nothing strange. The conception of deity which has for centuries held in bondage the females of China has been a physical rather than a spiritual idea. What a distance of difference between the two thousand nuns, individually and collectively, and the two cultured Christian English ladies! When the whole environment is considered, the success the English ladies have attained is little short of the miraculous! Outside the city the Roman Catholic mission with a resident bishop is working hard, and a good measure of success attends their efforts to bring the Chinese into the church.

Among the many legends, historical and otherwise, abounding in this region, we have selected one that tells of the finding of a large quantity of gold in the Great Wall. It would be possible to write it into better English and indeed a recast of the plot might better please the reader, but our aim is to display as much of the idiom of the native as possible, and at the same time carry the sense to the mind of the foreigner, simply omitting tedious tautology.

"When the Mings were kings the village of Hong Water lay a few *li* from Liangchow with the Great Wall on one side and the quicksands of the Red River

on the other. Indeed the whole region was unsafe. One thousand families occupied caves and caverns in the ample sides of the Great Barrier. This appropriated fifty *li* of the Rampart. Among these cave-dwellers was a sturdy, well-meaning man named Wang, who had a sister Kin, and a widowed mother. The mother, a woman of lofty motives, steadily refused to marry again. She devoted her whole time and thought to her son. She had a brother who was worthless, being a drinking man. He was a gambler and squandered much of his nephew's estate. He it was who urged his sister to marry, hoping thereby to obtain money to continue the evil habit of gambling. She declined. Her husband had left her one hundred acres of land, oxen and carts, and a faithful servant, Ma Er Ma. Ma Er Ma engaged suitable servants for the house and also men to watch the sheep and cattle and perform agricultural duties. Ma Er Ma was a success; everything he touched prospered, and eight years passed like a weaver's shuttle.

"Constantly schemes were applied to persuade by craft or argument the widow to marry. It was hinted that Ma Er Ma was too polite to the widow. He retired to his own farm, just what the enemies of the woman wished. From that time the farm began to fail, and the poor widow's poverty was consummated by the wild Tibetans, who swept over the border on a foraging expedition and stole everything she had left.

"The Mings had ordered that the soldiers guarding the Great Wall should also do farming, but the Tibetan attacks becoming frequent the land was neglected, and

the whole strength of the garrisons kept on duty. Now it fell to the lot of the son of the widow to be stationed on the fort Tsh Tsen, on the Wall. The wicked uncle and another worthless fellow were detailed with him to hold the northeast corner. When the Tibetans charged the fortifications the two threw the son into their midst, hoping thus to get rid of the hindrance to their diabolical plans. But High Heaven was watchful. Instead of being killed he fell into an old well, but the two conspirators were cut to pieces by the wild horsemen, who dismounted and carried the fort by storm. A large Tibetan seized the two women, threw them across his horse, and was riding off when the animal stumbled and threw the living load into the dark bush. The warrior, not seeing them, concluded they were killed and rode off. The two women recovering from the stun of the fall found themselves in a well, empty save that one other person was in there. What joy when they discovered the whole family safe and together!

"Hearing loyal troops passing they cried aloud; the three were rescued and returned to their place only to see the smoke-seared ruins. They sought a cave in the Great Wall and settled down to live by gathering roots and desert cabbage, desert onions, and cereals resembling bird's eyes, good for flour.

"In a few days sufficient had been garnered to last the winter through. To store this valuable harvest it was necessary to dig a cave in the Great Wall. They worked long and hard, until striking some substance

a resonant sound reached their ears and gave them pause; it was wooden, and thinking it a coffin the son ceased his work, but the mother dug on until it was plainly a door. On it was an inscription. Treasure had been hid there long before. It was a cavern of gold! The dutiful son reported the matter to the high magistrate, who in turn notified the viceroy, who informed the Son of Heaven. The emperor was delighted, not because of the find of treasure, but because Wang was a dutiful son and loyal subject. The throne ordered Wang a general, the mother a peeress, the daughter, wife of a great man, and an edict directed the erection of a temple to Goodness and Virtue, whereon was inscribed the widow's name with great honor. The descendants of Wang Kuang are innumerable!"

Thus endeth the tale of gold in the Great Wall, quite possibly founded on fact. We have seen many caves in the structure which are now being used as residences. Of these the Chinese say: "Those who live in earthen dugouts have three things which cannot happen; in the summer they cannot be hot, in the winter they cannot be cold, and when the cave falls in they cannot be found." We have hesitated to mention the products of the fields about Liangchowfu, and the various articles of merchandise from foreign countries offered in the public streets, because others have traveled this way, and have given considerable space cataloguing the commercial articles and fabrics of "9 by 3." There are, however, three brought from beyond the Wall,—sableskins, ginseng, and Wula grasses,—the drug roots.

CHAPTER XVIII

Yung Lo, Who "Moved the Urns of Empire"

When Yung Lo, the great Ming, ascended the "Divine Utensil," ancient throne of the Chins, with a sagacity worthy of the Greatest Huang Ti he arbitrarily decreed the shifting of the center of empire from the comfortable south to the windy north. Kublai Khan had built his capital, Kambaluc, inside the Great Wall, that, if necessary, he might promptly defend that structure from its friends. Yung Lo constructed Peking hard by the Mongol site to facilitate his personal defense of the Great Wall from its ancient foes. We may safely assert that the modern capital of this vast empire is now in the north because the Great Wall dictated a policy necessitating the permanent presence there of the sovereign. To alter the center of empire, or, as the Chinese would say, "move the urns of empire," is only less important than to interfere with the original distribution of the races of men.

After the dynasty that founded the Great Wall, that whose history is most closely associated with the enormous structure, is the dynasty of Ming, some fifteen centuries later. Of its sixteen emperors, those who had most to do with the mighty defense were Yung Lo, Ch'êng Hua, Lung Ch'ing and Wan Li.[1]

[1] These are only their *nien-hao* or "year-titles." Their dynastic titles are, respectively, Ch'êng Tsu, Hsien Tsung, Mu Tsung and Shên Tsung.

When the mantis catches the cicada he does not know that the oriole is just behind.

paid in the produce of its fertile fields. Already were those fields covered with a network of canals whose principal use was the irrigation of crops. For local transport these channels were universally employed. Why not connect them together by cutting through the hills or ridges by which the different river systems were separated? The idea had everything to recommend it. It offered not merely a safe route for supplies, but additional facilities for the movement of troops.

It was at once an economic and military necessity—destined to link north and south together as a unit, as never before, by the bonds of mutual advantage. From the Dragon Throne went forth the fiat, "Let a canal be built to connect the northern capital with Nanking, Hangchow and Canton."

It was to be one thousand six hundred miles in length, almost exactly as long as the Great Wall, measured by longitude, but I dare not assert that the hydraulic engineers charged with its construction ever thought of taking the Wall as standard of measurement.

Passing through great provinces, the gems of the empire, it was to reach almost to the borders of Tonquin. By means of the Hwang ho, the Yangtze Kiang and the West River, all coming from the west, it was to afford access by water to the whole of the other provinces. What more magnificent scheme could spring in the brain of a mighty potentate? What more beneficent enterprise could he undertake for the good of a great people? Unhappily the ruler undertook to build the Grand Canal much as Chin built the Wall or

as the Pharaohs built the pyramids, by the forced labor of his subjects. The people who in the end were intended to be greatest gainers, unable to endure the miseries of an unpaid, ill-fed *corvée,* would gladly have fled their country like the Hebrews of old, had it been possible to do so. Debarred from that recourse, they hailed the standard of revolt, resolved to die as soldiers rather than perish as ignominious navvies. The Grand Canal was thus the ruin of one generation and the salvation of thousands, more truly than the Great Wall, of which that is so often asserted. Like the latter it proved the destruction of the tyrannical power which had undertaken to carry it through by unwise and inhuman methods. For the scepter of Kublai fell into weak hands, and the Chinese lost the sole advantage they had received from foreign rule.

Revolts occurred in many places, and at last a Buddhist priest named Hung Wu[1] commanded enough confidence to be accepted as a national leader. From a robber chief he developed into an emancipator, protecting the people from robbery and extortion. Then, secured by general good-will, he marched boldly on Kambaluc to destroy the waning prestige of the Mongol emperors. The craven tyrant abandoned his palace and fled beyond the Wall, which once again regained importance as a boundary between China and the hated barbarians.

Vengeance was wreaked on the foreign city which had enthralled the realm—like Alexandria holding

[1] Chu Yüan-chang, who afterwards assumed the "year-title." (Here of course the year-title cannot be used). Hung Wu is the year-title of the Emperor T'ai Tsu.

down Egypt. But when Kambaluc had fallen, it was still felt that the district had been wisely chosen, and that since the Great Wall had revived in importance as a barrier against the expelled Mongols, there should be a strong Chinese center not far from it, to serve as a fortress and base of supplies for the defenders. And so about nine *li* south of the ruined site of Kambaluc there arose a first-class city which has been famous ever since as Peking.

Here the conqueror left his second son, Chu Ti, with the title of Yen Wang (i.e., Prince of Yen), a revival of an old style in the local kingdom before the days of Chin. Chu Ti had the special duty of guarding the frontier against the late Mongol tyrants, while Hung Wu returned to his native district in the Yangtze basin, and chose the city of Nanking, which had already been a capital more than once, as the seat of his restored Chinese Empire, now to be reorganized after the long foreign tyranny.

Chu Ti from his vantage in the north would quickly recognize the importance of the old Great Wall, and could not but avail himself of its strength to exclude the foe who had trespassed over its boundary. But he had not long exercised his functions as viceroy, and strengthened his defenses, ere a swift courier brought the tidings that the mighty conqueror, his father, had yielded to a Mightier than he.

For his father he grieved no doubt sincerely, but to his proud spirit it was gall and wormwood to be called on to bend the knee and knock the head before an infant

son of his elder brother. To his brother he might have rendered willing fealty; but the brother was dead, and he persuaded himself that his own merits had been cruelly ignored, while the throne which he had aided to establish was put in jeopardy by leaving the scepter in the feeble grasp of a child.

Disguising his intentions under the cloak of homage he repaired to Nanking with an immense retinue, throwing the court off its guard by a show of loyalty. Secretly abetted by many of the grandees as well as by his own soldiers, he succeeded in getting possession of the palace, which he set on fire, and the hapless boy perished in the flames.

Not even then did he throw off the mask, but finding a charred corpse which he asserted to be that of the unfortunate Chien Wên, he gave it a sumptuous funeral and immediately "Ascended the Summit," proclaiming himself Emperor of China under the title of Ch'êng Tsu, with the year-title Yung Lo, which expressed a hope of a "long and joyous reign."[1]

The reign was signalized by great monuments, such

[1] There is considerable doubt about the fate of Chien Wên. When Chu Yün-wen (Chien Wên) succeeded to the throne in 1398, he at once took measures to deprive of power his uncles, who were princes of various parts of the empire. But Ti, prince of Yen, who ruled modern Chihli, rebelled in 1399, marched southwards, and in spite of several earlier reverses in Shantung crossed the Yangtze in 1402 and entered Nanking in triumph. The young emperor disappeared in the confusion which followed upon the entry of the troops into his palace and was never seen again. It is supposed that he fled to Yunnan in the garb of a monk, left to him, so the story runs, with full directions by his grandfather. After nearly forty years' wandering, he is said to have gone to Peking and lived in seclusion in the palace until his death. He was recognized by an eunuch from a mole on his left foot, but the eunuch was afraid to reveal his identity.

(See Giles' *Chinese Biographical Dictionary.*)

as the city of Peking, which he now proceeded to enlarge till it became beyond compare the most formidable fortress China knew. The massive walls, sixteen miles in circuit, remain after these centuries, fit memorials of a mighty monarch. An inner line of fortification inclosed a triple hill now known as Kingshan, a finer ornament for a city than Rome possessed in her far-famed Mons Capitolinus.

And then Yung Lo determined on the striking policy of making his new fortress into the capital of the whole realm. It is a dangerous experiment to "move the urns of empire," as his father had done, away from the Kambaluc district. Turin, Milan and Florence have grudged their reduction to mere provincial towns, even though sentiment spoke for Rome. There was no modern sentiment yet engendered for Nanking; it lay a waste, as it still is. But also there was none at all for Peking, a new creation. His proceedings can only be compared with Constantine, who was completely remodeling the old empire, consolidating under one head, and strengthening with the sanctions of a new religion. Constantine felt that the old capital was permeated with traditions which he intended to break with, so he built a new city in the Christian provinces and made that the new capital. There were other motives too: the external enemy to Constantine lay in the east, and he felt it wise to have his center nearer to the dangerous frontier, at an impregnable site.

Yung Lo was breaking with the tradition of the Mongols, and with their religion—they were leaning

to Christianity—and he wished to be in person near the frontier over which they had fled. So it was expressly proclaimed in 1403 that the main forces, under the direct command of His Majesty, were to be cantoned near the northern boundary in order to repel possible invasion; Peking therefore would become the capital, and Nanking would revert to its previous importance as the mere seat of a provincial governor.

If this is the chief monument to Yung Lo, yet his sepulcher also claims admiration. It is the most magnificent of the thirteen tombs of the Mings. His tumulus is like a pyramid for height; its wall incloses an amphitheater so vast that its grove of funereal pines presents the appearance of a forest. Its weather-beaten halls are supported on huge pillars of Siamese teak wood which seem to defy the tooth of time, and to suggest a doubt whether columns of marble would be equally adapted to sustain the seismic convulsions which are frequent in this region. There are bridges of granite and tablets of marble whose carved wreaths, I blush to say, are frequently defaced by occidental tourists who, like the Greek fool in our school books, desired to carry away a piece of stone as a specimen of the house.

Beside these tangible repositories of Yung Lo's sacred dust there are two monuments which do him great honor, the Grand Encyclopedia, and a Collection of Laws. As for "the Grand Encyclopedia—the Yung Lo Ta Tien—it is—or, alas! was—the greatest literary marvel in the history of the world," says the brilliant orientalist, Mr. Lionel Giles, M.A. (of the British

Generals and ministers are not ready-born but self made.

Museum). "I say this without the least fear of contradiction. Here are a few authentic figures. For a fuller account I must refer you to my father's article on the subject in the *Nineteenth Century,* April, 1901 (vol. 49, pp. 659). This gigantic collection of literature on every conceivable subject was originally produced (in MS.) at Nanking in 1408 A.D., by an imperial commission consisting of five chief directors, twenty sub-directors and no fewer than 2,169 subordinates. It comprised 22,877 separate parts and an index of 60 parts in 11,100 bound volumes, each half an inch thick, 1 foot 8 inches long and 1 foot broad. Laid flat one on top of another, the volumes would make a column over 460 feet in height, or considerably higher than St. Paul's Cathedral. There were, roughly, 917,480 pages in the whole work. Each page contains 16 columns averaging 25 characters to each, or a total of 366,992,000 characters. In 1421, the encyclopedia was transferred to Peking. The work of printing was found to be too costly, but in 1567 two complete copies were made, and the original, together with one of the copies, sent back to Nanking, where they perished by fire in 1644, at the downfall of the Ming dynasty. The other copy was housed in the Hanlin College at Peking, where it was destroyed by the Boxers in 1900. A few odd volumes were saved by foreigners. One of these was sent home and presented to the British Museum by my brother, and two others have recently been acquired by the same institution. They are in an excellent state of preservation."

e records of his reign there are constant ref-
to the guard posts on the line of the Great
He repaired its breaches and it is highly prob-
t many of the Martello, or spy towers, still to
were constructed by the Emperor Yung Lo.

CHAPTER XIX

The Southern Loop of the Great Wall

"The tongue is soft and constantly remains in;
The teeth are hard, and fall out."

—*Lanchow Proverb.*

The highest altitude reached by the Great Wall is on a pass between Liangchow and Lanchow, where ten thousand feet[1] above the tide runs the line of the Barrier. This southern loop along which we are now traveling is a deep festoon attached to the main line of the Great Barrier at Chungwei and Liangchow. The whole fabric is in ruins, considerable, and grass covered.

The generation living in the day of Chin the First is called in history "The Generation of War," because fighting was constantly proceeding. When Chin assumed the imperial title, the employment of cavalry instead of war chariots greatly enlarged the scope of active operations. Chariots limited battles to flat and unobstructed stretches, but with cavalry fewer places were free from attack. Thus the difficulty of guarding the country having increased, it was suggested that walls be erected or connected to facilitate the movement of troops and to prevent surprise, as well as for the purpose of marking clearly the northern boundary of the empire.

[1] In round numbers.

It is a question how much of the present work is due to Chin. Emerson reminds us "that whenever we find a man higher by a whole head than any of his contemporaries, it is sure to come into doubt what are his real works." There were walls to three feudal states before his day, which he linked up and covered the ground from Minchow to the Gulf of Liaotung. And the many foundations traceable point to the conclusion that every pure Chinese dynasty has had a wall of its own against the northern foes. What we are on here is certainly not of earlier date than the Great Wall of the Mings, which follows more or less the lines traced by Chin.

Between the two Chows, Liangchow and Lanchow, there is little worthy of attention, unless the traveler is seeking copper, or other valuable minerals, which abound in this rough region. Otherwise, aside from the superb scenery, there remain in the mind prominently but three objects of a special interest, the lofty pass, Wushi Ling, the medical meteor, and the Big Barrier, about all of which cling ancient traditions. As to the lofty pass, a temple occupies a strategic spot beside the Great Boundary. Gods guard the Great Wall at its highest elevation above the sea. Although our visit was early in the eighth moon the winds were already cold. The old priest informed us that formerly the winds were still colder. That was a few years ago, when five ice dragons lived in the Nanshan cathedral spires, and breathed their frigid breath on the passers-by. It was a *male* fairy that reduced the number to two. Surely an original character in mythology! In

the temple on the altar are jars containing bamboo sticks, on which are cut Chinese characters. Their use is twofold—to gather money and to fool the people. Drop ten *cash* in the box, pray to the mud image, pull out a stick. We did not cast *cash* into the box, we offered no petition to the hideous mud figure, but we did purchase of the keeper four of the magic pieces of wood. On two were the words "Outside the skin," and on two, "If the baby has trouble consult No. 25 and No. 21." Not having any baby we did not stop to examine the book to find what ailed it.

But the Wushi Ling deserves notice in addition to its holding the Great Wall up toward the stars. It is the watershed that separates the drainage areas of the Hei Ho and the Yellow River.

Black Dog evolved the following wise saying while shivering in the breath of the ice dragons: "When it is cold every person feels his own cold; but when it is hot the great family is hot." Plainly spoken the statement intended by Black Dog would read, when the weather is cold some have on warm clothing and feel it not, but when the atmosphere is hot the rich and poor are equal.

We were proceeding along the great northwest road which reaches from Lan to Kashgar. Two other important roads enter Lanchow, one from Ninghia, the other from Sining and the Koko Nor. The population from Liangchow had been sparse, but as we approached the capital it was denser. But the country would be better for pastoralists than for agriculturalists like the

Chinese. At last we came upon the white meteor, which in reality is a large white boulder, say fifteen feet in diameter, and unlike other stones or rocks above ground. The surface is worn smooth by people rubbing against it. A man was taking off chips, and we asked him questions, to which he replied, "It is a god-stone. This stone came from Kanchow, not flying, but by stages, traveling only at night. It is very precious. These chips will cure dyspepsia." We asked the rustic worshiper of the white stone if it cured dyspepsia by falling on the patient. "Grind up the chip and swallow it with hot water." We did not do it. This so-called meteor when approached from the southeast strongly resembles a white elephant. The Great Wall following the crest of the hills comes down to Kulang and then returns to the summits for thirty *li* until well past this white elephant. Superstition played a big part when the Great Wall was built and not unlikely this magic boulder sent the masonry on detour.

High above the white elephant, perched in an almost inaccessible cleft of the rocks, is a temple to twelve widows. One of Chin's great generals was in the region to repel an attack by the Tibetans through a near-by pass, and was about to be captured by the enemy when a dozen widows came to his rescue and led him away. Even they lost their direction till an antelope arriving on the scene offered to be their guide. The dozen widows, after this was all over, went and died, and the temple commemorates their efforts to get a man.

On arrival in Lanchow, one of the important cities

of the "Empire of the Center," our caravan was extended a cordial greeting by Messrs. Andrew and Preedy and their households of the English mission. And here we met once again, after six years, Detective Moore, a man of genius who possesses a real scent for criminals and who had before him a still more brilliant career than his past, although it was his skill and integrity that caught the arch criminals of Shanghai and unearthed and abolished one of the most successful and dangerous gangs of robbers in the whole history of the coast of China. Moore has left his fine career and good pay to become a missionary at a salary far less than he was receiving, and infinitely less than he would by this time have had at his command. This fearless, heroic son of Anak will do vigorous work as a propagandist and will have at least one great advantage of not being fooled by the oriental duplicity which surrounds every missionary worker in the Far East. An honest and exceptionally brilliant detective like Moore might have served his generation and his Master in that capacity. And yet, who can name the future? Clough, the gifted engineer, resigned his profession for missionary work in India, and when a famine came suggested its arrest. His canal scheme was adopted by the government, and saved thousands of lives. Clough's friends called him a fool for quitting engineering for heathen-converting efforts, but the last proved the first. The decision to follow conscience was right.

But the great detective was not the only old friend met here, for John Gwadey, as lively as ever, turned

up with a dog and a tale. The latter was a story of a grave in the Great Wall. "Sixty *li* toward sunrise is the P'inting shan, where Shu Fan Wang and his ancestors of many generations lie buried in lucky spots. The old men say that in the reign of Tao Kuang, of this present dynasty, no rain fell in all this region, and because of the failure of the wheat and vegetable harvests people were starving. Clods of earth turned into rats, men ate men, and parents exchanged their children and ate them.

"In the seventh moon, man and wife, living in the P'ingting Mountains, were busy, in their native village, catching rats for food. While thus engaged a large snake appeared. Li, the husband, seized a shovel and made after the tasty morsel, but it escaped into a hole. When the sun was nearly even with the west, wearied by the labors of the day, they rested before starting new work. Bemoaning the escape of the snake, they were overjoyed to see its head show up in the scorched grass. With fresh vigor the two dug hard and fast to unearth the reptile, but after digging down six feet, a stone door confronted them. It was night, and they rested.

"Early in the morning, with the assistance of neighbors, and after further excavations, the mysterious door was wrenched open; it disclosed a long arched passage along which the party passed cautiously. After five hundred paces they were stopped by another and a stronger stone door, on the lintel and door posts of which were inscriptions, saying that it opened into the grave of Fan Ching Wang. Having forced an en-

trance they found themselves in a connected cave a *li* long. When once well in this gallery a dread fell on the party, their bodies became cold and a hasty retreat to open air resulted. On deliberation they decided to take lamps and reënter.

"After proceeding over a mile underground through a carefully cut tunnel, a well was reached; down this the party descended to the bottom by stone stairs and entered another uncanny tunnel, which they followed for two miles, till a third stone door impeded farther progress. On either side of the portal were ancient characters. This door also was forced and admitted the workmen into a cave excavated in the solid rock, measuring ten feet wide, seven feet high and extending for more than fifty tens of feet. This was a palace consisting of five rooms, without doors or windows. In the midst stood a table of solid gold on which were costly articles of design. Behind the table stood a bedstead built of precious stones, and on either side of the golden table were three coffins.

"Afraid to molest the caskets of the dead, the party entered still another cavern to the left of the golden table, wherein stood two iron carts curiously engraved. These also they left as the roadway would hardly let them out. But on the other side a door led into another cavern which contained a trough of gold and silver ingots. With a triumphant shout of joy that sounded strange in that erstwhile silent chamber of the dead, each greedily helped himself to the treasure that glittered in the light of their torches.

"When the superior magistrate learned of the find he weighed the precious metal that was left, and reported two hundred thousand ounces of gold, a great amount of silver, and bushels of precious stones. All of this by order of the emperor was distributed in grain to the starving multitudes."

Gwadey paused ofter this tale, meditated, and instead of a mere hope that such wonders would recur, delivered himself of the surprising opinion: "The snake led the way, but was not Heaven directing it? Strange, strange, this grave connected with a stone gallery that opened into the Great Wall." Poor old John Gwadey held firmly to the belief in a kind Providence. In his darkened mind was this ray of light. May other rays soon penetrate there. The closing words of "Helen" spring to mind:

> The gods perform what least we could expect,
> And oft the things for which we fondly hoped
> Come not to pass; but Heaven still finds a clue
> To guide our steps through life's perplexing maze,
> And thus does this important business end.

Fifteen thousand families reside in lofty Lanchow, the capital of Kansu, which has a varying elevation of four thousand to twenty thousand feet. An exceptionally large shifting population furnishes a difficulty for the missionaries who are laboring zealously. Fort Ticonderoga was taken because the assailants directed many impacts at the same spot and addressed their iron to a limited circle, but with men here to-day and away to-morrow the perpetual hammering on one conscience

which is advisable, cannot obtain. Nevertheless the Christianizing of the Chinese proceeds without abatement.

Here the ancient and modern are mixed, the superstitions of the past and the progress of the present. We felt inclined to take a census of the public idols of the city, and to that end employed an educated and reliable gentleman, who, after weeks of work, furnished these interesting figures: Temples and ancestral halls number one hundred and seventy-four, idol shrines ninety-three, and public idols two thousand four hundred and twenty. Out of ten parts of land six parts are given to raising tobacco! There are twenty-four government schools and a real effort is making to modernize the education. Along the forty-two streets are found letter-boxes, a new dozen just going up as we passed by, and four banks do the exchange business of the city. Two thousand four hundred and twenty public idols! There is also a sacred tree worthy of mention, over eight hundred years old, and associated with Genghis Khan. It is on the Tsangmên Kwan and has a god living inside it. Beside the tree is an altar, on which incense is constantly burning. The old man opened a secret door and showed the heart of the tree; in the hollow was a vile-smelling liquid. "This is the life juice or essence of the tree; this tree will cure any kind of a disease." All you have to do is to go there, burn incense, knock your head on the ground, drink some of the tree juice, pay a few *cash*, and you are a new man. Smell the juice and the most incredulous will admit a kill or a cure. Pasted

over the tree and for yards at the side are eight hundred red placards of silk and satin covered with characters, hung there by the cured.

From the old tree we went along a main street to the new bridge, joining Golden Hill to Lanchow. The American engineer, Coltman,[1] who is in charge of the three hundred Chinese, building a steel truss bridge across the Yellow River to take the place of the world-renowned bridge of boats, is doing an epoch-marking piece of work. He well knows how to use a padded crowbar when dealing with the Chinese. For instance, while putting down one of the steel pneumatic caissons, it got under the dragon's tail and that was the reason why a drought occurred. This superstition did not, however, impede the work, for the viceroy bade Coltman and Dello proceed and he himself would undertake to look after the dragon's tail. The bridge contract calls for one hundred and sixty-five thousand *taels* and the government will also transport the materials from the railroad to Lanchow. The machine shop is in the temple of the river god, and the big city temple is used for storing the superstructure. At first it was suggested that a blacksmith's shop in the City God Temple showed irreverence to the spirits of the temple, but a diplomatic arrangement provided for the spirits and the work has proceeded with remarkable agility.

Here the old and new are side by side. The old bridge is composed of twenty-four wooden boats lashed to piles by twelve straw cables six inches in diameter, and two iron chains fastened to iron posts. The bridge

[1]Robert Coltman, 3rd, B. A., C. E.

of boats is sixty years old and must be removed in the winter and replaced in the spring. During the winter the ice is crossed, but when a break-up occurs a dangerous ferry is used. The piers of the new steel bridge go down to sandstone and the contract calls for the bridge to be kept there by the bridge company for a hundred years, unless the dragon destroys it, when the company shall not be held responsible!

Here at Lanchow are two of the wonders of the land, the Yellow River and the Great Wall. The one is a marvel of nature—a river thousands of miles long, not fit for navigation, hardly for irrigation, always flooding the land, China's Sorrow. The other is a marvel of science—a Wall hundreds of miles long, not meant for decoration, hardly for renovation, always defending the land, China's Bulwark. Here they meet—the Wall at its most southerly point—and intersect one another. Half the river lies within, and half without the massive Rampart. For centuries the incompetence of engineers or the carelessness of the people or the corruption of contractors, has allowed the river to be a scourge to the land; for centuries the Wall has stood as a token that a far-seeing ruler can command competent engineers and faithful workers. When shall the skill that built the Wall be applied to control the river? Here at Lanchow the two compel a contrast; when shall the lesson from the one be applied to the other, that the river may develop as the Wall has protected?

CHAPTER XX

China before the Great Wall

Here we stand at the southern point of intersection of the Great Wall and the Great River of the North.

On one side stretch the plains of Mongolia, on the other the fertile fields of the laborious Chinese. We imagine ourselves transferred to the epoch of the Builder where we can look backward and forward. Looking backward with our eyes turned to the south we behold the rise of the Chinese Empire and the development of its culture. Twenty centuries in the past loom up before us and through their dim perspective we seem to perceive a growing multitude moving forward under four different banners. The first bears on its ample folds the name REPUBLIC; the second, the THRONE; and the other two likewise have the THRONE emblazoned as the chief object that strikes the vision, but each with insignia of its own. What signifies the marvelous device of a Republic! Does it mean that the people have a share in their own government or what peculiar oriental signification can it possess? A voice comes out of the past and answers the question. It is that of the venerable Yao, "I live for my people; the state exists for their benefit." Such was the theory during the period of one hundred and sixty years over which extend the three reigns of Yao, Shun and Yü.[1]

[1] Yao's reign lasted one hundred and two years, Shun's fifty, but Yü's only eight.

Rain and dew are mercies, so are ice and frost.

Yao was the father of his people. When he heard them singing and boasting of their independence because they lived by their own labor he rejoiced to be forgotten! But so far from forgetting them, he early chose for his successor a man who would continue his policy; and set aside his own son, who was imbecile or worthless. He did not accept the new candidate without careful inquiry into his antecedents. "What has he to recommend him?" was the question addressed to his ministers. Their unanimous reply was, "This young man has had a hard experience in his own family, constantly persecuted by a cruel stepmother (*tristis noverca*), a jealous brother, and a father not only blind of eye but still more blinded in his heart, who made himself an instrument of perpetual persecution. Yet Shun bore it all with unresisting patience. Often was he heard while at work in the fields to lift his voice in solemn appeal to Heaven, but never did he utter a murmur in the hearing of father or mother. Gradually both parents and his brother, touched by his affection and dutiful forbearance, ceased from annoying him, and soon after stood up for him and eventually they all became united in one common bond of affection." "Glorious victory," exclaimed the old monarch. "If he can do that for all the families of my people he shall be my successor. But he has no wife and children himself; he has shown his qualities as a son and a brother, he has yet to be proved as a husband and a father. Here are my two daughters." To increase the severity of the trial he was given both of them at once. So the

young man was taken, like Cincinnatus, from the plow[1] as an apprentice to an emperor. Enough to say he stood the trial to the perfect satisfaction of the old monarch, and after an apprenticeship of twenty-eight years, he was adopted as the heir to the throne.

A great flood occurred in the reign of Yao, B.C. 2297, unprecedented in the history of China. The Yellow River had become obstructed in its course. And the waters rose threatening over the plains, and in the language of the ancient book, "They climbed the sides of the mountains and seemed to threaten heaven itself." Who shall deal with these unruly streams? The answer was, "Here is Kuan, a man of skill and ability." Kuan made the trial without success, and he was set aside. Again the question came, "Who shall take his place and bear the burdens of so huge a task?" The ministers replied, "Who but his son, the energetic youth?" Yü's efforts proved more successful. He spent nine years in the great task, during which in his voyages from north to south, he three times passed his own door without entering. "That," said Shun, "is the man for me. My son has no such talents. The throne shall descend to the man who saved the people from the flood."

Thus Yü became the successor in the monarchical Republic, and nobly did he exercise his high office. Always holding himself accessible to his people, he suspended a bell at the door of his palace, or hut if you choose to call it so, and any one who wished to see him could obtain an instant interview. Whilst partaking

[1] Yet his father is said to have been a descendant of the Emperor Chuan Hsü. Shun is one of the twenty-four examples of filial piety.

of one meal, says the Chinese writer, he "would three times leave the table to answer the questions of his people, and sometimes rush out of the house with his long locks grasped in his hands without taking time to comb or braid them."

Yü, the great engineer, the model of diligence, the third in the series of self-forgetting monarchs who lived only for their people, became the first who established a new type of monarchy. He transmitted his throne to a worthy son, laying thus the foundation of a dynasty which lasted over five hundred years, but with many unworthy successors. Its general character, though not one of cruel despotism, was that of a master towards a nation of slaves. Things went from bad to worse until, the condition of the people becoming unendurable, an avenger appeared on the scene in the person of Ch'êng T'ang;[1] a new dynasty was the result which lasted for a longer period. During this period something like a feudal system began to manifest itself, great barons exercising more or less sway within their own principalities.

It was not, however, until 1120 B.C. that the feudal idea took shape in its fullest and most perfect form. This was under the famous dynasty of Chou. It began with a Regent[2] in whom appeared an unselfish ruler who has become the ideal of succeeding regencies, Chou

[1] "T'ang the Completer" or "the Successful."

[2] The founders of the dynasty were Wên Wang and his son Wu Wang. It was during the minority of the latter's son, Ch'êng Wang, that Chou Kung (his uncle) acted as Regent.

Kung the famous Duke of Chou, regarded as amongst the sages of the Empire.

The tenure of the land during this period was an emblem of the state. The fields were square, intersected by two lines east and west and two lines north and south, thus making nine divisions; the central section belonged to the state and taxes were paid by cultivating that portion for the public treasury. So loyal were the people that they lifted their heads to the rising clouds and prayed to Heaven, "Send your first showers down on our central plot, and then let a few drops fall on our own." The Kingdom was laid out on the same plan, the royal domain occupying the central position surrounded by the fiefs of feudal barons. As Confucius describes it, "Just as the north star sits on his throne while all the other stars revolve around it." The well-known name of Middle Kingdom for the empire of China, which should be Central Kingdom, is derived from this source. In this designation there is no allusion to the supposed map of the earth but only to the distribution of the feudal states with reference to the central throne. Another early name for China is Chung-yüan, "Central Plain," which apparently refers to the great fertile plain of Honan.

Confucius, on another occasion, expressed his enraptured admiration for the feudal system in language no less emphatic. Speaking of the development of the previous dynasties, when asked what will be the form of government in coming generations he replied, "For a hundred generations to come the form can be no other than the present." Yet this was one of the wise man's

Men do not live a hundred years, yet harbour the griefs of a thousand.

limitations. For to our wider view it is apparent that a feudal government is necessarily unstable. During the latter part of the long tenure of the Chous, the Central Monarch lost control of his unruly princes, becoming merely a figurehead clothed with priestly functions, and loudly complaining that the barons had ceased to consult him except when a sacrifice to heaven became necessary. Under these circumstances wars and conflicts between the several states became inevitable, and for two centuries internecine strife was the prevailing characteristic of the times, which were happily terminated by the system of consolidation introduced by the builder of the Great Wall.

It was during the third dynasty that the Chinese mind began to exhibit its greatest intellectual activity. As we look back again through the mist of ages three venerable figures emerge from the darkness, those of Lao Tzŭ, Confucius, and Mencius. The first was founder of the Taoist system which has exerted an immense influence on the condition of China past and present. The second was author of China's ethical system, embracing the individual, the family, and the state. The third was renovator and apostle of the teachings of his great master Confucius.

Lao Tzŭ signifies "the Old Master," so called because he was the senior of Confucius and because Confucius sought light and knowledge from him.[1] His specula-

[1] When Lao Tzŭ died, Confucius was still a young and practically unknown man. The alleged meeting of the two philosophers, as told in the *Historical Record*, carries no conviction and is almost certainly a later invention.

tions were, however, too wild and fanciful to suit the taste of a practical mind like that of Confucius, and seemed to have had no influence whatever in giving shape to the doctrines of the latter. The doctrines of the Tao Tê Ching which go by his name are higher, purer and more idealistic than the so-called Taoist religion. The central idea of later Taoism is the acquisition of such a power over material nature as to enable man to transform the elements at will, and to become transformed himself into an immortal; it soon degenerated into a mass of jugglery and fraud. Perhaps the noble conceptions of Lao Tzŭ may be grasped and resuscitated under the influence of Christianity and true science. Among the followers of the Taoist sect the control of the elements was directed toward alchemy, the literal making of gold! In these researches their aspirations for personal immortality led them to turn their backs on human society, and resort to ascetic discipline as well as to occult artifices and jugglery. A Chinese poet well describes their spirit and aim in words like these:

> "A prince the draught immortal went to seek
> And finding it he soared above the spheres.
> In mountain caverns he had spent a week:
> Of human time it was a thousand years."

Sorcery and witchcraft naturally became engrafted in a stock so congenial to their spirits. The Taoist sect have consequently had through all these ages a monopoly in the way of incantations and theurgy. The demon world is regarded as subject to their control

Where no money is spent there no grace is gained.

They have a high priest who dwells in a kingly palace on the top of a mountain in Kiangsi; he professes to be able on any complaint from any part of the empire, even though it should come from the extremity of the Great Wall, to capture an unruly demon and hold him prisoner. All this, be it understood, for a fee, which realizes the Taoist idea of making gold!

Less imaginative and more thoroughly constructive[1] in the cast of his mind, Confucius from his early years set his heart on the regeneration of human society. This he sought to effect by securing the patronage of the feudal princes of his day. The Duke of Lu, his own native state, employed the wise man to recast his administration. Things ran smoothly for three months when a neighboring prince, as Chinese authors say, for the very purpose of counteracting his influence sent to the prince a bevy of dancing girls. The philosopher was thrown into the shade and in disgust he threw up his commission and sought the patronage of other princes. Happily for posterity not one among the princes of the empire was willing to listen to him. Under these circumstances he gave himself up to the work of teaching, editing and composing those text-books[2] which

[1] Not so in one sense. Confucius truly said of himself: "My function is to indicate rather than to originate." And again: "I am but one who loves antiquity and is earnest in the study of it."

[2] His sayings, known as the Confucian Analects, in which his ethical system is set forth, were not written down until a generation or two after his death. He edited some of the classics—the Book of Changes, the Book of Poetry, and perhaps the Book of History,—but the only work actually composed by him is the *Ch'un ch'iu, Spring and Autumn Annals* of the Lu state, a very dry record of the barest facts.

lered his name immortal and his influence pro-
The purest system of non-Christian ethics that
world has seen, they exhibit no feature of striking
iality. Human relations are set forth generally
in ir true character with the advantage of combin-
ing the conciseness of proverbial philosophy with the
literary finish of an elegant writer. The doctrines have
accordingly been treasured in the memories of the youth
in schools for seventy generations. Confucius showed
himself deeply conscious of responsibility to God, whom
he called Heaven. But he inculcated no system of re-
ligion. It is an error to speak of "the Confucian
religion," as he confined his teachings solely to the duties
of the present life. It was in consequence of the
vacancy left by the omission of any religious element,
that Buddhism succeeded so easily in finding a footing
in China.

Mencius, more fortunate than his great master who had lived nearly two hundred years earlier, was welcome at the courts of princes. He propagated his doctrine with courage and with eloquence, upholding everywhere the principle that "honesty is the best policy" and that unselfish virtue has its own reward. One cannot refrain from heaving a sigh that the thousands of scholars who repeat his words by rote have no conception of his spirit. Among the mandarins of China *some* have learned his great lesson that "honesty is the best policy."

Appreciating the excellence of the teachings of the Confucian school, we regret that they have never been able to penetrate the mind of China thoroughly, or to

Do no wrong by day and you will fear no demon knocking at your door by night.

effect the regeneration of which their authors dreamed. The builder of the Great Wall and his masterly minister looked upon them as positively mischievous. Did they not consecrate feudal misgovernment as the *ne plus ultra* of human wisdom and would it not be impossible to wipe out that objectionable system as long as these books maintained their supremacy in the schools of China? Hence the burning of the books and the slaughter of the scholars. And never since have those teachings regained their influence. Chin performed a service for his nation which in the age of modern scholarship, now just dawning, will be appreciated.

CHAPTER XXI

The Three Chins

Don't adjust your shoes in a melon patch,
Or straighten your hat under a plum tree.
Chinese Proverb.

Our design to visit Chinchow was prospered beyond expectation of the most hopeful. The journey from Lanchow ran through a brigand-infested region, but we saw none; the days were rainy, but we were not bogged; the loess landscapes were lively, but except for a muleteer falling and several mules slipping, no accident occurred.

The muleteers were of exceptional merit, or were in an exceptionally good mood owing to a vigorous lecture. As a rule, missionaries are worse treated here than other travelers. On the principle that "a gentle horse is easy to ride; an honest man easy to cheat," the very kindness and long-suffering of the missionary causes him to be imposed upon. But as true kindness does not consist in letting every man do as he likes, the wise Preedy of Lanchow gave these men a manly talk; then there was no need for correction, nor even of a word of punishment from me all the way.

Mules appear to be reverenced here. We passed a temple where a Golden Mule used to be on exhibit; but a foreigner visited it, and no one since has beheld the

Golden Mule, while the good luck of the valleys disappeared also.

Three places bear the name of the Great Emperor: Chinan, Chinchia Tsui, Chinchow; two of these we visited.[1] We hunted for the ancestral home of the Chins, and also for any surviving relations of the hero. This expedition led us over seven mountains where, despite some "starved ignoble nature," most things seemed to have no hard struggle for life. Trees might be scarce and stunted, but the farms indicated industry, thrift and bounteous harvests. The peculiar landscape of the loess suggested a land of amphitheaters, one being large enough to seat the whole ten millions of Kansu.

At Chinchia Tsui, some twenty *li* north of Chinan, dwell many families named Chin; some "make the fields," some are scholars. Within the four square walls of Chinan dwell one thousand families and nearly as many more in the suburbs. Some are descendants of Chin. A leading clothier of this kin was invited to call on us at the Inn of Perpetual Peace, but he hesitated and finally stayed away.

The conduct of Adam, as reported in the region where we are now writing, is worthy of loud and long applause.

The ancestors of Chin were rich and his descendants are prosperous. That they have held their position in the social and political world so well speaks for the ability transmitted to them and by them improved for

[1]The imperial post spelling is Tsinan, Tsinkia Tsui, Tsinchow, Kan.

endants of an emperor sink a degree in the
le in every generation, until they reach the
K OI the common people."

Dog has described the journey to Chinan and my surprise has made exceptional advancement in ct and valuable observation as the following extract stify:

"This day was truly bitter. The heavens fell rain one day and did not cease. A cold wind blew until our bones were numb and sour! The road was muddy and the hills steep. Once, not watch feet, it meant a summersault, enough to make one laugh.

"When we reached Chinan I walked in the street. Speaking of men they were not dirty, speaking of houses they were clean.

"The five grains that were being cultivated in the fields were all complete. The fruit-wood was all very liberal. The men were correct and the land rich. This is the kind of place of which it might be said, 'the country is peaceful and the people at rest.'

"On the new books of Chinan from the eighteenth year of Tao Kuang to the present there were doors, i.e. families, 1,395. There were mouths, 18,523. Inc. public and private land, 88,532 acres. Paid Summer taxes each year, 26,015 bushels; paid Fall taxes, 28,182 and more bushels; straw, 4,766 bundles; mulberry trees, 2,679. Duties on iron, 2,000 catties; on copper, 67 catties; tin, 45 catties; lead, 50 catties; beeswax, 80 catties; madder, 40 catties; white powder, 5 catties; red coloring, 3 catties; 2 oz. red tassels, 70 catties; goatskins, 40 pieces; goat horns, 70 catties; deer skins, 90 pieces; cow horns, 5½ catties; glue, 130 catties; sheep, 35; silver, 130 ounces. All these were sent to the Board of Revenue and Ceremonies, Peking. But there were 5 fur garments sent to the Provincial Treasurer.

A word is enough for a wise man, and a flick of the whip for a fleet horse.

"The productions are corn, millet, wheat, hemp, buckwheat, mustard, celery and other cereals and vegetables. Near the city watermelons grow. Flowers—tulip, peony, cinnamon, solid bamboo, chrysanthemum, many grasses and medicines, ten and more fruits, many birds and animals, panthers, wolf, deer, fox, hare, etc."

That the first man made his first appearance near Chinchow in the Valley of Red Peppers is strongly held by the populace. Now it fortunately fell to the lot of our caravan to pass through the Hot Valley *en*



Dragon body, man's head. Drum in the Stomach. Thunder strikes extravagant persons, hence a coolie will not step on a grain of rice.

route from Chinan to Chinchow. Located thirty *li* from the latter city, and known locally as the Valley of the Three Lights, by us remembered as the Vale of Red

Peppers, is the celebrated temple built in honor of Fu Hsi, "the first ruler of Chinese legendary history. The period commonly assigned to the beginning of his reign is B.C. 2852. He instructed the people in the arts of hunting, fishing and pasturage. He invented the eight diagrams, established the laws of marriage, and constructed musical instruments." Let this be fiction, nevertheless the story is here unconsciously told of the secret of China's everlasting life.

The Great Wall was built by an endless race. But why endless? The black-robed Chin "established the laws of marriage." And then made organs. The establishing of the family life was the beginning of the nation's eternal life! The history goes on to say: "In that golden age the rulers needed but to be expert in the use of the instruments to assure peace and perfect harmony in every part." Crime was then unknown, locks and bars were unnecessary, travelers slept by the wayside as securely as at home, not even taking the precaution of covering their purses. Such is the power of harmony! The exalting of the family idea must account largely for the continued existence of this vast empire. It is easily seen that present peoples who slight the family life are fast becoming extinct!

The local name of Fu Hsi is "Ancestor of Mankind." His image is attired in a skirt of fig leaves. His wife is believed to be hiding in a cave near by, dissatisfied with the fig-leaf skirt! This temple is held to contain the original of the Eight Diagrams. No one has ever fully explained them and the persons who have tried to do so get as far as saying: "The explanation of the whole

thing is," when the words freeze on their lips and they sink down dead!

Through the Valley of the Three Lights flow two rivers. On the soft mud between these rivers the first man is said to have experimented in making the complicated ideographs of the Chinese. This is where the puzzling characters began and since that no one man has ever learned all about them.

A "rain of grain" occurred when the characters were traced in the mud of Red Pepper Valley and the demons ran away. It does not stand alone in the royal records of the celestials. But this was no doubt responsible for the sarcastic promise of The Only First when in speaking to Tah, son of Prince Hsi, detained as hostage in the state of Ch'in, the First Emperor promised to release him when it rained grain, when crows had white heads, and when horses had horns . . . all of which the historian says came to pass; according to the royal word he was released. Later there is a rain of *cash* reported. One Hsiung Kun, censor, lost his wealth; reduced to poverty, he prayed for rain of *cash,* which fell for three days and enabled him to provide decent burial for his father. More credible is the rain of hail in the days of Fei Tsz, the horse breeder of Chin, when cattle and horses were slain and the Yangtze was frozen.

Near the bank of the larger river in whose mud were the characters, and at the foot of Temple Hill, is a smooth stone with two grooves made by the Chinese Eve when washing her husband's clothes. This shows that fig leaves were not the only attire; and indeed one legend

tells that the Chinese Adam confined himself to them in order that others might have the right to wear clothes —a sort of vicarious suffering. There is, however, an alternative reason assigned for this scant attire, that he lost all his clothes in the flood! What an historical locality! the first organ factory; the first writing; the first Eight Diagrams; the first farming; the first marriage; The Only First! This is astonishingly romantic and ancient.

At the foot of the Hill of Eight Diagrams stands a small native Christian church built and supported wholly by native money. The leader of this Christian community is a well-to-do doctor who is plotting to divert the funds expended on a theater in honor of Adam to the opening of a public school for the benefit of the villagers.

From the days of the First Chin this region has been a hotbed of superstition. Strange tales are told of demon possession. One of these is vouched for by the English missionaries at Chinchow, who assert that this sort of demoniacal display came only after the arrival of gospel teachers. The whole affair is so uncanny and unusual that we venture to put one instance thus on record, all the information coming from unquestioned sources, and no comment of our own being added.

"One moon ago the doctor was called to see an old man of seventy-five, who developed signs of demon possession during the night. For a long period the patient stood on his head on the *kong*, with his feet up the wall, stretched to their utmost length. He had always been a respectable gentleman. The doctor arrived

and preached to the bystanders and then told the old man's son that if he would kneel down he would pray for the patient. This done, the demon was commanded to leave the patient. The victim now lay on the brick bed with arms tossing and eyes rolling wildly and said: "I am going to fight a battle with you to-day!" This excited Dr. Footstep, who shouted: "Fight with me if you dare. The Lord conquered you on the cross, and will now." Then placing the patient in a sitting posture, a great fear came over the physician, who called: "Lord, help! Help!" Whereupon the fear left him and the old man turned and said: "When is Jesus coming?" The doctor replied: "I do not know, but when He does He will bind you and fling you into the bottomless pit." The reply was, "I know it." But the old man did not know it. He knew nothing about the Lord Jesus coming to earth again. The doctor then commanded the demons in the name of Him who died on the cross to be gone. And they went, leaving the patient frightfully weak."

We reluctantly left the Valley of Red Peppers and went into the city of Chinchow, whose origin was on this wise. People condemned for picking turnips that did not belong to them were sent there from Nanking to repeople the region which had lost its population and in the meantime had become a vast forest. In remote ages a dense population seems to have inhabited this country, and many great battles have been fought in the neighborhood. It seems certain that western China had a highly developed civilization when there was in-

tellectual darkness farther east in Asia. The city has been variously named by the different ages. It was known as "Heavenly Water" and then in the Han dynasty, as "The Imperial City," when it was the capital of the Duke of Wei, the Little Duke. The original name of Chin was dropped by the influence of the literati after Chin burned the books and buried alive the scholars.

Like many eastern cities, this has been rebuilt more than once on rather different sites. To begin with, the prognosticator fixed on a lucky spot thirty *li* from the present town. A sheep was sacrificed, its head placed on a flag-staff to mark the site, and building operations were begun. But perhaps some one was disappointed at finding no unearned increment accrue to his lord; anyhow, one morning the flag-staff was not to be seen. On search it was discovered ten miles up the valley, and the omen was accepted that they must follow the flag.

The ancient site, or village of Ch'ên, is supposed to be the ancestral home of the Chins. But one night a flying hill came on a visit, and effectually blotted out the whole village. This tale may be a vivid account of a real earthquake; but the old village is as effectually obsolete as Sodom.

The Imperial City would give more trouble to get rid of in this way; it was on a hill, northeast of the present town. The moderns still quarry in the ruins and dig up pottery or old iron; one old Christian excavated a bar of iron which he threw under a corn bin, but noticing a glow he hauled it out and scraped it; it proved to be gold.

When two men's minds shall agree, common earth will golden be.

The present city is an agglomeration of five, each complete with its walls and gates, so that the general ground plan is of a boat with a rowlock projecting on either side. Ten *li* to the west dwell the descendants of the miller who ground flour for the founders; by imperial decree they pay no taxes. This is fortunate, as the children here have a strange appetite for other food, the Po hsi or white earth from the flying hill or the sliding mountain. The Chinchow children nibble the window-sills on which they lean, and the beds on which they sleep. As one young lady says: "I cannot stop eating it." Some develop a taste for ashes or charcoal; the indulgence in or the craving for the earth turns them an earthy color, till they die. If the children have one morbid custom, the parents have another. They consider it an insult to Mother Earth to bury a child under two years of age; so the frail little body is consigned to the fire in the *kong*, and serves to warm the brick bed on which the family sleeps.

Black Dog's diary on Chinchow says:

> "I read a day (i.e. kept the Sabbath) then on the eighteenth sun of the ninth moon we took up our bodies, arose on the road, and arrived at Chinchow before the sun was even with the west. Chinchow may be considered a place with an ancient name. It was said that this place has six sights. In the ancient times it was a place with a name; to-day it also is a place with a name. We saw the land-earth wealthy and thick, the inhabitants careful, the mountain water nourishing the land, perpetually having power. On the day of our arrival this place was repairing the Wall and erecting the T'ai Shan Temple; truly a beauty of oil

ıg, a sight worth seeing. The head of the managers his bosom the subscription book! Every door and eve hop must subscribe. On it was written 'Ten thousand leeds gather together here.'

e see that the men who worship the idol-gods do not noney to repair temples out of a good intention. It is no more than asking by force and carelessly giving. Alas! contributing money and erecting temples is no more than wasting substance an in vain occupying a piece of good ground.

"Again strolling at the Gemmy Fountain Temple I saw above it a large writing saying 'The Gate of Heaven.' On the street there were many persimmons, walnuts, cotton goods, pears and such things."

Many legends declaring emphatically that large numbers of men were buried in the Great Wall have led us here in the ancestral home of the builder to make inquiries. That a wide-spread custom of the sort prevailed at certain periods in remote ages is unquestioned. The Fijians, Dyaks, Indians, Aztecs, and Africans practise similar sacrificial rites. The reason was never far to find, to propitiate evil spirits and to attract good luck, as well as to inaugurate the victim into the mysteries of a spirit policeman! "In his days did Hiel the Bethelite build Jericho: he laid the foundation thereof in (on or upon) his first-born." "In the German excavation at Megiddo there was found under a tower the skeleton of a young girl deposited in such a way as to leave no doubt that it was essentially connected with the foundation of the building. We cannot take seriously, however, the Chinchow legend, which relates with every horror of detail the story of how the taskmasters put

Water may run in a thousand channels, but all returns to the sea.

lime into the food of the workmen to induce less eating and finally, death, in order that their bodies might be thrown into the Wall to appease the general and local gods, including the whole host of evil spirits which might be expected to attend in unheard-of numbers when a fabric so vast was being erected, to prevent their coming out of the north to feed and fatten their unearthly presences on the souls south of the boundary line. Superstition played a great part in the making of the Northern Rampart, for the Wall mysteriously mounts to the loftiest summits, dives into the deepest ravines, twists and squirms in such an altogether unnecessary fashion, that we have been put to our wits' end to explain the performance.

Had the military engineers of that warlike day alone designed a stable and effective fortification in the north to resist assaults of hardy horsemen, then certainly many towers and connecting walls on wholly inaccessible precipices would have been omitted,—unless those ancient warriors were familiar with the fall of Sardis and similar military feats. We must seek beyond the plans of army experts for the reasons that brought this strange, stalwart "titanic fence" into evidence in a fenceless land. We have confirmed our opinion that "Wise Men" ordered the curves and contortions of the Wall of Chin. They doubtless consulted constellations, skulls, and a score of uncanny divining devices. Indeed, should the history of the devil be written it would likely contain a highly surprising and interesting chapter on the Great Wall.

CHAPTER XXII

Medieval China: since Chin's Great Wall to the Present Dynasty

· medieval we mean period extending from the
d nasty of Chin, who created China, to the accession of
e Manchus who cor red it. From a Chinese point
view it is all con d in "modern history," the
eat Wall being the div ng line in chronology as it
ography. A marked change took place in the
ıc aspects of Chinese fe, no less than in the system of government. The scepter fell from the nerveless hand of Chin Erh Shih, the son of the tyrant; even had he possessed the talents of his father, they would not have served to prolong his reign. An irritated and vengeful populace rose in all the provinces to expel a government under which they had suffered untold miseries. Many chiefs fought for power, no one distinctly aiming at the throne. At length Liu Pang of P'ei (in modern Kiangsu) made himself conspicuous and sought the reins of empire. He was almost wholly illiterate, but a man of native genius, capable of broad views, possessed of indomitable perseverance, heroic courage, and withal, a great share of human kindness. After more than ten years of conflict, he became acknowledged as the founder of a new dynasty and was canonized by the title of Han Kao Tsu, "the High Ancestor of the House of Han," as the name signified. He



even when Confucius says, "The progress of knowledge depends on the study of nature," we find a note by the commentator, "the treatise on the Study of Nature was lost."

The books were restored, but the Confucian ideal of government never reappeared. It was obliterated as completely as if his chapters in praise of feudal government had never risen from their ashes. The wise founders of the new dynasty appreciated the wisdom of the great conqueror in welding the provinces together as a unit, and binding them, as by a chain of iron, with the Great Wall itself. Yet beyond that Barrier the hostile power of the north had also made progress. The Tartars had made innumerable forays on the peaceful principalities prior to the building of the Wall. And now they still were a perpetual menace to the peace of China. Something like unity had taken place among their scattered tribes. They had a common sovereign who called himself Shan Yü, and who claimed to be the equal of the Son of Heaven. Embassies came and went between the Tartar north and the Chinese south, this incipient diplomatic intercourse being varied by the frequent detention, imprisonment and occasionally decapitation of the ambassador. One of those ambassadors best known was Su Wu, man of fame for his literary genius. He has left a touching little poem, his farewell to his wife, on his setting out for the court of the barbarous Tartar monarch, which Dr. Martin thus renders:

> Twin trees whose boughs together twine
> Two birds that guard one nest,

Better be alive and poor than rich and dead.

We'll soon be far asunder torn,
As sunrise from the West.

Hearts knit in childhood's innocence,
Long bound in Hymen's ties:
One goes to distant battlefields;
One sits at home and sighs.

Like carrier bird, the seas divide,
I'll seek my lonely mate:
But if afar I find a grave
You'll mourn my hapless fate.

100 B. C.

Another illustration of the relations subsisting between Tartar and Chinese at that epoch may often be seen exhibited on the boards of a Chinese theater, in the shape of an affecting drama called "The Princess Chao crossing the Border." The princess was a court beauty, the favorite of one of the Han emperors. The Tartar monarch, hearing of her fame, demanded her hand as a condition of peace. The emperor unwillingly consented and the story represents the grief of the court beauty, the humiliation of the Chinese which that implied and the exultation of the Tartars at this splendid evidence of something like a military triumph. It may well be asked, Where was the Great Wall all this time? A sufficient force might always maintain the peace of China, but the surprise or destruction of a single garrison might at any time open the way to an enemy, and the Chinese declined to pass beyond the

frontier so clearly marked out, to ravage their foe in his own steppes.

The ancient dynasties were all of long duration; the modern dynasties ran a shorter career. Those like the Han, the T'ang, the Sung, the Ming and the Ch'ing, the present house, had in general a tenure of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred years. The reason of this difference is not apparent, though we may suppose that feudal chiefs when left to their own independent action are content to recognize a nominal suzerainty, whereas a centralized government which has put but one power on the throne always presents a temptation to usurpation or revolution. There is, of course, another explanation, that the earlier history is false. Admittedly the earlier records were destroyed by Chin, and the Book of History which has been restored only deals with the fortunes of part of the Yellow River basin. How far can we rely on the correct restoration of the text? How far can we trust the chronology of the annalists? The certain history since Chin shows short-lived dynasties; does not this suggest that the earlier history, which may perhaps be correct in fact, is yet out of perspective—like so much that is Chinese—and has been not foreshortened, but hindlengthened?

Short and partial dynasties limited to different portions of the empire are reckoned in the succession, but they are mostly to be regarded as occupying a transition period. Of these there were five, two of whom were of Tartar origin. After one of these intervals, occurs what is called the Minor Han, which was itself

only partial and temporary. The sphere which it occupied, for two reigns only, was the modern province of Szechwan; the rest of the empire being divided between two other rival houses. The wars between these houses form an heroic age for China immortalized by the greatest of their historical fiction, the so-called "History of the Three Kingdoms." Of the three heroes of the later Han, one was Kuan Yü, subsequently canonized and deified as Kuan Ti the god of war, special protector of the present dynasty. Not to speak of the uncertainty of his origin, in an historic romance, the fact that the present dynasty has been beaten in most of its foreign wars, ought, perhaps, to shake their confidence in their redoubtable protector![1] Of the great dynasties each one may be said to have a distinctively literary character. The Hans were marked by the restoration of letters, the T'angs by the most perfect development of poetic culture, the Sungs by the most subtle philosophic speculation and literary criticism, the Ming by elegance in prose composition, and the Ch'ing by the incipient influence of western science.

A great event which marks the period of the Hans and colors that of all succeeding history was the introduction of Buddhism. The Emperor Mingti dreamed that he saw a golden man holding in his hand a bow and two arrows. The Daniels of his court were summoned

[1] This applies only to recent wars with European powers and Japan. The present dynasty has suppressed numerous rebellions, some of them among the most formidable ever known in history. It has conducted marvelously successful campaigns in the heart of Central Asia, and added vast territories to the empire. The expedition against the Gurkhas in 1790 was one of the most extraordinary enterprises ever carried out by man.

to explain the dream. One of them replied, "It explains itself; is not the man with a bow and two arrows obviously the hieroglyphic 'foh,' i.e. Man-Bow-Buddha, which consists of these elements?" The emperor joyfully accepted the interpretation, and despatched an embassy to India in quest of Buddhist priests and Buddhist books. To some extent both had found their way already to China, but the favor of imperial sunshine gave an immense impulse to their missionary enterprise, and the omission of a religious element in the Confucian culture left a vacancy to be occupied. This was in the year 66 A.D. Fancy strives in vain to picture the condition of things which might have taken place if the Chinese embassy, instead of stopping at India, had, like the other wise men from the East, made its way to Palestine and obtained one or more of the apostles, along with the Old and New Testaments of the Christian faith. The Buddhist books suggested the dream, and the missionary effort of the Buddhist priests had brought India into prominence as a source of wisdom and culture by which China has since been influenced far more than the world generally supposes.

Under the T'ang dynasty about five centuries later, Christian missionaries also made their way to China. Though not summoned by an imperial embassy they were welcomed at the imperial court, built churches by imperial command in the capital itself, and won converts by hundreds of thousands in many of the provinces. But sad to say, a solitary stone in the capital of the T'ang near the northwest portion of the Great Wall remains as the only evidence of their early inva-

強將手下無弱兵

A good general has no bad soldiers.

sion, which failed to issue in a permanent conquest. Traces, indeed, of the Syrians or "Nestorians" and their faith, continue to show themselves in later periods, but they disappear with the last of the Mongols at the beginning of the fourteenth century.

In looking towards the period of T'ang, when the whole of Chin's empire was reunited after nearly four hundred years, we discover two bright poetic stars which blend their luster, and throw into the shade the genius and achievements of later poets. They are Li T'ai-Po[1] and Tu Fu. The name of the first signifies "The Morning Star," a title bestowed by an emperor who declared that that luminary must have been incorporated in his person. The legendary history of China is full of stories of his genius and his eccentric habits.

His great rival, if less brilliant, is scarcely less esteemed, and was more profound and learned. His merits being recognized late in life, he indulged in a review of his fortunes beginning with the comical confession, "For thirty years I've ridden on a donkey, and now I find myself mounted in a chariot." He might have said on Pegasus, but Chinese poets seem to know but little of the flying steed.

The T'ang period, roughly 600-900 A.D., was the brightest in the Chinese annals, and shows China incontestably the foremost nation then on earth. The empire had been newly surveyed and districted on the system that still holds, the south coast was permanently incorporated, an oversea traffic was developed by the enter-

[1]His name was Li Po; T'ai-po was his "style" or familar appellation.

prise of the Arabs and the wild tribes to the west were subdued. Literature and history were fostered, printing was invented, education was promoted throughout the land, the laws were codified and the judicial system improved.

Fifty-three years of chaos succeeded before a strong leader reunited the petty kingdoms and founded the Sung dynasty. In their days the scholars and the administrators had much dissension as to the benefit of Confucian principles in actual affairs, and this diverted literary taste away from sterile classics to more practical subjects or to deeper problems. Hence the sky of the Sungs was lit up by a constellation of philosophers, five of whom shine as stars of the first magnitude. Their names are Chou, Chang, Ch'êng, Ch'êng, Chu.[1] The most eminent was the last, Chu Hsi, a prodigy of learning, who escaped the danger of mere erudition, and retained to the last a broad and free spirit of speculation. He is now the authorized expositor of the classical learning of China, and from his opinions it is heresy to dissent. He has, indeed, in our estimation, somewhat perverted the teachings of earlier sages and we at least feel at liberty to differ from him in his interpretation of the word T'ien, i.e. heaven. This, he says, is a principle, thus denying virtually the existence of a conscious God, a doctrine which pervades the ancient literature of China, and without which it becomes unintelligible. As, for example:

Emperors have been enthroned with advertisement that they accept the appointment by the will of Heaven.

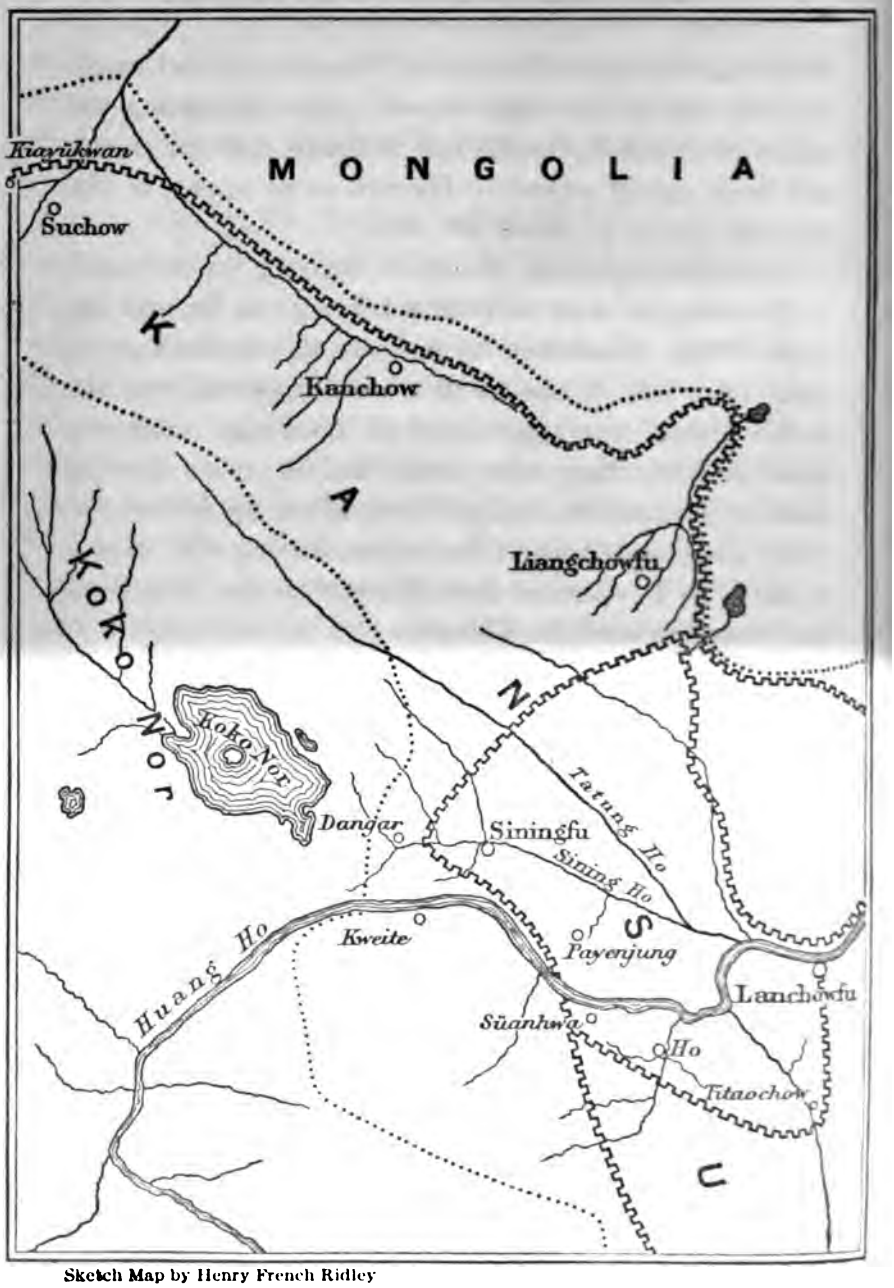
[1] Chou Tun-i, Chang Tsai, Ch'êng I, Ch'êng Hao, Chu Hsi.

Carters, boatmen, innkeepers, carriers and yamên runners though crimeless should be killed.

Rulers have ascended the altar of Heaven, prayed, made sacrifice, and in the flame burned paper containing the names of criminals condemned to death, that the smoke and flame might ascend to Heaven as an appeal to the supreme power to ratify the act.

From the beginning, this great dynasty was harassed by invasions of semi-barbarous tribes from beyond the Great Wall. Gradually driven back, the northern provinces were left in the hands of the invaders, and the native capital was again fixed at Nanking.[1] After a lapse of time they were compelled to retire farther south to Hangchow, and not long after, the last of the Sung disappeared from the arena, leaving the empire to the Chin Tartars and their Mongol rivals. The Wall had ceased to avail the Chinese.

[1] It had previously been at Kaifeng in Honan.



Sketch Map by Henry French Ridley

TIBETAN LOOP OF THE GREAT WALL

CHAPTER XXIII

The Tibetan Loop of the Great Wall
Fast Horse Caravan into Tibet

The discovery of a Y in the Great Wall near the Lofty Pass, decided us to journey into Tibet, both to search for more Great Wall, and to study the descendants of those foes against whom the Great Wall was constructed. The journeys into the higher lands lying toward the west were taken on fast horses.

Two routes are open to the traveler from Lanchow to Sining. We selected the shorter, more beautiful, and more dangerous; and accomplished the six days' journey in three and one-half days going; but returning, broke every record by doing the distance in three days! The ancient city of Sining acted as a base from which various expeditions were made in search of the Tibetan arm of the Great Wall of Chin Shih Huang Ti. The first excursion was to Gumbum.

Gumbum, "the seat of ten thousand images," is the most important lamasery on earth next to Lhasa, the home of the founder of the present system of Buddhism: and the lounging place of thirty-six hundred lamas.

Leaving Sining by the West Gate we passed under the lee of the Funghwang Mountain, named in honor of the legendary bird of China, and rode up the picturesque Southern Valley, passing pilgrims who, like our-

selves, were on their way to Gumbum. There was, however, this difference: they were actuated by religious zeal which helped them to tramp along the dusty road, whereas we were incited to action merely by curiosity and science. Indeed, had it not been for the hope of finding remains of the Great Wall, important as Gumbum is, we must have desisted.

Our well-mounted caravan trotted on to Shangsin Chwang, the Upper New Village, where we came upon the reputed remains of the Great Wall. These were measured and photographed and studied. At this point the Wall is known by the following names: Pien Ch'iang, the Boundary Wall, Ch'ang Ch'iang, the Long Wall and Wu Ling Ch'iang, the Five Ranges Wall; this latter signified that it passes over five ranges of mountains or hills. The Long Wall follows the foothills from the Pass to Kia Ya, where it ascends and follows the crest of the mountain in a northwesterly direction behind the lamasery of Gumbum, thence to Tsa Ma Lang, where we purpose to examine it *en route* to Tibet. At a point ten *li* southeast of Gumbum the ruins measured ten feet at the base and twenty feet in height. Five *li* from Gumbum are remains of a moat, which paralleled the Long Wall on the Tibetan side. As the Tibetans cannot walk, the combination of moat and wall was effectual in preventing a charge by the fierce horsemen.

This ruin does not date back to remote times, but is not improbably on the line of an ancient structure. Strangely enough the history of Sining District makes no mention of the Long Wall in its own writing, but

We wed a wife for her virtue, a concubine for her looks.

refers to books no longer extant! Scholars are of opinion that these ruins represent a structure of the Chin Dynasty.[1] The brick and stone veneering have disappeared, leaving it naked and exposed to atmospheric changes. We take pleasure in calling the attention of chartographers to the Tibetan loop, and possibly some pride in adding two hundred miles of Great Wall to the map of China.

Our first view of Gumbum was disappointing, so we pushed on into the town itself. The first object visited was the famous tree of healing. The lamas carefully gather up all the fallen leaves and sell them to all and sundry who desire healing. One poor cripple bent double was hoping that the leaves would straighten him out. How dastardly to deceive the poverty-stricken cripple! One pilgrim was measuring his body on the ground as he made a pilgrimage about the palace. Merely as a matter of exercise it was admirable. A visit here at this center of Buddhism will disgust a thinking person with the whole exhibition of the religion. The deception practised by the leaders is beyond belief, and the sincerity of the "common herd" correspondingly pitiable and pathetic. The ignorance of the lamas is dense. We asked the simplest questions, but they did not know the answers. How would a visit to London or to St. Anne de Beaupré strike a Buddhist, we wonder.

[1] In the Ashley collection of voyages mention is made of a foreign traveler who passed into Sining A.D. 1661 and who saw "a vast wall" on the top of which people "traveled from the gate of Sining to the next at Sochow, which is 18 days' journey!"

On scrutinizing a group of fifteen lamas, we felt the faces could be duplicated in any large American prison. Those faces indicated either that they were actual criminals or at least capable of criminality! One lama indeed was executed in the Yamên at Kweite for murder and robbery. Another sent to a missionary for medicine to commit race suicide. The opportunity presented to the Christian for teaching wholesome truth was seized with avidity. But not all lamas are criminals though the lamaseries are sanctuaries for such; we did see one face that really suggested the religious recluse or esthetic. Those who are inclined to favor Buddhism, should visit their headquarters in Gumbum during the Butter Festival and see the revelry of men and women. Was ever a Turkish harem worse? Buddhism has not only failed to arrest the descent of its priests into immorality, but has utterly failed to supply China with moral growth. China needs Christianity.

One point is commendable, that after a service those present tell the absentee what has been taught. Otherwise there was no trace of schools, hospitals, or anything else of advantage to the human race. Thirty-six hundred lazy lamas, ignorant and unclean, constitute the religious inhabitants of the second most important center of Buddhism on the surface of the globe!

The Kalkhas affirm that their Kantouktou has already seen sixteen generations, and that his physiognomy changes with the phases of the moon. At new moon, he has the appearance of a youth, at the full, of a man in the prime of life, and appears quite old in the last quarter.

Soldiering depends on training not on numbers.

Again we passed out of the historic West Gate of Sining, and stopped at Ta Ha Lêng to measure the remains of the selfsame Barrier we met on the road to Gumbum. This done, the caravan started for Tibet. Just what emotions close in upon the mind of one who for years had longed to visit on the Roof of the World the mysterious men who even before the days of Chin were not to be trifled with, eludes description. We had looked upon "Sweet Galilee," fairest sea in all the world, Lake Lucerne, Victoria Nyanza, Albert Edward Nyanza, Windermere, Michigan, Loch Katrine, and a multitude of "waters" more or less prominent in the popular mind; but in Tibet is a lake nine thousand feet above the tide, and reflecting the sky that arches the wonder land, the danger land, the lama land of Tibet. We went to see the blue-green Koko Nor!

From the Yellow Sea to the lofty heights containing the highest point on the earth's surface is a gradual slope upward. On this vast ascent lies the whole length of the Great Wall. And between the Great Wall and Mount Everest, whose summit cuts the sky at twenty-eight thousand feet, is the closed land, and hence the mysterious land, of wild horsemen. Closed lands have an attractiveness born of uncertainty.

Although it was but early in September, we took precautions of dress, carrying a wardrobe well stocked with heavy woolens and furs. The ascent was gradual until an altitude of ten thousand feet was reached. Hour followed hour in rapid succession as our horses carried us toward the water-shed of Central Asia. And

when at last we stood on Ta Obo Shan and saw before us vast latitudes of white, brown and green, amidst which lay the beautiful Koko Nor, the entire caravan was silenced with admiration. Behind us was oceanic drainage and before us the beginnings of the drainage of Central Asia. Behind us the valleys and rivers of the vast slope toward the Pacific Ocean; before us the descent into the inland lakes of the heart of Asia. The three great rivers of China flow eastward, hence China constitutes the Pacific slope of the Asian continent. Standing on Ta Obo Shan a marvelous view greeted the eyes at every turn. To the right stretched the massive northern mountain range, snow-capped and superb; behind us the Sun and Moon Mountains, on the foothills of which lay quaint, quiet, fortified Ha Lah Ku Tu; to the left the Yao Mo Shan; to the south Koko Nor.

A cloudless sky looked down on a houseless, fenceless scene of white and green and blue and black. Over the undulating landscape roamed flocks of sheep and herds of yak, the latter of exceptional size. They pastured on sweet grasses amidst which grew the bluest flowers the eyes had ever beheld.

The whole country is gay with color. To match nature, the Tibetans clothe themselves in materials of rich tint, yellow and red and orange; and gaudy flags flutter from many lofty points.

They are fiercely patriotic. Their Monroe doctrine has long been announced with fervor and enforced with vigor. Few foreigners may penetrate into their country; some have risked their lives and come out again to

give us glimpses of the forbidden land; but our knowledge of it is less until the Younghusband expedition than our knowledge of Japan before its seclusion was invaded. These fierce horsemen are a lofty line of proud ancestry.

Their food is good, their location admirable, their muscles strong. They can ride and that right nobly, realizing almost the ancient fable of the Centaurs. It is an exaggeration to say they cannot walk; their heavy, clumsy foot-gear prevents comfortable progress on the feet; but then they are naturally cavalrymen, and perhaps will become as good artillerymen. Chin exercised wisdom when he erected a Great Wall between these hardy, daring, mounted warriors, and the quiet, home-loving, plodding peasants of his own fertile kingdom. But they pondered over his policy, and reversed it. They have drawn an impalpable barrier around their own land, and now there are roads leading out of Tibet, but none leading in. Where else in the world do we find single-action roads of such a kind? Look at this sample face! Quickly does it change; passions powerful and precipitate dwell behind that bright red scarf. Always handy is the sword, ever loaded is the gun. No bells herald the approach of these horsemen, as in China; silently they sweep through the night, or rush through the day. Ready are they to meet a foe, or rob a friend, with the utmost jollity of demeanor.

But patriotism is excelled by one other sentiment, religion; and all the bright coloring we rejoice in is symbolic of this also. The various tints tell of the

various orders of monks, just as in medieval Europe, but instead of black, white and gray friars, they have red, orange and yellow monks. Strange has been the connection between these Buddhists and Christians. It was the Buddha who first worked up hermits into an order of monks, whence the idea spread westward and was acclimatized in Syria and Egypt, in Asia Minor and Italy, and at last over all European Christendom. But the Syrian missionaries to China a thousand years later brought a western wave of influence, which deeply modified the Buddhist customs in Tibet, so that they adopted many rites of worship from the Christians. And when the Abbé Huc found the full-blown ritual in these highlands, he could but wonder how the devil had inspired these idolaters to parody Christianity.

Deeply religious are these Tibetans; gladly they give their sons to the lamasery, and thousands pass at least a part of their lives, if not the greater part, as celibates busy at prayer, or are ingenious enough to harness wind and water to grind their prayer-mills, while they idle in "mystic contemplation." With such a capacity for religion, do they not deserve the best to be had? They are of such quality that many heroic souls have for years been living on the border, waiting for the opportunity to ascend into this Asiatic Switzerland, and cause a purer light to irradiate its uplands.

Infested as this region is with robbers, we were loath to leave the superb scenery, the invigorating atmosphere, and the heroic-looking mountaineers. Probably we shall have more to say about Tibet at some future time. Meantime we signalized our departure by a fight

with some fierce Tibetan dogs, and retired in good order down to the great frontier which was the base of our exploration.

Inside the recently re-discovered Tibetan loop of the Great Wall the city of Sining occupies an important position, and its antiquity is sufficient to warrant it having had six different names. It began as Hwang Chung, which signifies, "In the Midst of Cold Water." The aborigines who founded the city so called it because of the snow-drainage flowing in divers channels hard by the site. This ancient name is perpetuated by the local cavalry regiment. But the Chinese of the Han dynasty changed the name to Kin Chên Kuin, "The Golden City"; the reason remains remote. There being much non-mountainous land near about, it was next named Sip'ing or "The Western Plain." The reason for these frequent changes was not given in the history consulted. Shanchow was followed by Ts'ing Tan Chên, "The Clear Boasting City"—most prosperous places possess that undesirable quality. The sixth name was Sining, "The Peaceful West." A name less appropriate could hardly have been invented, for in the province of Kansu each generation has a rebellion of its own. The whole Chinese people are warlike. During the last two thousand years, there have been *fifty real rebellions or wars*, making the astonishing average of one fighting period in every forty years, or about the same as the United States, and rather fewer than Great Britain. And yet careless observers tell the ignorant that China hates and avoids war. She prefers peace to war,

but when the latter is forced upon her, she awakens the ancient spirit to tremendous activity and success. Few cities can boast scenes of confusion and bloodshed equal to those witnessed in the "Peaceful West." Horrors past the power of pen and pencil to depict, have been enacted within these curving walls.

Beautiful for situation, resting softly on the gentle slopes of the Nan Shan foothills, looking out upon four broad fertile valleys, Sining occupies a strategic position. High massive brick-faced walls, with bastions, towers, battlements, and four gates, strong and heavy, constitute the fortifications. The East Gate deserves particular mention, for in addition to the ordinary portal is a portcullis of a thousand *catties'* weight.

If the East Gate is interesting itself, the West Gate furnishes a thrilling story of tragedy. Here eight leaders of a rebellion, after being court-martialed, were led out to execution. As they passed between the inhuman populace lining the two sides of the streets, they were subjected to the horrible experience of sword and spear thrusts until, mangled and bleeding, the place of execution relieved them of their heads and their sufferings. But this was not all. No sooner had the hapless heads fallen on the pavement, than the executioners ripped open the bodies, tore out the hearts and ate them, as morsels reckoned to transfer the heroic spirit of the enemy to their own hearts!

Not far from the West Gate one sees many quaint water-mills furnished by artificial canals and run on the ancient principle of horizontal lever action with a tremendous waste of power. They are perched on half

To a frog in a well, heaven is only a sieve in size.

a dozen piles, the wheel is horizontal, built of wood, and attached to a perpendicular shaft, at the upper end of which is the millstone. The water flows down a trough wide at the top, narrow at the bottom, striking the broad spokes at less than a right angle, and grinds grain. The tariff is two hundred *cash* a bag, or if money is not forthcoming, the miller keeps the bran. Two of these picturesque mills grind tobacco stalks, which are then pressed with the leaves and shaved. All the way to Tibet we came upon similar quaint flour factories often nestled in the most fascinating bits of scenery. The South River is crossed by ford or ferry except for a few months when temporary bridges are constructed by the inhabitants living on the shore. One bridge, however, is always ready for use by the Ambam, the Imperial Resident, who governs the northern portion of Tibet.

On the north hills, in the red loess earth, are many caves. One of the hills was formerly occupied by groups of temples which have not been rebuilt since the last Mohammedan rebellion. The fact that these weak gods and their houses remain demolished suggests the decadence of the faith of Buddha. The passing of Buddhism is also indicated by the many temples out of repair. Sining is a city of temples and yamens. Here one is likely to find evidences of the ascent or descent of the idolatrous worship of monstrous images. Buddhism is a godless religion, but can there be a religion without a god?

The north wall of the city is full of curves. When being constructed, before it was well set, a heavy fall

of snow descended, whereupon the dragon came and laid himself along the wet wall, causing the great masonry to yield to the shape of his body. The wall is forty feet in height, thirty feet thick at the base and fifteen on top. Along the battlement are heaps of white cobblestones ready to be used in resisting an assault.

The interest of the visitor is sustained, on whatever side of the city he happens to be. By the North Gate is a spring of pure, cold drinking water of capacity sufficient to supply the city suburbs. Strange to relate, a blind people's courtyard is provided by the government which supplies each sightless person living there with half a pound of flour per day; any other support is obtained by begging.

The granaries are busy and interesting places. We visited one where grain is stored for a year. Like Joseph in Egypt, the officials store it up against a famine or a rebellion. A supply to provide for twenty thousand additional people who may flock to the city for safety, is provided.

The schools in the city, which have adopted modern methods, are three in number, two being high schools. The teachers, unfortunately, have had but one year's training in Lanchow, and naturally only the most elementary teaching can be done. The subjects are geography, mathematics, geology and drills. The sum total attendance is two hundred. This is a small beginning, but indicates that the reform movement which is sweeping over this vast empire has reached the borders of Tibet. Other evidences of reform are the change in

the style of clothing; narrower sleeves and shorter, semi-foreign fashion, and small straw hats have evidently come to stay.

Then there is the newly organized police force, and the modernizing of the troops. For Sining is not only a city of temples and yamens, but of barracks. Here are quartered two hundred horse and two thousand foot soldiers. If there are many yamens there are many officials, including the Amban. Many Tibetans visit the city, bringing in borax, rhubarb, musk, antlers, wool, and the beautiful Tibetan sable furs, for which they purchase foreign calico of bright colors, colored thread, beads, and Khata, which is the Scarf of Blessing, made of silk, and pale blue in color. Fish from the Koko Nor are sold on the street.

Among the sights of the city is the Confucian temple. Within the precincts of this temple have been enacted scenes which will live in history. Here thousands of bleeding men were ministered to by three foreigners who were living in the city at the time of the recent rebellion. Their names and themselves deserve public recognition at the hands of the imperial government. Henry French Ridley, his heroic wife, and James C. Hall, day after day for months went to the Confucian temple and operated on the wounded soldiers, often under the most disgusting conditions, but with eminent success. When diphtheria broke out, horror was added to horror. Then came smallpox; Ridley himself was stricken down with illness. But for nine months the missionaries labored with a courage and heroism uneclipsed in

the annals of war, and yet they have been left without the Decoration of the Dragon or any proper acknowledgment on the part of the imperial power. The nervous strain endured by this faithful trio is beyond human language to describe, and their service beyond all praise. Over five thousand people died of disease during the siege. Children were thrown into the streets, and were later thrown into a hole outside the West Gate. The sanitary conditions beggar description. When, each day, the refuse in the streets thawed out, the stench was almost unendurable.

The last and most important site in the city of Sining is the China Inland Mission, with its heroic servants, the English missionaries. Here is the most beautiful chapel in Kansu, and the only chapel in China, so far as we know, built entirely by money contributed by explorers and travelers, including the gifts of Roman Catholics. In this chapel may be found at almost any service Mongolians, Tibetans, aboriginals, Chinese and foreigners. The church membership is growing, and the whole aspect of the movement is that of success. The prosperity of Christian missions on the borderland of Tibet is a fair sample of the success attending such efforts throughout China. Considering the mental and spiritual surroundings, we hold this mission a miracle of modern times.

Here is just the place for a physician skilful in surgery, proficient in medication, and true as a Christian. His services would carry his name into the far fastnesses of mysterious Tibet, where would be told the story of Christian philanthropy. Even in the Panhandle of

Birth and death are decreed, wealth and honour are with God.

China we heard of the brilliant surgeon, H. S. Jenkins, and his gifted confederate, at Sianfu, many days' journey toward sunrise! Why are medical men selfish? In America are hundreds of doctors to spare. We can think of no better opportunity for gifted surgeons of culture and generous Christian spirit to serve this day and generation, than right here, seven thousand feet above the sea at Ridley's mission, situated inside the Great Wall on the high road leading into the mysterious Land of the Lamas.

CHAPTER XXIV

The Chin Tablet: "One of the most remarkable Relics of Antiquity."

The Great Emperor established his capital near Kwan-chung, known to-day as Sianfu. The site had already been a petty capital for nearly nine centuries, but he transformed it into a city of the first magnitude. It was the operation that Nebuchadnezzar performed on Babylon, Augustus on Rome—finding it of brick, and leaving it of marble—Constantine on Byzantium, or that which in the new world has produced Ottawa where only Bytown stood before, Chicago where was but an army post. Chin traced an outline, and erected walls the representative of which have stood for two millenniums defying all assailants.

When Kufu finished his great pyramid near the Nile, he carved an inscription; and this fashion has persisted in all ages and places. The obelisks of Egypt, the clay cylinders of Chaldea, the Persian crosses on the coasts of India, all prepare us to hear that Chin, too, erected a monument with some record of his doings. It is not every one who has the restraint to say, as of Christopher Wren, "If you would see his monument, gaze around" St. Paul's Cathedral.

Chin, therefore, encouraged his prime minister Li Ssŭ to compose an inscription. It recorded the ascent of Chin from mere kingship to the sway over the six

kingdoms, his stopping war and bringing peace to all the black-headed race, his personal visitation of his conquests. It edged in a neat complimentary reference to the ministers who had carried out his measures, but it failed to take account of the weakness of Chin, desiring to be known as The Only First. When, therefore, it was submitted to him for approval, he marked the omission, so that his observant courtiers hastily begged to be allowed to amend it in this respect.

Very few inscriptions had been carved on stone at that date. There is indeed some writing on the rocks at Kan-lan-shan, which was first seen in the year 1210 A.D., and is supposed by some to date from 2200 B.C.! But it names nobody, and many Chinese scholars regard it as really executed, at the earliest, fifty years after Chin, and inspired by this very undertaking. There were, however, ten low pillars, with lettering describing a great hunt which had taken place about six hundred years before Chin, near the seaboard, so that there was some precedent for carving in stone.

Yet there were no other relics of antiquity in any such imperishable material. The huge rock inscription of the Hittites or of Darius in western Asia, cannot be paralleled at this time in any part of Chin's empire. The art of writing was still in its childhood; the common material was bamboo, the implement was a knife which scratched the letters. And as we know, against the literature thus painfully recorded, Chin issued an edict of destruction.

He, in effect, opened a new era in the development

of writing within his domains, when he ordered that the record drawn up by Li Ssŭ and amended by himself, should be carved on a stone tablet and erected on a low pedestal. Between scratching on bamboo, with a grain that tempted the graver to work across it, and carving on stone which yields equally to the chisel in all directions, there is of necessity a difference. This reflects itself in the shape of the letters, for on stone it is far easier to carve in straight lines than to execute a curve. The peculiar script adopted for Chin's tablet is known to-day as the seal characters. It will be recollected that in a short time woven silk was adopted for the material, and a soft brush was used to paint on it. This rapidly modified the style of writing into graceful curves, while the seal character was reserved for graving on stones, whether large or small, whence the modern name.

The monument was duly executed in this lapidary script, and on Mount I was erected to proclaim the glories of Chin. We are of opinion that two copies were inscribed at the same time, one of which was situated in the capital of Chin.

It set a new fashion, and gradually other monuments were clustered around it, as on the Sieges Allee of Berlin there grew up a perfect forest of tablets, mostly commemorating the glories of the rulers. It is rather amusing to recollect that Chin was particularly averse to the classics selected by Confucius, and then to find that the Thirteen Classics have been inscribed on a set of tablets erected here, while a full-length portrait of that sage has been sculptured hard by.

Europeans often seek this eastern Westminster Ab-

The myriad schemes of men are not worth one scheme of God.

bey, to study there the famous Nestorian tablet, seven feet high by three wide, which was erected a thousand years after Chin, telling in Syriac and Chinese the story of a great Christian mission from Babylon, inaugurated 638 A.D. The Chinese antiquary finds in this park original records of every period from the time of Chin till about 1600 A.D.

Early in the tenth century, one such antiquary named Hsü Hsüan, a retired cavalry colonel of the guards, who had long made a hobby of penmanship, obtained a rubbing of Chin's tablet. To a westerner, at first sight, it is a little curious to find a soldier devoting himself to such literary pursuits. But when we consider how some of our ex-colonels spend their leisure, we may, perhaps, think it more praiseworthy to turn to letters than to advocate some novel fad. In China, too, until lately, the avenue to all rank in the army was by passing examinations in the classics, and not only the subject matter of these, but the form,—in the most explicit sense, the penmanship,—was a matter of great importance; so much so, that the Chinese minister at London himself painted an inscription recently for an exhibition. Hsü Hsüan then, in his old age, merely revived the studies of his youth, which he had never intermitted. Already renowned for his beautiful handwriting, he now changed his style, and modeled it anew on this archaic character. Evidently his influence may be compared to those modern type-founders who studied the masterpieces of early printers, when great scholars and calligraphists were enlisted to furnish models for the cutters, so that

at the De Vinne press we, to-day, have antique forms revived.

Thus Wen Pao, a pupil of the colonel, fired by zeal, devoted himself to this branch of learning. Having been twice plucked when trying for his doctor's degree, he quitted home and decided to seek knowledge in first-hand investigation. His master had only seen the rubbing of this stone; could he find the original? For ten days he roved through the thickets that overspread the mountain, only to feel at the end of his search that the revered record was lost to his generation. Imagine the disappointment of the scholar who had heard of a Moabite stone, with a valuable ancient inscription, but arrives too late to find it whole! What did the French Clermont-Ganneau do when the original had been destroyed? He fell back on his "squeeze" and with its aid he reconstructed the stone, working in the fragments that survived. In this he merely trod in the steps of the devoted Wen Pao, when the Mountain of I failed to yield up the original tablet.

Eighteen years elapsed after the scholar's fruitless search; perhaps the examiners accepted his thesis, incomplete as it was, and granted him his doctorate. His foot felt the rungs of the official ladder; he won the decoration of the Quiver of Red Fishskin; he was appointed to the transport department; he gained a prefecture; he came back at length as Minister of Religion —apparently with special supervision of the Christian churches—to the province of Shensi, whose capital was Sianfu, known at this period as Chang-an, where is now the Forest of Monuments. It was a clear call of

Providence to resume his reverential work, and in the year 994 A.D. he took his precious rubbing, and caused it to be engraved anew. In one trifle he passed an error, a variation as slight as that from A to an inverted v, which has given the meaning "six" where the sense demands "great." Then to the reconstructed text he appended the history of the original and of his reproduction, and presented the replica to the university!

This monument itself is now in its tenth century, and deserves study both for its own sake as showing the ideals of Wen Pao's age, and for its faithful preservation of what was the second oldest Chinese inscription. Chin's original tablet may have been extant in the days of Colonel Hsü, but if the archæologist, eager to win his degrees, could not find it a generation later, it is rather hopeless to expect it still survives above ground. But the Chinese fidelity in copying, which has passed into a proverb, assures us that we may rely on the inscription of Wen Pao.

Who, then, is equal to deciphering and translating it? Chinese scholars, of course, we appeal to first, but even in that land of classics, those who can make anything of these antique forms are few. Even to recognize and pronounce them is a difficult achievement; at the court of Belshazzar the natives had to call in a learned foreigner before they could utter the sounds corresponding to the script upon the wall! Then to construe the ancient language into the vernacular of two thousand years later is another problem; it is not every schoolboy nor every Doctor of Literature who could render into

patience my Chinese writer and myself have at last made sure of every one. There is an evident error in the cutting of one character, that is "great" for "six." To make absolutely sure of the fidelity to the original of my translation, I showed it to both Dr. Martin and to Dr. Sheffield. Both after careful study approved of it as faithful both in letter and spirit. Dr. Martin thinks the tablet is one of the most remarkable relics of antiquity. You will see that it is Ch'in Shih Huang's own apology for assuming imperial power. . . .

"The originals are both delicate compositions, and it would be easy to destroy the spirit in translation. Dr. Martin's and Dr. Sheffield's approval of my translation extends to the language as well as the substance. . . ."

Now we introduce the version for which these three distinguished scholars stand sponsors:

TRANSLATION OF THE CH'IN TABLET,
FOREST OF MONUMENTS, SIANFU

"When our August Sovereign first set up his kingdom, His seat was at Fêng. At His succession He assumed the title of Prince, and planned measures to suppress disorder and rebellion in the States. His majestic bearing inspired awe to the four borders. He was martial, public-spirited, straightforward, upright. His ministers of war receiving the royal mandate, in a brief time put an end to the great tyrannical and overbearing states. In His twenty-sixth year He conferred on His Ancestors the August Title (Emperor) —a brilliant illustration of filial duty. Having presented this offering of Grand Achievement, He conferred on the empire special benefits of His own. In person He made a tour of inspection to distant parts of His dominions.

"When He had ascended Mount I, His ministerial retinue with one mind turned their thoughts to the distant past. Looking backwards they recalled the former ages when men first partitioned the soil and founded states, thus opening the way to the reign of strife, in which new wars arose daily, and blood flowed on battlements in streams. From the beginning in remote antiquity, succession to the throne had never descended beyond a few generations; and down to the Five Sovereigns none had been able to stay this perpetual change. Only from the present onward, now that imperial power is unified in a single line, will wars cease to arise. With the calamitous Chou blotted out, the black-haired people will live in quiet and peace. The advantages and benefits secured to them will long endure.

"The brief eulogy of the reign prepared by the ministers was at first confined to the musical odes in which His enterprises and achievements were set forth. The Emperor said, 'Only a commemorative stone is adequate to the First Emperor's administration. Now that I have adopted the Imperial title, unless early inscription on monumental stone celebrate the far-reaching benevolence of the First Emperor, the successors to the administration will not acknowledge My meritorious achievements and abounding virtues.' His prime minister (Li Ssŭ), His minister Ch'u Chi, and His minister and censor and officer Ten, braving death, begged permission to inscribe a stone in accordance with the decree just pronounced, and thus to show forth the splendors of this newly risen Orb of Day. Braving death the ministers so prayed: the rescript said, 'So let it be!'"

Appendix to the Seal Characters of the Ch'in Tablet

"The tablet at Mount I, the inscription on which was written by Ch'in's prime minister, Li Ssŭ, should, both by its uniqueness and its antiquity, be highly prized by all the

The cleverest wife cannot make congee without rice.

world. The late commander of the Light Horse Guard, Mr. Hsü Hsüan, who had for nearly half a century taken the keenest delight in caligraphy, in which in his age he had no peer, in his late years obtained possession of a rubbing of the Mount I tablet. Thenceforth, modeling his penmanship on this rubbing, he felt himself soaring to the border land between gods and men. On this account (he ordered X's) antique relics to be burned or thrown away.

"I, Wen Pao, schooled at the Gate of Hsü, and in a measure stimulated to emulate his course, in the spring of the fifth year of the era T'ai P'ing Hsing Kuo,[1] having for the second time failed to attain a Doctor's Degree, set out eastward to Ch'i and Lu. On a visit to the city of (Tsou), I ascended Mount I to look for the Ch'in tablet. It was nowhere to be seen. For ten full days, with painful anxiety, I groped in a jungle of thorns and weeds, only in the end to sigh that so divine a relic should be lost to the world.

"I have now had the rubbing which I received from Hsü engraved on stone for the School of the Sons of the Nation, at the old capital Chang-an. It may serve as an index to men of learning and culture, of the spirit of the old-time scholar.

> "This record is made on the fifteenth day of the eighth moon of the fourth year of the era Ch'un Hua[2] by Chêng Wên Pao, by imperial appointment Prefect and Minister of Rites of West . . . in Shên Fu . . . land, Assistant Controller of Transport products, decorated with the Red Fishskin Quiver."

[1] A.D. 976.
[2] A.D. 994.

CHAPTER XXV

In the Panhandle of China: Kanchow

"The lies of Liangchow are great: but:
The lies of Kanchow are greater."

—Old Saying.

Loath to leave lovely Liangchow and its Eight Wonders, the mule-litter caravan drew slowly out of the city at cock-crowing and set off on the long journey to Kanchow, Suchow and the western end of the Great Wall. Before the setting of the first sun we had occasion to record "A day of fords"; eighty times the animals waded through snow-water fresh from the lofty mountains on our left. And this though the high road has for centuries been traversed daily—Sundays not excepted—by long caravans of camels and divers other beasts of burden.

Outside the East Gate of Yungchang one of our interpreters announced an "oil tablet." The interest awakened led us to pay a hasty visit to the oil tablet. What had it to say about a certain American corporation and the illustrious founder? For we reasoned there can be no oil tablet without mention of those famous names perhaps even in prophecy, if the tablet be ancient. The tablet stood on a stone tortoise by the roadside, and passing carters dropped on its hard nose a sphere of oil to insure "good luck." Beyond the West Gate of Yungchang two picturesque pagodas occupy geomantic sites.

race on the north bringing their mules and donkeys in to eat peas!

The Temple of the Broken Stomach was the next sight. Carpenters were repairing it, for a priest had tramped about the country awakening the faithful to their duty. In former times these fanatics drove nails into their flesh and otherwise worked on the sympathy of the devotees to obtain *cash* for the gods. Through rain we pushed on to the interesting city of Kanchow. There are four "Joes" as the word "Chows" is pronounced, Liangchow, Kanchow, Suchow and Lanchow. —all cities of some importance. All have had to contend with the disasters of rebellion.

Kanchow originally stood beside the Great Boundary. We were unable to learn why it was moved to its present site, unless it be for the good luck of the present location. Such is the local opinion, though a western traveler may dwell on evidence to the contrary. Here are mosquito-breeding, miasmatic swamps in the midst of the city! Here are curing hides strung along the streets drying in the sun and incidentally emitting odors of a substantial kind! Here are open street sewers giving out a stench which suggests the immediate presence of the East and West Hell Temples. Do these conditions preserve the good luck of a metropolis! Many maladies oppress the people in this dusty, dirty, sin-cursed city. Travelers fifty *li* off can tell the location of Kanchow by the dust that usually hangs over the place. The Chinese take seriously a conundrum often heard in the streets, "What is it the more you wash it the dirtier it becomes?" Answer, "Water!"

Little water is used. The city should be moved back to its original site beside the Great Wall, where the fifteen thousand families might live to a good old age.

Dust and dirt are found everywhere in China, and the hirsute customs of the people hardly form much safeguard against their carrying germs into mouth and nose. The beards are too straggly to act as sieves, though they may perhaps gather up many microbes. But the queues! It is quite impossible to cleanse these, and the one point of comfort is that they hang behind and do not introduce their inhabitants to the lungs. If the Chinese only shake their own hands, and never kiss one another, they, to this extent, impede the general circulation of the dust.

The Hsien Yamen was polite and cordial and furnished us the following information: "This is a rich agricultural region,—wheat, peas, beans, melons, are all raised in quantities. . . . Opium raising is decreasing, although this year ten thousand Chinese acres are cultivated. . . . When manufactures are spoken of, Kan Chow is famous for woolen bags used for transporting goods on camels and mules, exported at the rate of ten thousand a year. The bags are coarse and durable. Licorice is also exported, but in no large quantities. Hemp is extensively cultivated and linseed oil is produced. A few years ago a large trade was done in hogs' bristles, which were sent to the coast and shipped to foreign countries, but this trade, for some apparently unknown reason, has disappeared. Sheep and goat skins are dealt in and incense is manufactured in large

quantities near the North Gate of the city. Googhee is also exported in large quantities.

The city is noted far and wide for its lies! We, therefore, despatched one of our attendants to visit all the temples and report on the religious teaching and worship in the city. For we held that a decay in the virtue of truth telling is likely traceable to some lack in the practice of religion. He brought in the following list of religious houses: Temple of the Present Dynasty, City Guardian Temple, Dragon King Temple, Earth Lord Temple, Three Stars Temple, Two Bridegrooms Temple, Eight Candle Temple, White Garments Monastery, Three Officials Temple, Temple of the Great White Horse God Temple, Cow God Temple, Temple of Literature, Fire God Temple, Monastery of the Universal Door, East Hell Temple, Loyal Chaste Monastery, East Hell Temple, Abundant Virtue Monastery, Wind God Temple, Protect the Righteous Temple, and a Temple to the Goddess of Mercy!

He also reported on the schools of the city. He found three important places of instruction, namely: Sweet Spring School, High Class Small School, and Exhortation to Study School; also many small low-grade schools. An effort is making for modern education but a real difficulty obtains when suitable teachers are sought, as two schools are actively experiencing.

From this myrmidon and his report, we turned to the other and culled this typical extract from his diary:

> "The men of my country, their mouths are like living fountains. Even those things they do not know they foolishly speak about with their whole heart. On the road we

passed a man: I asked him about the Ten Thousand *Li* Long Wall. He replied, 'Chin Shih Huang built the Long Wall. He walked his horse, named "Mount the Clouds." He ascended heaven and went.' (He then told me of a tree in heaven. I had heard many suns before about it, but this mouth told me better.) Heaven had one frost tree which was shaken. The Frost Tree Frost descended. In the sixth moon the green sprouts in the field for this reason by the Frost Tree, so it took the green sprouts and froze them to death.

"The common people because of their unbounded straits and bitterness, Shih Huang then used the people to build the Wall. Necessities for food he did not give; he took the people and put them to death in the Wall with bitterness without number. After this, time after time there were words which came down from those who falsely knew about it."

Kanchow we found famous not only for lies, but also for legends—perhaps a distinction without a difference. The legends often related to the Great Barrier, which looms large on the landscape, here unadorned by brick or stone incasing, a naked core of loess; the dry fog condensed, compressed, carven and conspicuous. How could this vast relic of the centuries not serve to precipitate the folk-lore of the ages? Our ubiquitous friend, John Gwadey, Esq., entertained our inquisitive minds with a mixture of fact and fiction:

"In the early days when Chin the Mighty was receiving visitors, he always used to sit with a great sword bared on his lap. Once a man came to present the head of an enemy for which a reward had been offered; it

was but a ruse to reach the emperor and stab him. The monarch was, however, too quick for the assassin, and with one terrible blow he severed his assailant's left leg." Be it remembered that in real truth there were at least two serious attempts to take the life of the man who had used up the lives of so many. As to the fable that Chin had wished to inter a million men within the Wall, John Gwadey had the original explanation that the purpose was to insure its endurance as long as the lives of the million. Hear him:

"The Great Emperor was always prone to novelty and intended that the Wall should last forever. If he could bury a million men in it, it would endure first for a million years; then the million spirits which had attained their freedom would watch and guard the mighty Barrier against the evil spirits from the north, and against any earthly enemy. But, great as he was, he did not care to destroy so many people, as his wars had already slain so many. So, instead of taking a million separate men, he took one man with the cognomen of 'Million,' and with suitable ceremonies immolated him to the gods." The scheme was ingenious, but the deities of that age seem to have been somewhat lax in their requirements, or somewhat easily hoodwinked. No wonder such gods are a little out of date.

Kanchow now has but one church. In the days of Marco Polo it had three Christian churches, all Nestorian. He divided the population into three classes: Heathen (pagans), Mohammedans, Christians. The churches, in his phrase, were "beautiful and great." That was between 1274 and 1291 A.D., at which time

Waiting for the battle before whetting your sword.

Kanchow was twenty *li* from its present site, and on the other side of the Black River, where in the gravel to this day foundations are easily discernible, but these have not been excavated. In 1855 an imperial decree, one of the hospitable priests told us, was issued in the following language: "The Church of the Cross in Kanchow, in the province of Kansu, has the body (corpse) of the Empress Sorhahtani, mother of Kublai Khan. We pray you make sacrifice to her (body)." The one church of the present, conducted by the Belgian mission, reports eight hundred adherents among whom are merchants, farmers and coolies. Two priests are converting the heathen to the church. They are hardworking and sanely aggressive.

There is much to write about the lies of Kanchow; the wonderful well, the tree that took children up to heaven, the resurrections that have occurred in Kanchow; and scores of other yarns. But a Tibetan prince called on us, indeed, twice came to visit; and as we are having more and more interest in the people who populate the Roof of the World, our space goes to him.

The Tibetan prince, six feet some inches tall, powerfully built, great cheek bones, heroic but downtrodden, exhibited possibilities of freedom, logic and religion fit for the work of diplomacy, philanthropy, and war. How can we look at this fine specimen of physical man, the victim of the foreign drug, opium, and not be sorry? Foreigners have hardly prevailed to enter Tibet, but the foreigner's curse, opium, has entered. Opium is more subtle than the politician; the product of occidental

commerce is superior in craftiness to him who produces and circulates it.

This chieftain desired to be rid of this habit. He reminds me of the best, the very best, of the American Indian chiefs. The missionaries will furnish him their medicine if he will come to them for it, but he lives away off there between two mountain ranges. He says he lives in Tibet, but the Chinese who are more powerful have pushed the boundary to suit themselves, and declare he lives in the Panhandle of China! And what can he do, this prince of Tibet? He asked to see and to purchase my automatic guns. Any price he could command would be paid us for them. We refused to sell, and he was sad. Speaking of the Chinese, the chieftain said, "Their hearts are not good although their words are. We barbarians cannot compete with them; they are too subtle." After a long conversation during which he told us of the deer in the tip of whose horn is found the precious ball of blood of such value as medicine that only millionaires and emperors can command it, he invited us to come over "between the mountain ranges" and be his guest. We had a desire to visit this mysterious valley but declined. Then, most impressively he asked, "Tell me truly, what makes foreigners so powerful?" So seriously spoken was this, and with such profound spirit of inquiry, that we found ourselves awakened to a great desire to lend him a hand. We felt bound to truthfully answer his question. After speaking of modern education, inventions, parliaments, schemes for rapid transit and so forth, we urged last and most important, the Christian religion! Which we

With fire enough you can cook anything, with money enough you can do anything.

plainly told the Tibetan prince made the difference in character, and that character is the first asset of any people.

Before leaving Kanchow, we had occasion to call at a native bank and cash a draft. The business was conducted with despatch. The head of this bank which "turns over," in this city alone, a sum total of over two hundred thousand *taels* per year, is a member of a very wealthy and prominent family of bankers who have banks in various cities throughout the empire. The young man is himself rich and well educated, of brilliant intellectual parts, a naturally progressive Chinese. He has admiration for foreigners. This is the result of his meeting a missionary of the China Inland Mission who was using a camera. Photography caught the banker's fancy; he ordered a camera for himself. Later he saw the foreigners' sewing machine and sent off to America for one. Then he asked about the foreigner's books. The mission worker presented him with a Bible. He began to study it, and after fifteen moons of study the banker applied for admission to the Christian church. He created a sensation when in the presence of the wealthy members of his father's family and cultured friends he joined the Christian church. This occurred in Shansi under the ministry of John Falls, Esq. He has now come out into this important far western city to take over the presidency of the big bank and has brought his anti-opium and other Christian principles with him.

CHAPTER XXVI

The Panhandle of China. The City of Su

The Panhandle of China is the land of rhubarb, whence originally came the whole stock of that edible on this planet. As we journeyed from Kanchow to Suchow, the most westerly city of the Central Kingdom,[1] our course lay for more than two hundred *li* between the Great Boundary and Rhubarb Mountain. Yet, be it known, that the Chinese value this, not as the raw material for rhubarb pie, but as a drug; and they actually thought at the time of the Opium Wars that by ceasing to export it, they could bring the West to terms.

Ten feet high do the stalks grow, and one root has been known to weigh fifty pounds. Up the mountain side, on the flats, in the marshes, this sturdy plant strikes deep, and adorns the earth with its white blossoms. The Chinese prefer to gather the older roots, and of them prefer the male plants; removing the rind or bark, they dry the roots for export. For themselves, they esteem it as equal to Googhee and Boho for strength and certainty.

We were fortunate enough to find one western family who were primitive enough to treat it in western style and serve a real old-fashioned rhubarb pie, recalling the delights of boyhood. Nor was this the only luscious

[1] I.e., of the eighteen provinces.

A scholar without going outside his door knows everything under heaven.

eatable of the district; melons and onions of the most delicious flavor and in great quantity claim favorable notice.

We have been interested to notice with what reverence bread is picked up if by chance or design we dropped even crumbs. On not a few occasions have we purposely thrown away the outer skin of the little round steamed loaves, and every time would promptly come some man or child to carefully gather up the crumbs that none be lost. . . . The fragments were sacred, and we remembered the words of the Greatest Master, "gather up the fragments that none be lost." We emptied cake bits and hard crumbs out of our hunting coat pockets for the sole purpose of cleaning the cloth, but a full-grown man, well dressed and polite, picked up the bits one by one! Bread seems almost as precious to a Chinese as printed paper, and what more can we say?

Since leaving the Yellow River at the Shansi line, we have followed the Long Wall, at a high altitude; Suchow, where we now are, is at a great height. The city is famous for the jade articles produced; four thousand families populate the last city along the Great Wall and certain families claim an hereditary right to work in jade. We made some inquiries about jade and purchased certain articles creditably wrought, but our chief interest still lay in the Long Wall.

This whole region, as one would expect, is rife with legends about the work of Chin. And when John Gwadey, Esq., turned up with the tale of a wonderful

dog of Chin, we were ready to attend. The valuable canine seems to have possessed, in addition to dog sense, some human sense, with the further adornment of sense not found in humans. To quote Gwadey: "Chin, the First Emperor, had a wonderful dog. It was as large as a Suchow cow! It had a chameleon skin, but of a new kind. Instead of its changing color according to the object it was on, it suited the light or the night, by becoming black at night and red in the daytime. The Red Dog was blessed with miraculous nostrils, for it could smell out bad officials. China is now badly in need of a supply of red dogs! If an official did not mend his ways after a few preliminary hint bites, the Red Dog simply bit him to death. The tail of Chin's dog was endowed. It told Chin what persons who were talking with him were really thinking about. A most dangerous sort of instinct. With his head the dog understood and with his tail, by a system of signals, he informed his master. The dog, furthermore, had long ears and could understand any language, and acted for Chin as an interpreter with his tail. When Chin died the dog died. By one wag of his tail he knew Chin's son would be no good. The eyes of the dog at times were invisible! At other times they shone like two bright lamps." We have pictured the dog bearing down on a helpless official at night like an automobile.

The traveler experiences considerable difficulty when he attempts to obtain information of their city from the citizens. This is easily accounted for. The frequent rebellions nearly destroyed the inhabitants. Even now only twenty out of a hundred are of local birth. But



them on the right track. The Chinese are very keen business people, and have a sharp eye to the main chance; believing that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, they want present, visible prosperity, and will not defer it for a promise to pay in the other world. The missionaries are quite able to meet them on this very ground; there are precepts that will appeal to the oriental.

"Active in business, fervent in spirit," they already are; to be also "serving the Lord" is quite in line with the others. Once convince a Chinese that godliness is profitable for the life that now is, and he will attend seriously to the rest of the message.

But how the energy is drained out of the men and women who have expatriated themselves to do this work. Granted that they have sources of spiritual strength which are open to men everywhere and under all circumstances. But how about mental vigor? Even missionaries are not beyond Elijah, men of like passions with ourselves. They value the mail from abroad with its driblets of correspondence to show they are not forgotten. Book postage is cheap, sixteen cents will carry on most volumes. They get plenty of devotional literature, tracts, and reports from societies; read that kind yourself and then send it to your mother-in-law; send them something readable to cheer the jaded spirit, to amuse the saddened heart, to keep the horizon from contracting. Science, art, travel, music, humor,—whatever you delight in yourself, send on and believe that the missionary has not ceased to be a man with all-

success this important monument, the most western tablet in the eighteen provinces, escaped our eye. Not only are there large ideographs on it—we count four huge characters—but smaller have been carved by a steady hand, while many others written by passers-by, and still others scratched by the vagrant hand of fancy, cover the surface of this single stone. We at once fall to copying and deciphering these inscriptions while a dust storm obscures the surrounding desolation.

"The Martial Barrier of all under Heaven." This is the purport of the large characters on the tablet. At all times and everywhere in China one's mind is bound to recall the time when this empire extended over a vast portion of the world. Particularly now does such a thought occur to us, and we wonder if again, and that right soon, the Chinese are destined to occupy a similar position. But we turn again to the stone and read the smaller inscriptions, which run as follows:

1. "This Barrier is the ancient boundary between the flowery people and the barbarians (flowers and thorns). Spring wind and autumn zephyrs (manners and customs) desire to reach to the western barbarians.
   "After I have gone through and arranged peace, let the Tai Shan close up this pass."

2. "Looking west, we see the vast road leading to the New Dominion.
   But only braves go through the Martial Barrier.
   Who fears not the desert of a thousand square *li*,
   Why should he fear the scorching heat of Heaven?"

3. "Without violence we must instil patriotism:
   Without tears we must stir up the ancient people.

Where is the Golden Pool of Ten Thousand *li*?
The good luck, where is it gone to?[1]

"Empty waste of Chin Hwang's heart! Vain was the labor!"

The copying of the inscriptions over, and the stone having been photographed—with the aid of some soldiers who had offered us their company—we went into the city. As we turned to do so and looked eastward, Kiayükwan, with its embattled walls and three-storied towers, looked very beautiful to a wearied traveler who, for weeks past, had wandered over the desert. But, before we proceed with our narrative, let us add Black Dog's impressions to our own. We quote the whole passage from his diary:

"Going west from Suchow seventy *li*, Kiayükwan! One road of level land. After arriving at Kiayükwan every one was speaking of the majestic, namely 'the Martial Pass of all below Heaven.' It was no false legend. Although the place of the pass was not very large the strictness of the laws was very awful! If a man issued from the pass he must at Suchow procure a passport, which was examined carefully, then he might go out at the pass. If he had no permit from the Chow, even if he had wings, it would be hard for him to fly out of the mouth of the pass. On the west of the city there is an official garden, called by name 'The Garden

[1] A native explanation is as follows: "Often in a pool of water there is a golden dish, in which is contained the luck of the neighborhood. The folk do not recognise the treasure, but strangers are supposed to see it, and often they are reported as having carried it away, whereon the luck of the neighborhood disappears."

of the Official Trees.' Inside and outside it was all the skeletons of corpses. Where the coffins were revealed, they had been torn open by wolves. There were truly many of these. There was the Long Wall coming straight from the west-north, a little east-south when departing. Going on ahead there was a river, said to be 'the Great North River.' The condition of the water of the river was very awe-inspiring, because the water streams from the upper plateaus where many having penetrated thus far unite in one. Outside the West Gate there is a small hill of sandy rocks. Ahead there is a great road traveled by the big carts. . . . On the side of the road is a stone, on which it says: 'The Great Road to the West Country.' Traveling ahead there is the Gobi Desert. I do not know the difficulties of traveling this road. In the midst of the mouth of all men it is called 'bitter.' Here in the tunnel of the West Gate are many verses. I read in these of the bitter pass,' 'the bitter place,' 'the bitter hard travel,' verses without number. I am not able to tell it all, I can only make plain a little of it. Every verse written was to show the bitterness of Gobi. Some spoke of the mouth of the pass; some spoke of the vows they had made in their hearts, but the height of their learning was not one. Men of bitter heart let flow bitter words; men of happy hearts sang happy songs. Truly one could see what a man had done and know men's hearts."

In Kiayükwan it was our fortune to occupy the upper room of the Increasing Righteousness Inn. Five inns altogether offer accommodation to the ten thousand persons who sojourn here each year. Quin, who

has been on a visiting round to all of them, furnished the name of each as follows: The Increasing Righteousness Inn, the Accumulating Prosperity, the Broad Harmony, the Virtue Abundant, and Chen's Convenient Inn—truly a study in hotel names! We decided upon the Increasing Righteousness. While we were making the above notes, a verse on the wall of my room caught my eye, the work of a traveler who plainly shared our relief in escaping from the desert. He wrote:

From over the uplands of Gobi,
  From the dusty, dreary desert,
I lift up my head and
  Behold the Towers of Kiayükwan!

A new man I entered the longed-for Gate;
  A very good place and no mistake;
And I think of the travelers still outside
  And the dangers and hardships that there abide.

Below the verse maker had written:

"Will some princely man not find fault with my stupid writing but write a better rhyme than mine." As if in answer to the request we read the following below the first inscription:

The Pass of Han!
The moon of Chin!
  I'm recklessly thinking and guessing.
Water never returns;
Sin ever burns;
  There is no profit in transgressing.

And beneath, in prose:

> "I have made several journeys to the head of this Pass. The officials are strong, and I am a merchant without wealth."

These writings on the inn walls are a regular feature of China. We noted in Kiayükwan four others which seemed to me worth transcribing. The first was a pious inscription by "one hoping for success beyond the Great Barrier":

"I exhort the world to hear and prove my words.
To have or not to have depends on Heaven.
Follow the high, follow the low, follow your time;
Whether long or whether short, it is before you.
Respect your father's commands, follow righteousness, and dwell on your seat."

The next two are from the walls of the guest chamber of the Accumulating Prosperity Inn:

"Three brothers go forth outside the Pass,
By hard scraping we have gathered the *cash* to cross the boundary.
Once outside the Pass, we see dangers before us.
Our stomachs are hungry and our lips are dry.
When we reach the ancient city we will get a little more money.
Our father and mother in their hearts are constantly anxious about us;
But wait until next year, we shall be back again in Szechwan.

"At the present time I have been living twenty years away from home;
I have passed through a thousand experiences;
I have already lived half my life.

When the state is in turmoil, men think of their able general.

resist. After this brain-beating exercise Liang slept; and when the morning dawned he mounted his fast horse, galloped to Suchow, gave himself up to the magistrate, confessed the killing, was examined, and according to Chinese law (which in this resembles the Jewish), was set free. The official acquitted the assassin; rewarded him with grain; placed a red sash about his body to honor him, and made a proclamation announcing him a good Chinese! This was according to an ancient Chinese saying: "A good Chinese does not commit adultery."

Kiayükwan is a place where lost ones and runaways are sought. A curious incident occurred during our residence at the pass. One of the interpreters in our caravan found a red paper in a chink in the wall of his room. On it were many characters, the translation of which is as follows:

> "To make known to the Princely Men at the Four Points of the Compass. To wit: That inside the city of Sianfu and on the East Tribute Street, in the inclosure of Mr. Li and family, for a year lived the family of Mr. Deep. On the fifteenth sun of the tenth moon, year twenty-seven Kwangsu, he left Sian and went to Lanchow, and there resided in the house of Mr. Sedate. Up to now no other word has been news of him. If the Princely Men know anything we kindly invite them to communicate with Mr. Sect. Mr. Deep's wife and children are now living at the North Potteries. Will the Princely Man with the golden heart be good and trouble himself for this? I am longing and hoping. When I see his letter I will knock my head on the ground three times and thank him."

From the Inn of Increasing Righteousness we sent out three men to copy inscriptions in the western gate of the city and in the tube of the fortifications to the west, while we ourselves took mules and visited the real end of the Great Wall, which is not Kiayükwan itself, but a point fifteen *li* southwest of it. During the journey thither no human being crossed our path, and there was not a house in sight the whole way. Five antelopes were the principal sign of life, as they hurried out of our track, and lizards, magpies, and crows, of which there were some to be seen at the start, soon disappeared. There was nothing to attract the eye beyond whirling spirals of sand and tufts of brown sage bush, while the whole landscape was earth color, save that on the lofty southern mountains there lay, as ever, the snow. The monotony would have been without relief but for the presence on the scene of the ruin whose end we were seeking—the ruin of the most stupendous achievement in Asia!

When at last we reached the actual termination of the Wall, a surprise was in store for us. The construction does not abut the southern mountains, but stops short on a precipice sheer down two hundred feet, as perpendicular as if cut by engineers to a plumb line. Below flows the Big White North River. Mr. Clark dropped a stone and his heart beat eight times before we heard the splash in the water below. The river is creamy white. The mandarin here declares that when the flow is only from springs, the water is clear, but that the melting of the snows colors it. The fact is that the tint is obtained by flowing through limestone. In

the river are fish; either dogfish or catfish, we could not learn which.

The Big White North River at this point runs due east and west, but otherwise coils about in the most approved reptilian fashion, while the Wall is due north and south here. We could not resist being photographed holding the "last brick" and then plunged it down the precipice into the river of cream. A maroon and white stone came with us for a paper weight. Every Lafayette College man will guess the reason.

Here we stood nearly a mile above sea level, and how far from the sea? We did not carry a pedometer to measure out our daily path, especially as we sometimes utilized the legs of horses and mules, yet we cannot be wide of the mark in estimating the ruins of the Great Barrier, including spurs, arms and loops, as reaching over two thousand five hundred and fifty miles. We are of opinion that at the height of its usefulness the Great Wall had on its line at least twenty-five thousand towers and fifteen thousand watch towers. And even in the present state of decadence there probably remain twenty thousand towers, each capable of accommodating one hundred armed men and ten thousand watch towers linked up with two thousand miles of Wall or Rampart; all capable of speedy fortification after moderate repair. When, too, we remember the walls encircling two thousand fortified cities, we can see that China has enough rampart, if it were straightened out, to run from pole to pole as the axis on which the earth might revolve.

If, however, the question is, not how long is the Wall with all its convolutions, but how far apart are the two ends, the great forts at the Yellow Sand and at the Yellow Sea, then we quote our accurate observations. Shanhaikwan is in latitude 40° north, longitude 119° 44′ east; Kiayükwan is in 39° 51′ north, 98° 14′ east. If we remember that the earth is not a perfect globe, but an oblate spheroid flattened at the poles, the distance works out, by Clarke's spheroid, at 1142.309 miles. Or if we neglect the fact that Kiayükwan is nine miles nearer the equator than Shanhaikwan, and measure as on a regular sphere, the distance will be 1142.209 common miles. As neither terminal tablet is exactly at the terminal fort, we may say in round numbers that "Heaven made the Sea and the Mountains" is 1145 miles from "The Martial Barrier of all under Heaven."

This stupendous structure extends from the Yellow Sea past the Yellow River to the Yellow Sand and thence on to the Big White Water. From the Yellow to the White, is the course of our thoughts when looking westward. And many considerations pass through the mind. Will the Yellows go to the Whites and submerge them? Will it be *from* Yellow to White; or will it be that the White will become Yellow and that these people will ultimately predominate? After the observations, scientific and otherwise, were finished we found ourselves loath to leave the ultimate point of the Great Wall. Most of our thoughts, as we rode toward beautiful Kiayükwan, were about the movements of nations. We "thought in empires." The Chinese evidently came

guilty conscience doth make cowards of even Chinese, who have not so much as read Shakespeare.

Curiously enough, there was a disturbance at midnight in the grounds of the very inn where we were stopping. We were awakened out of a sound slumber by screams and shrieks that were terrifying in the extreme. At first it seemed that we must be dreaming, but the uproar grew louder and more awe-inspiring, until at length our thoughts ran to automatic rifles. Seizing one, we hastened into the cold, dark night, fearing that the danger was to our companions, who were sleeping on the far side of the courtyard and in the direction of the noise. The yelling and screaming were unearthly, fit for the lower regions. In the dim light we noticed that the great gate of the court was closed and locked. The crowd inside rushed about and were greatly excited. Rifle in hand, we joined the nervous, trembling group, and listened to the strange tale being told by one of the most excited of the natives.

Several men, it seems, were sleeping on the *kong*, with their heads on the outer edge after the Chinese custom, when something awakened one of them. He held his breath for fear, as he watched a tall, uncanny creature steal in through the door. This unearthly thing wore no queue, its hair hung down over the forehead, stripes of bright yellow showed on the cheeks, and over it was a long blue gown lined with gray. The troubled imagination of the native pictured the visitor as of giant size, with long gaunt fingers and extended nails. It seems to have taken the corner of his cloak, which evidently was leaded, and struck one after an-

other of the sleepers a heavy blow. It appeared to have a particular enmity for the man farthest in, who was sleeping next the wall. Repeated blows fell upon the head of this hapless man, who, not knowing what he said, shouted: "Strike me, strike me," which was precisely what he did not want done. The fiend took him at his word and hit him again, until the wounded man, not knowing whether he was addressing a god or devil, shouted: "I would have done no evil; why does the devil come and beat me thus?"

And so the story ran, told at the height of midnight, on the edge of the gloomy, silent desert at the end of the Great Wall, with the mountains of mysterious Tibet looking down upon the scene; it was all weird and uncanny. We slept the remainder of the night with a repeating cordite rifle, automatic and deadly, at our side. The next morning two of the men had their heads in bandages, and they rehearsed, with embellishments, the story of the devil's attack in the dead of night. Whatever interpretation is placed on this incident, it suggests that the consciences of men, because of superstitious dread, become active at the Martial Pass.

Next day, when we made the acquaintance of one of the guards at the gate, named "Old Hero Meng" after the greatest of Chinese philosophers, he corroborated my ideas about the abundance of superstitions in the neighborhood of the pass. Speaking about the midnight excitement, he said: "Oh, yes, it was the devil. No man would make a noise like that. It was the devil, because four men saw the devil; and anyhow, every man

meets the devil at least once in ten days, either big or little voice."

Old Hero Meng says that people offer sacrifices going west, but he never knew anybody to offer sacrifices when coming back. This information was supplemented when we inquired why there were no inscriptions on the East Gate. He replied: "Poor when they go out, and rich when they return, and don't think to write couplets on the East Gate." This is the same story over again—religion when in want, but want no religion when in plenty!

Old Hero Meng's conversation was remarkably interesting. The following is the actual text of his answer to a question: "At the heels of the Great Man I reply." (He always began that way, even when there was no reply.) He then said a second time: "At the heels of the Great Man I reply. Speaking talk about Moa Toa Chuen, if an empty man at the time the heaven wants to get bright, if an empty man goes toward the east, goes toward the east about the time the heavens want to get bright, and crosses the ford and goes toward the east, goes toward the east when the heaven wants to get bright, goes past the military camp, past the military camp, past the military camp, if he starts when the heaven wants to get bright and goes toward the east, toward the east, past the military camp, he will get there before the sun is even with the west."

Old Hero Meng was not intoxicated. It was simply his style of speech! When we asked him why Kiayükwan was built at this particular place, he told us that Chin stood on the north mountain and shot an arrow



k'ou in November



Great Wall of China Photos by Dr. Geil

Magic Meteor, which deflected the Wall from its natural course

ways to suppose that he felt himself so insulted by something that occurred, as to commit suicide. In any case the populace recognized a grave insult to their own high officer, and took the law into their own hands, burning the place and slaying the six French Catholic priests. Unhappily, too, the British family, which had been in no sort of way concerned in the matter, was assassinated, though the commandant then took prompt measures to protect the other innocent foreigners.

The central government of course had report on the matter, and one result was the withdrawal of the extraordinary rights accorded to the Roman Catholic dignitaries. Henceforth, they have no special status, but are simply aliens, under the protection of their consuls and the ambassadors of their nation. Another result was an inquiry into the Chinese organizers of this lynch law, with the subsequent banishment of one culprit. He was exiled in this direction, and has left traces of his halt at the Western Tube.

> Banished by the Beneficent Emperor on account of the Kiangsi affair. . . . Stopping here a day . . . very sad and write.
>
> Body like a wandering bird . . . am weeping . . . miserable to go out of the Gate. . . . My life is light like feathers on a bird. . . . Hills like fierce tigers. . . . My heart is open and bare . . . I will comfort myself . . . I have repented . . . hope my Emperor will recall me.

> I cannot write all I think . . . ten thousand *li* of desert . . . west, the devil's country . . . south the barbarians . . . next to our China, I think constantly of home, and write this sonnet. . . . My cart bumps over the dragon

sand . . . I am foolish . . . I am less than a snail in the well . . . I let my tears fall . . . fourth moon and no flowers . . . very sad . . . I am come from the east full of tears, to this Barrier erected in ancient times. . . . Life and the goose are drowned in weak water. . . . Open your bosom to intelligence and be not obstinate. . . . I am ashamed that a lowly official should offend the Emperor. . . .

As deep rushing water the ink drops from my pen. . . . My tears are as the rising sea-tide. . . . Raise the wine but gather not men into cliques. . . . Parties arise who submit to the pen; this is not strange . . . I am a companion of the duck. . . . What is it that gathers in the home of the wealthy one, vain of hot blood?

Guests from the west say . . . tiger . . ancestor of the Russians . . . arise and will swallow. . . . What then? . . .

Fourth Moon, seventeenth day (1907) . . .
Ancient Wild Duck. .

Perhaps it was the last stanza here that inspired another to inscribe boldly

BEWARE OF THE RUSSIANS

This saying, however, is already obsolete. Russia has few terrors for Japanese or Chinese now. Before long Russia will have cause to build her own Wall, and mark on it for warning to her sentries

BEWARE OF THE CHINESE

Once the Great Barrier had three millions of soldiery

behind it. Suppose these came once again to man the towers, with Maxims on the turrets, and siege guns behind the Wall. Who would dare attack? But suppose they march forward, who can defend?

Six years ago the great Tuan Fang said to us, "China needs before all else a *new spirit.*" That spirit has come. There is a sentiment for the empire, there is a national spirit that will brook little more interference. An enormous army is preparing, and great educational and other schemes are being revolved. Let us hope that not only a new spirit, but a good spirit will show itself.

After these inscriptions others seem tame.

While we were still at Kiayükwan, the head mandarins of the fortress called upon us at the inn and presented their greetings, urging us to accept an invitation to a banquet in our honor, to be held in the Civil Yamen. We accepted. As this was to be our last full meal at the western end of the Great Boundary, we requested our hosts to give us a copy of the ménu. The banquet was a "Sea Cucumber Feast" —by a happy coincidence, Chin was very fond of sea cucumber—and consisted of nineteen courses. Seeing that the region hereabouts is desert, it was surprising to be entertained with such luxury. The courses were as follows:

1. Wine (refused with a statement of temperance principles).

2. Tonic wine (refused with more statements of American temperance principles, and the information

that on January 1, 1909, thirty-five millions of people in the United States will come under prohibition).

8. Small appetizers (i.e., melon-seed, cabbage, salted eggs, antique eggs, odoriferous eggs, pork, shrimps, pickled carp, tasty chicken, celery).
4. Sea cucumbers.
5. Oil chicken.
6. Bamboo sprouts.
7. Lotus seeds.
8. High Yin fish.
9. Mushrooms.
10. Raisin pudding (resembling plum pudding).
11. Chicklets.
12. Sea grass.
13. Pickled bean-cured pork.
14. Rice and rice soup.
15. Mutton.
16. Egg-plant dishes.
17. Meat dumplings.
18. Pork.
19. Soup.

False teeth were discussed at the dinner-table and in reply to the question, "Are the Great Man's teeth all good?" I said, "Good up to the North Pole," which is a Chinese expression. These little personal inquiries liven conversation wonderfully in China!

It was in the yamen of the *Civil Mandarin* that the Sea Cucumber Feast was given in honor of the explorer. In China it is the fact, as it should be all over the world, that the civil authority takes precedence over

the military. "As the intellectual acquisitions of a people increase, their love of war will diminish." This is not intended to suggest that, as long as there remain selfish, non-intellectual, excitable peoples, thinking men will not be in favor of being prepared for war. War is approved by some because it furnishes opportunities for personal distinction. With us, wealth provides such opportunities; with the Chinese a literary career. In savage Boreno no girl will marry a man until he has procured a human head. In New Guinea are found old houses filled with human skulls. What does the extraordinary military spirit in Japan indicate? Simply this, that underneath the modern veneer the past is alive and powerful. Japan unconsciously reveals that barbarism provides her instincts. Will an awakening in China reveal a similar spirit? No. For with the intellectual awakening will come a desire for intellectual pursuits. When the intellectual acquisitions are insufficient, the desire for war may be widespread and insistent. From the debasement of the savage to the lofty summit of the highest civilization is a distance so great that nations or individuals cannot take it at one jump. There are steps, and during the ascent it may easily be that there will be rumors of wars and shedding of human blood. China is capable of becoming again as warlike as she was in those days when her troops marched through the streets of Moscow and her generals set upon the throne of India the Mongols of the North. The time was when China ruled from the equator to the north pole, and from the Gulf of Bothnia to the Yellow Sea, the vastest and most powerful nation of human history.

The year fears the fall and the moon its waning time.

And China to-day is the only nation on this planet capable of placing in the field an army of fifty millions of able-bodied men, and then still have thirty millions of men at home to cultivate the soil. The yellow legions have in the past by their measured tread shaken the world; and if the compulsion comes, there will be organized again yellow legions of such numbers, of such strength, and of such ingenuity as will put to their wits' end the cabinets of Christendom.

But the Chinese traditionally and actually are a people of literary pursuits, at least as far as their leaders are concerned; and it is reasonable to expect that the modernizing of China will be different from that of Japan, and that this empire will throw the weight of her mighty influence on the side of peace. The power that built the Great Wall believed that it was better to lay stones than to throw them; that to lift a man, or a province, or a nation is better than to impoverish, enthrall, or destroy them.

As to the speed of China's awakening, probably most of our readers have heard of the epitaph: "Here lies the man who tried to hustle the East." The question is *did the man try?* If he did, he had a right to the reward of rest. But the likelihood is that the writer of the supposed epitaph, like many another, did not himself, "lend a hand," and hence, not having done anything, he does not deserve death. We should look on the author of the phrase as a man of immature observation, for the merest schoolboy knows that it *is* possible to hustle the East. Years ago men of great foresight,

looking beyond the horizon, saw the East getting ready to hustle. "Here lies the man who tried to hustle the East!" No man who is familiar with the history of China (which is not the East, but is at least an important part of the East) could ever have been persuaded to write such silly stuff. It is not the man under the tombstone who lies, but the live man who writes the epitaph. Look at Japan! Look at Korea! Look at China! The East hustles!

It cannot be denied, of course, that the Chinese have been severely criticized for "making haste slowly" in the adoption of certain modern western inventions. For instance, they are slow to build railroads. But does not this slowness exhibit their foresight and extraordinary wisdom? We peoples have vast sums of money invested in railway lines which are about to become out of date. Even now America is in the ridiculous situation of being compelled to do its correspondence by letters. Inventions are at hand capable of telegraphing a thousand words a minute, but the present effete telegraph systems buy up and bury the inventions. The inhabitants of the United States should now be able to telegraph their letters to any part of the country at the rate of five cents for one hundred words. Again, as invested capital is preventing advancement in correspondence, it is also preventing advancement in transportation. It will be almost impossible to introduce into America the non-collapsible, inter-wheel gyroscope trains running on a single wire at one hundred and twenty miles an hour. Railroad bonds and stocks at present are paying a low rate of interest.

With such competition they would pay no interest at all, and be of no interest to the public. So we do not get gyroscope trains.

Let us look further. We laugh at the Chinese for retaining their complicated ideographs, and prophesy that the nation continuing to employ such complicated characters will find it difficult to provide popular education. We point out, quite truly, that Chinese is a language without an alphabet, and that its unlikeness to any other language is a proof of the extreme isolation of the nation speaking it; and isolation such as this we look upon as sheer obstinate stupidity. But let us turn our eyes homeward, and what do we see? Do we not find ourselves still using an out-of-date and ridiculous alphabet? These twenty-six letters are retarding one generation after another. In the South Seas there is a group of islands where live the descendants of cannibals who are more progressive in this matter than ourselves. Is it not passing strange that the inventive genius of the age has not been applied to provide half the planet's population with something better than our twenty-six letters? Why should not we universally use a perfected system of stenography?

These are simply suggestions pointing to the possibility that at some near date China, untrammeled by vast investments in out-of-date trunk lines, telegraph lines, and prejudice, will become the most modern of all modern peoples. Our rails will be useless. Our wires are becoming useless now. The Chinese, having few of either, will be free to adopt, instead of both, the

latest expression of the inventive skill and genius of this age.

Out of Asia came the Light which has made western progress possible, and we may expect that out of Asia will come a race making further progress possible.

China has held back from Christianity for a long time. It tried the Syrian variety, and after long experimenting engulfed it; it made brief trial of the Franciscan variety, and rejected it. It cautiously tested the Jesuit variety and expelled the foreigners. But now it welcomes the exponents of more primitive Christianity, and is rapidly absorbing thousands of Testaments. Perhaps hereto China will suddenly startle the West by awakening from her long lethargy, and rapidly assimilating what indeed is indigenous to her own continent. The Chinese hare started well, but has long lain asleep, while the European tortoise plodded on. The tortoise has lately succeeded in treading on the hare's tail and awakening her. The hare is rubbing her eyes and getting her bearings. Will she now start on with a speed marvelous in our eyes, and soon distance us with our stereotyped rate of progress? How many Christians are added to the churches every year in Europe and America? Does the increase compare with the increase in the Central Kingdom? We look with all hopefulness to a startling advance, to a rapid appreciation of the message of Christ; and our only concern is that this message shall be adequately presented to the people whose attention is now aroused, and who are on the alert for every guide to deeper and better knowledge. Heaven bless the faithful men and women who by teaching and life are commending the gospel they profess!

INDEX

Abnormally large men, 192.
Actual termination of the Wall, 372.
Agencies of foreigners, 130.
Alexander of Macedon, 194.
Ancient irrigating scheme, 181.
Ancient village of Chen, 302.
Antelopes by the score, 113.
Appendix to the seal characters, 340.
Are the Chinese bloody? 73.
Arrival at Yokohama, 10.
Arrival in Lanchow, 276.
Ass-Headed Heir Apparent, 224.
Attempt to find secret door, 190.

Beacon fires, 220.
Beautiful mountain view, 322.
Bed rock mostly sandstone, 112.
Beginning of journey, 7.
Bevy of dancing girls, 221.
Beyond the Barrier—Tartar forays, 308.
Biography of a grain of sand, 179.
Block printing of ancient use in China, 175.
Bokhara and Samarcand, 160.
Book of the Blue Bag, 69.
Bread precious as printed paper, 353.
Brickwork in towers designed and finished first, 95.
British family assassinated, 330.
Borderland of Tibet, 321.

Camel's Hair mountain, 213.
Canal connecting the northern capital with Nanking, Hangchow, and Canton, 265.
Cannon of hard and soft copper, 99.
"Cap of the West," the, 13.
Caravan entered bad lands, 187.
Celestials' queer prescriptions, 142.
Cemetery at Yung Lo, 70.
Ch'ach'ien Kow, 85.
China Inland Mission, 330.
China needs a new spirit, 382.
Ch'a su on Japanese-Chinese stamps, 99.
Chinese barber carries a pole, 256; they dearly love a gamble, 40; scholars deciphering and translating, 337; steeped in charms and good luck, 244.
Chin Huang Ti's travels, 139.
Chin's ancient tomb, 28; his big bludgeon, 77; his book-burning, 202; his great feast, 203; his Mound and Tomb, 209; his philippic against scholars, 204; his realm, 196; his wives and concubines buried alive in the mound, 229; maker of the vastest empire of mortals, 123.
Chin Shih Huang, 31.
Chinwangtao, 13.
Christian missionaries in China, 312.
Christians' temperance organisation, 147.
City of Lint'ung, 213.
Civilisation and thievery adjoin, 200.
Cliff of Self-devotion, the, 219.
Complicated ideographs, 337.
Confucian temple, the, 339.
Confucius, 288-292.
Criminals of Shanghai, 277.
Culture slight in early years, 307.
"Cycle of Cathay," 196.
Czar Peter, 130.

Death of Christians at Flowering-Obedience, 39.
Defense of the Great Wall, 98; fully developed, 101.
Design to visit Chinchow, 294.
Determination to thoroughly inspect Wall, 8.
Developing a Panama canal, 3.
Difficulty of obtaining information, 354.
Disturbance at midnight, 376.
Doomsday book, a, 197.
Dust and dirt everywhere, 345.
Dynasties, the, 127-129.

East end of Wall below sea level, 37.
Eastern mausolea, 74.
Eastern Tombs, 44.
Eastern Y, 69.
Eclipse of the sun, the, 88.

Failure of Amherst embassy, 30.
Fair side of the desert, the, 144.
Family jars notorious, 166.
Famous Sian, 213.
First use of the seal, 25.
Four great roads, 59.
Four tablets, the, 80.

Garrisons behind the Wall, 96.
Genghis investigated Cathay, 168.
Genghis Khan, 157.
Golden Granary, the, 230.
Good stories, 355.
Granite walls on a Devon moor, 241.
Grasses and flowering plants on Mound, 212.
Grave in the Great Wall, 278.
Graveyard of the Mings, 74.
Great flood in reign of Yao, 286.
Great northwest road, 275.
Greatest literary marvel in world's history, 270.
Great Wall built by an endless race, 298; it exhibits now only the loess core, 343; it separates two epochs, two lands, two races, 4.
Greek influence did not touch China, 65.
Group of fifteen lamas, 320.

Han emperor's tomb, 212.
Height of the mound, 210.
Haunted by Wall on shipboard, 8.
Herds of yak, 322.
Hienyang, 22.
Hiero and Archimedes, 62.
Hideous idols on the Horizontal Ridge, 33.
History in retrospect, 129.
Horrors of the desert, 143.
"Horse candy," 226.
"House of the Lucky Star," 46.
How the railroad got through the Wall at Shanhaikwan, 35.
Humble homes, 84.
Hwang ho, 265.
Hwang ho river, the, 105.

Ignorant of the camera, 118.
Imperial burial reserve, 74.
Imperial tombs, 232.
Inn of Increasing Righteousness, 372.
Inscription on monument at Ta Pa Ying, 182.
Inscriptions on stone, 333.
Insects plentiful, 114.
Introduction of Buddhism, 311.

Journey into Tibet, 317.
Journey to Chinan, 296.

Kanchow originally beside the Great Boundary, 344.
Kupeikow ancient northern pass, 87.

Lairs of fox or wolf, 212.
Landing at Far Eastern Coast, 12.
Landscape of the loess, 295.
Large auditorium, 24.

Large natural mound the grave of Chung Tsung, 223.
Legendary lore, 357.
Legend of the Fountain of Youth, 139.
Letterless Mountain, 25.
Light of Asia, 366.
Lily Pool, the, 49.
Lone lady of Ninghia, 155.
Longest cemetery on earth, 72.
Long rampart, 190.
Loops or inverted bows of Great Wall, 176.
Lost Y, the, 43.
Lint'ung police patrol, 220.
Lucky public inn, 135.

Magnificent palace, a, 196.
Many chiefs fought for power, 306.
Martello towers, 272.
Marvelous work of man, 51.
Marvelous sight by moonlight, 46.
Martial Barrier of all, 364.
Massive architecture in the west, 66.
Masterpieces of early printers, 335.
Mateo Ricci's offer, 91.
Medieval period from the dynasty of Chin, 306.
Melons and onions, 353.
Mencius, 292.
Men copying inscriptions, 375.
Merchants come this way, 369.
Military efficiency of Wall, 104.
Millions of frogs, 177.
Moderns still quarry in the ruins of Imperial City, 302.
Moon legend, 178.
Moscow the last outpost of Civilization, 159.
Mounds of sand, 106.
Mount of Imperial Longevity, 70.
Movements of Nations, 374.
Mud-made cairn a worship house, 47.
Mule-Horse gate, 41.
Multitudinous legends, 194.
Mutinous tribes near Yenisei, 169.

Natural tower, 78.
Near the end of journey, 360.
New bridge at Golden Hill, 282.
"Nine by three" city, the, 254.
"Nineteenth Century," quoted, 271.
No sky-scrapers, no trams, 180.
Nothing daunted Chin, 201.
Numbers of men buried in Great Wall, 304.

Old and new side by side, 282.
"Omar Khâyyâm," 160.
One church of Kanchow, the, 346.
One of the sacred spots of earth, 73.
Ordinary Chinaman cannot whistle, 233.
Outer Wall, 92.

Painting on silk—discard stylo for brush, 207.
Panhandle of China, 342-360.
Part of the Wall immortal, 50.
Pavilion of Literature, 38.
Peculiar script adopted for Chin's tablet, 334.
Peking, 44.
Peking constructed by Yung Lo, 263.
Pen or brush invented by a Chinese soldier, 94.
Period of T'ang—empire reunited, 313.
Personal inquiries liven conversation, 383.
Picturesque pass, a, 83.
Plains of Mongolia, 284.
Plateau intersected by numerous canyons, 108.
Plutarch, 64.
Present city an agglomeration of five, 303.
Priest claiming to be inspired, 187.
Prospect Hill, 99.
Protecting the gates of the capital, 103.

Quick stream a wild tempestuous rush, 111.

"Rain of grain," 299.
Ravines and heights, 84.
Re-embarking on Pacific, 11.
Rhubarb as a drug, 352.
Relation of Pinto, 5.
Relations between Tartar and Chinese, 309.
Revival of Art, 60.
Rivers of purest water called "quicksilver," 28.
Roman Catholic mission at Liangchowfu, 259.
Ruins reach over 2,500 miles, 373.

Sacrificing on the tombs, 232.
Sage brush among the sand hills, 113.
Scenery wonderfully beautiful, 82.
Sea of stars, 107.
Secret of burning the Confucian classics, 137.
Shan Yang, 132.
Shanhaikwan and Tsunhwa, 42.
Seven wonders, 55-59.
Sheffield, Dr., missionary, 338.
Shih Huang Ti, the first emperor, 19.
Ship starting on long run, 7.
Shui K'ow, 79.
Sian entered, 221.
Silver opens doors, 257.
Sining a city of temples, 327; its granaries, 328.
Six chancellors, the, 125, 131.
Snakes, two kinds of, 114.
Sorcery and witchcraft, 290.
Speed of China's awakening, 385.
Stupendous prevailed, the, 62.
Suez wall, 94.
Sung dynasty, the, 314.
"Sunset Route," 11.
"Sweet Galilee," fairest sea in the world, 321.

Tablets on wall at Peh Shih K'ow, 77.
T'ai Shan or Sacred Mountain of China, 25.
Tale of gold in the Great Wall, 262.
Tartar forays beyond the Barrier, 308.
Tartars strike terror, 173.
Temple of Human Origin, 219; of the Serpent's Egg, 221.
Temples of this famous Mecca, 25.
Temples, shrines, and idols, 281.
Terrible droughts, 250.
Text-books of Confucius, 291.
"The Only First," 21.
Third dynasty, the, 289.
Thirteen tombs, 69.
Thirteen Tombs or Imperial Ming Reservation, 43.
"Thistle Ravine," 46.
Three jutments of Wall toward Yellow River, 148.
Three Kings' temples, the, 214.
Tibetan sable furs, 329.
Tibetans deeply religious, 324.
Time when China ruled from equator to north pole, 384.
Toils from countless thousands, 201.
Tomb of Lung Ch'ing, 85.
Town of Shanghaikwan, 34.
Town Sebastopolized, 172.
Trying the Chinese language, 3.
Twelve good resolutions, 89.
Twelve mighty images, 22.
Two thousand walled cities, 145.
Two picturesque pagodas, 342.
Two villages of the Ch'en clan, 216.
Tunnel and portal, 279.
Tunnel of West Gate has many verses, 366.
Tyrant of Ch'in, 14.

Valley of Red Peppers, 297.
Valuable minerals abound at Great Barrier, 274.
Valuable monument near Wei River, 222.
Vengeance wreaked on foreign city, 266.

Wall and the Cross, the, 6.
Wall meant as rampart, 237; one vast dragon, 251; more than employment —a boundary, 235; runs from deep sea to desert, 361; separates two lands, two races, 5; takes a turn at Liangchowfu, 234; undertaken simply to employ men? 234.
Wall's numerous pinnacles, the, 81.
Water-worn stone, 299.
Wave of architectural ideas, 64.
Wen Pao's investigation, 336.
Western cemetery, 74.
Western Gate the last one, 361.
White lighthouse, searchlight and temple to literature, 36.
White meteor, the, 276.
William the Norman, 195.
Writings on the inn walls, 346.
Wutai Shan, the, 75.

Yellow pigmies, 115.
Yellow River at Lanchow, the, 283.
Yellow Sea, the, 108.
Younghusband expedition, the, 363.
Yung Lo's policy, 269.
Yung Lo's sepulcher, 270.
Yü, the great engineer, 267.

Zoölogical and botanical gardens, 54.

3 2044 004 593 257

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

WIDENER
CANCELLED
JAN 1 6 1986

WIDENER
CANCELLED
1780249
JAN 1 5 1988

WIDENER
CANCELLED
DEC 1 6 1985

WIDENER
APR 0 9 1998
APR 0 3 1998
BOOK DUE
CANCELLED

WIDENER
JAN 1 4 1986
1780249